SALVATION MUSIC

VOL. 2.

SALVATION MUSIC.

VOLUME II.

BEING A COLLECTION OF THE FAVOURITE SONGS OF THE SALVATION ARMY, 1883.

COMPILED BY WILLIAM BOOTH.

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PREFACE.

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord a new song." To carry out this injunction is the object of this book.

The Salvation Army must always be singing new songs whilst it continues to win new victories. Old songs will not do where there is plenty of new life.

But the music of The Army is not, as a rule, original. We sieze upon the strains that have already caught the ear of the masses, we load them with our one great theme—Salvation, and so we make the very enemy help us to fill the air with our Saviour's fame.

We wish to express our very hearty gratitude to—

MR. GUEST, 6, 18, 20, 23, 57, 58, 61, 93,
MR. WILLIAMS, 6, 10, 20, 23, 24, 42, 44, 58, 72,
MESSRS. METZLER AND CO., 6, 20, 44, 58,
MR. F. PITMAN, 12, 38, 39,
MESSRS. MORGAN AND SCOTT, 28, 29, 32, 34,
MR. F. E. LONGLEY, 35, 37,
MESSRS. REVIERE AND HAWKES, 5,
MR. J. CLARKE, 87,
MR. C. JEFFERYS, 66,
MESSRS. HOWARD AND CO., 2,
MESSRS. NOVELLO, EWER, AND CO., 73,
MR. BLOCKLEY, 102.

who have allowed us to adopt copyright tunes, the numbers of which appear after each name. May God bless them, or the authors of the music, with ability to compose many more such, and with a continuance of the same generous spirit!

And may God bless all who use this book, and all who hear the songs it contains! Be sure always to remember that The Salvation Army condemns all singing and playing which is not done out of love to God and souls, and that the great thing to think of in singing or playing is what will please Him most. To sing to the Lord what you do not mean is one of the readiest possible ways to destroy your soul, and those of all that hear you. Never do so; but ask God to give you the heart that can sing all these songs, and then help to make more.

Also, please remember that you cannot honestly keep this music to yourself. The people who made these songs, and all who can truly sing them, are people who feel for every wretched soul, and long to sing every sinner to Jesus. Go and do it!

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SALVATION MUSIC.

1 Lift up the Banner.

1. We'll shout a - loud thro' - out the land, The prais - es of our God; We'll fight be - neath our flag un - furl'd, Kept by His pre - cious blood.

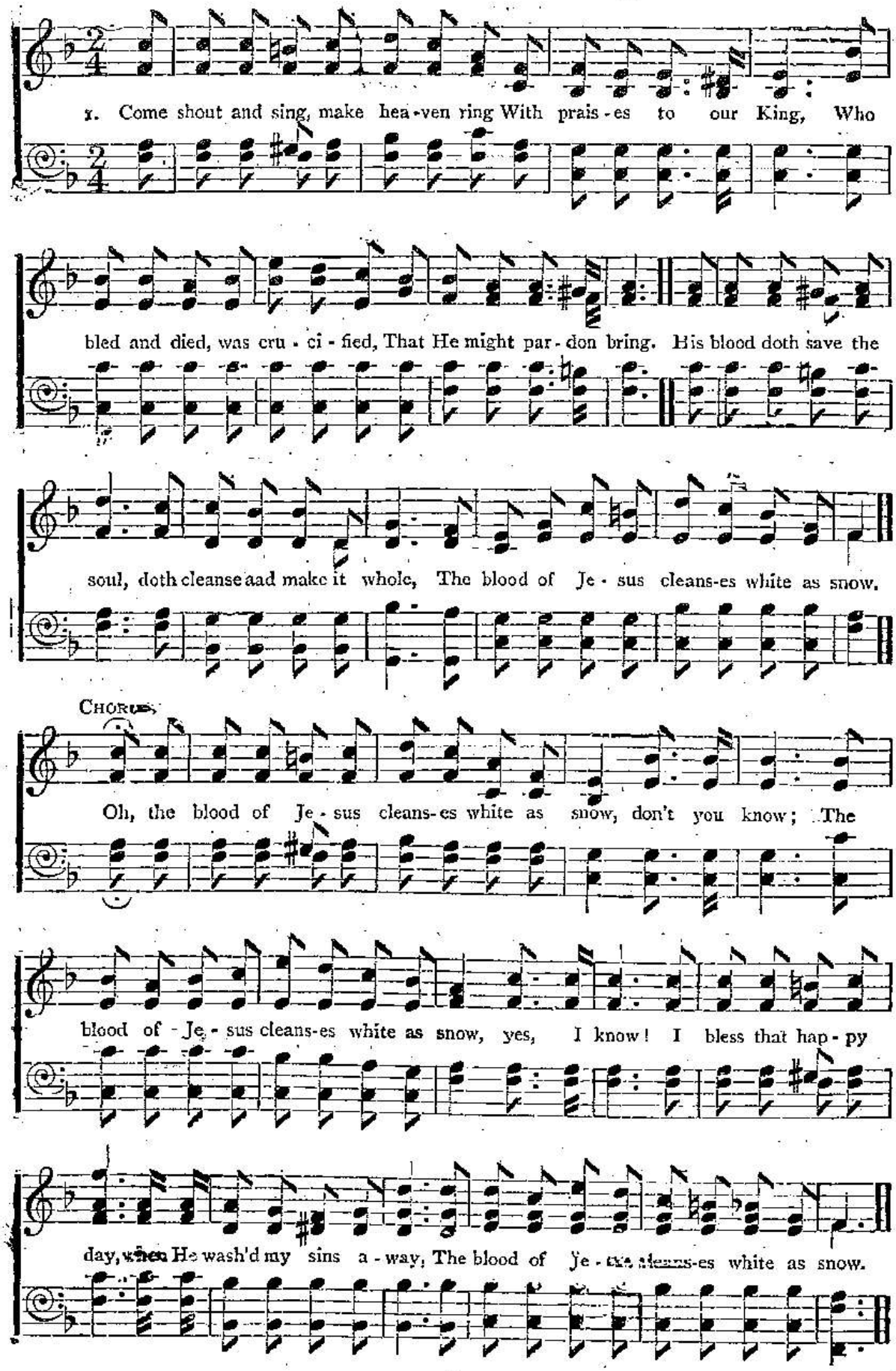
CHORUS.

So we'll lift up the ban-ner on high, The Sal - va-tion ban-ner of love, . . . We'll fight be - neath its col - ours till we die, Then go to our home a - bove.

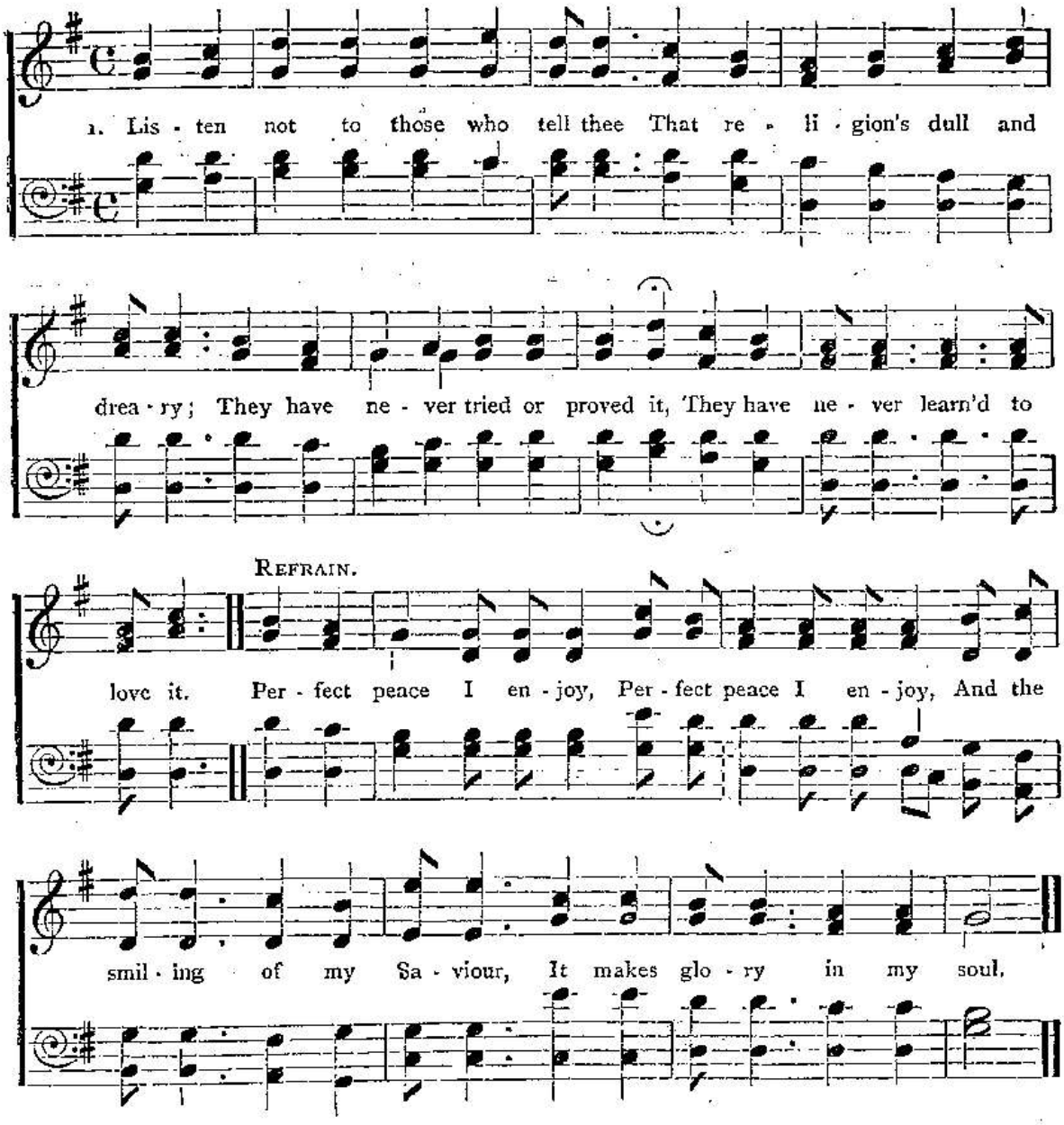
2 Salvation full shall be our cry,
Whatever men may say;
We'll fight for God until we die,
We're bound to win the day.

3 Salvation Soldiers, still fight on,
Be more courageous still;
To God the world shall yet belong,
And bend its stubborn will.

Come shout and sing.



3 Perfect peace I enjoy.



2 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus!
From all bondage He doth free us;
I can trust Him without fearing,
Jesus saves me from all sinning.

3 He has promised ne er to leave me,
But be ever near to cheer me;
In His arms so everlasting,
There at last my soul is resting.

4 Tempted, tried, perplexed, and harrassed,
Then the devil tries to trap us;
Yet in every trying hour
He upholds us by his power.

Come shout and sing—*continued.*

2 Come join our band, and make a stand,
To drive sin from our land;
To do or die, is our battle-cry,
We fight at God's command.
With banner wide unfurled, we tell to all the world,
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

3 At trumpet's sound, we stand our ground,
And tell to those around,
Who have been long with shackles strong,
By sin and Satan bound.
Salvation God has sent for all who will repent
The blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow.

4 The Lord is near when foes appear,
He bids us not to fear,
But fight the fight for God and right,
He'll keep the pathway clear.
Then, when we come to die, we'll shout our battle-cry,
"The Blood of Jesus cleanses white as snow!"

4. Oh, Saviour, I am coming.

With my heart so full of sad - ness, I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee,

Com - ing now to find Thy glad - ness, And Thy grace, so rich and free.

Emp - ty is the world's en - joy - ment, Fleet - ing is its glit - t'ring show;

When I see my Sa-viour's bright - ness, All is dark-ness here be - low.

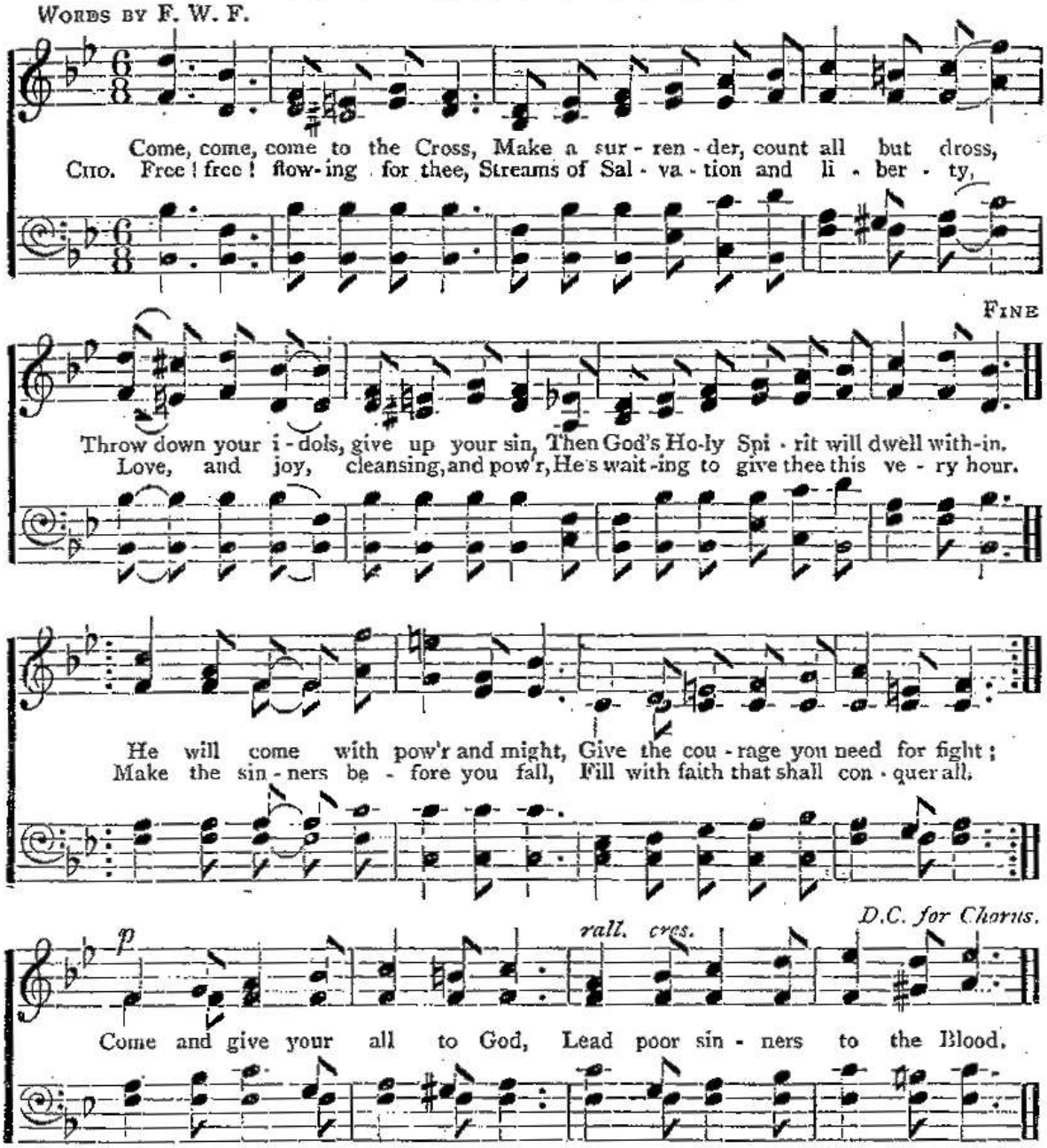
CHORUS.

Oh, Sa - viour, I am com - ing, Com - ing, com - ing! Oh,

Sa - viour, I am com - ing, I'm com - ing now to Thee.

5 Come, come, come to the Cross.

WORDS BY F. W. F.



2 Love, love, boundless and free,
Jesus surrendered His all for thee;
By the death endured in our place,
He purchased salvation for all our race.
Listen now, He's calling Thee—

"Leave your all and follow Me;
Tell to sinners all around
How salvation may be found."
In the conflict He will stay
Close beside you all the way.

Oh, Saviour, I am coming—*continued.*

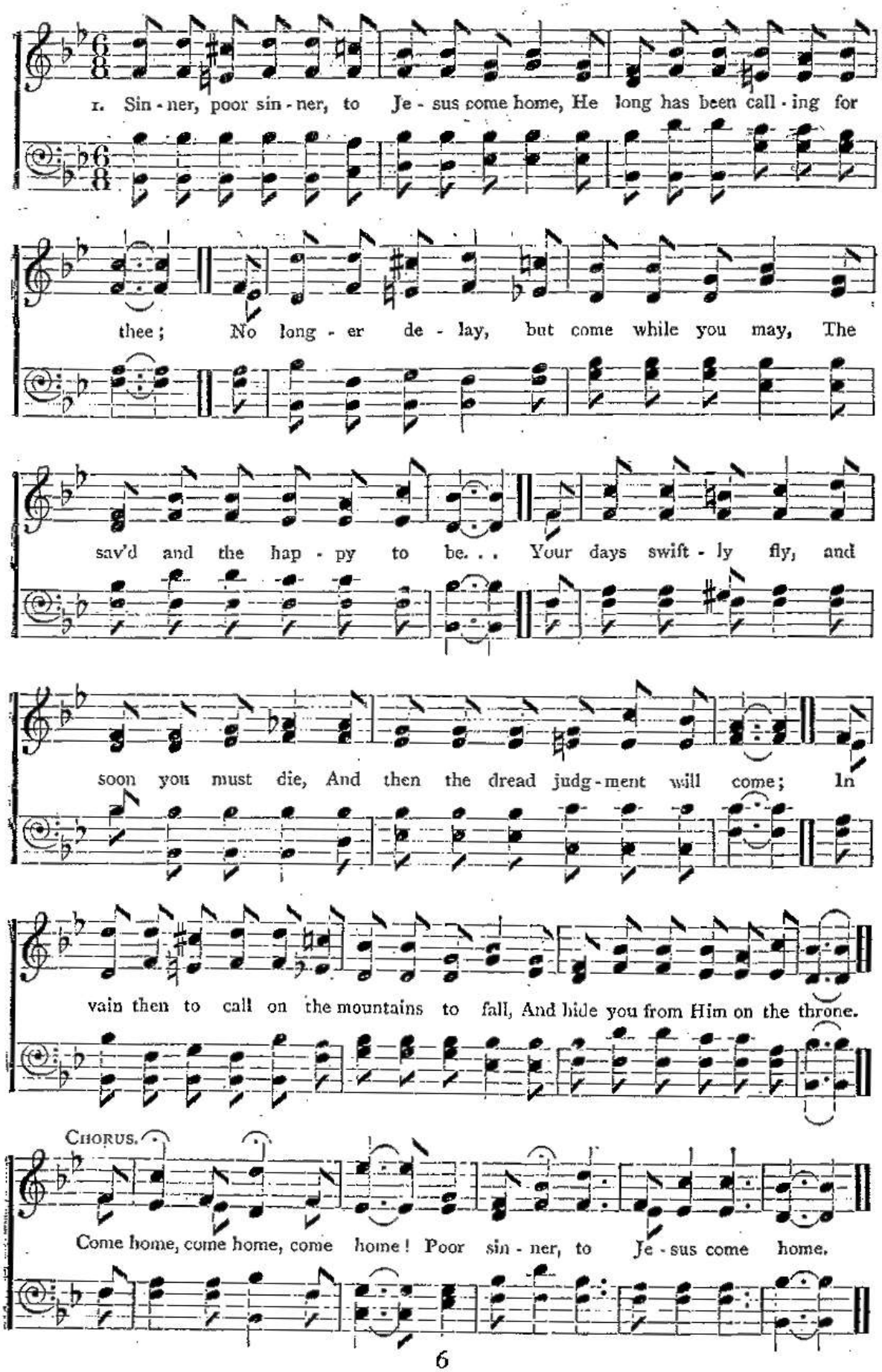
2 Coming with my heart of sorrow,
Coming with my life of care;
Coming to the Lord of mercy—
Coming to the God of prayer.
Leaving all the world behind me,
Leaving all my doubts and fears;
Pressing on to find my Saviour,
Who will wipe away my tears.

3 Giving now my soul and body
As an offering, Lord, to Thee;
I would follow in Thy footsteps—
Living, dying, Thine to be.

Oh, in mercy, let Thy blessing
Fill and overflow my heart;
All my ways and thoughts possessing,
Come, dear Lord, no more to part.

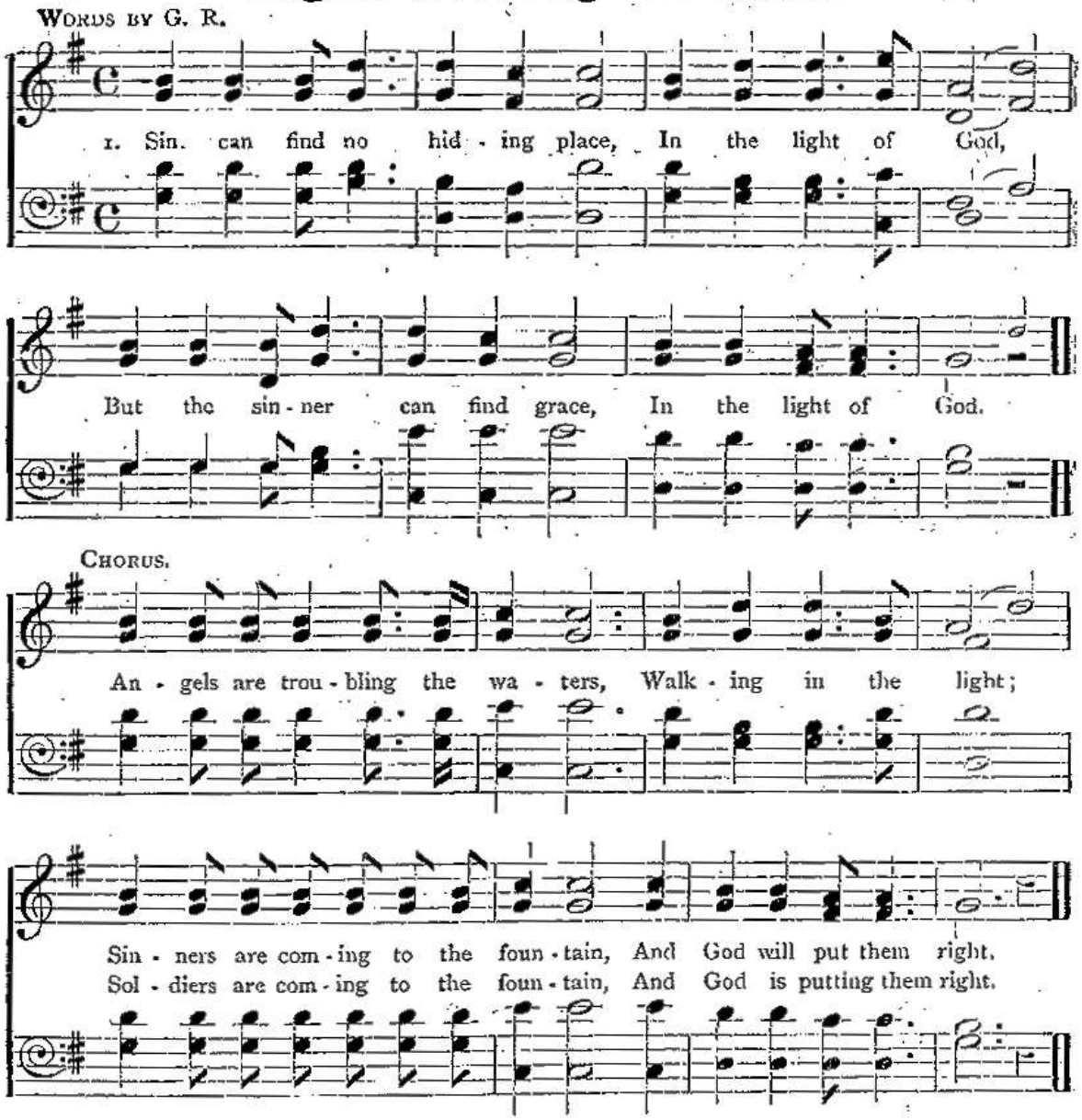
4 Till I close my earthly story,
Till I rest within my grave,
Till I see Thee in Thy glory—
Thou, the Mighty One to save.
Keep me still to Calvary clinging;
Walking, talking, Lord with Thee;
Then my soul to glory bringing,
There eternally to be.

6 Sinner, poor sinner, to Jesus come home.



7 Angels troubling the water.

WORDS BY G. R.



2 Jesu, lover of my soul,
In the light of God,
All my sins on thee I roll,
In the light of God.

3 Perfect peace and perfect joy,
In the light of God,
In my Jesus I enjoy,
In the light of God.

4 To the world I'm bound to tell,
In the light of God,
Jesus does do all things well,
In the light of God.

5 I must spend my strength, my life, In the light of God,
In the great soul-saving strife,
In the light of God.

6 God has sent me to the lost,
In the light of God.
They must be saved at any cost,
In the light of God.

7 Fighting on to put away sin,
In the light of God,
Faithful soldiers are sure to win,
In the light of God.

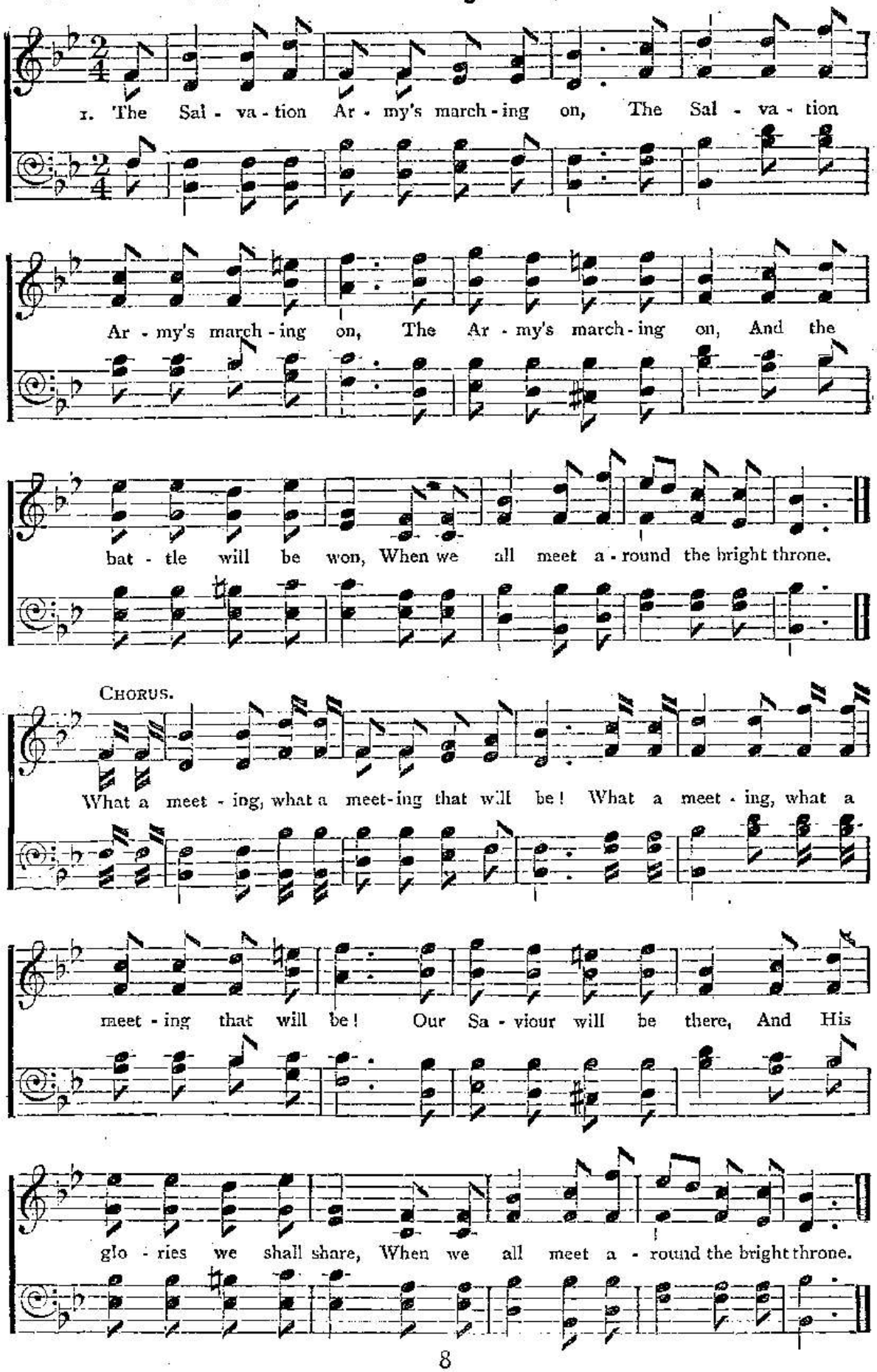
8 Souls are finding Jesus out,
In the light of God.
Millions more shall sing and shout,
In the light of God.

Sinner, poor Sinner, to Jesus come home—*continued.*

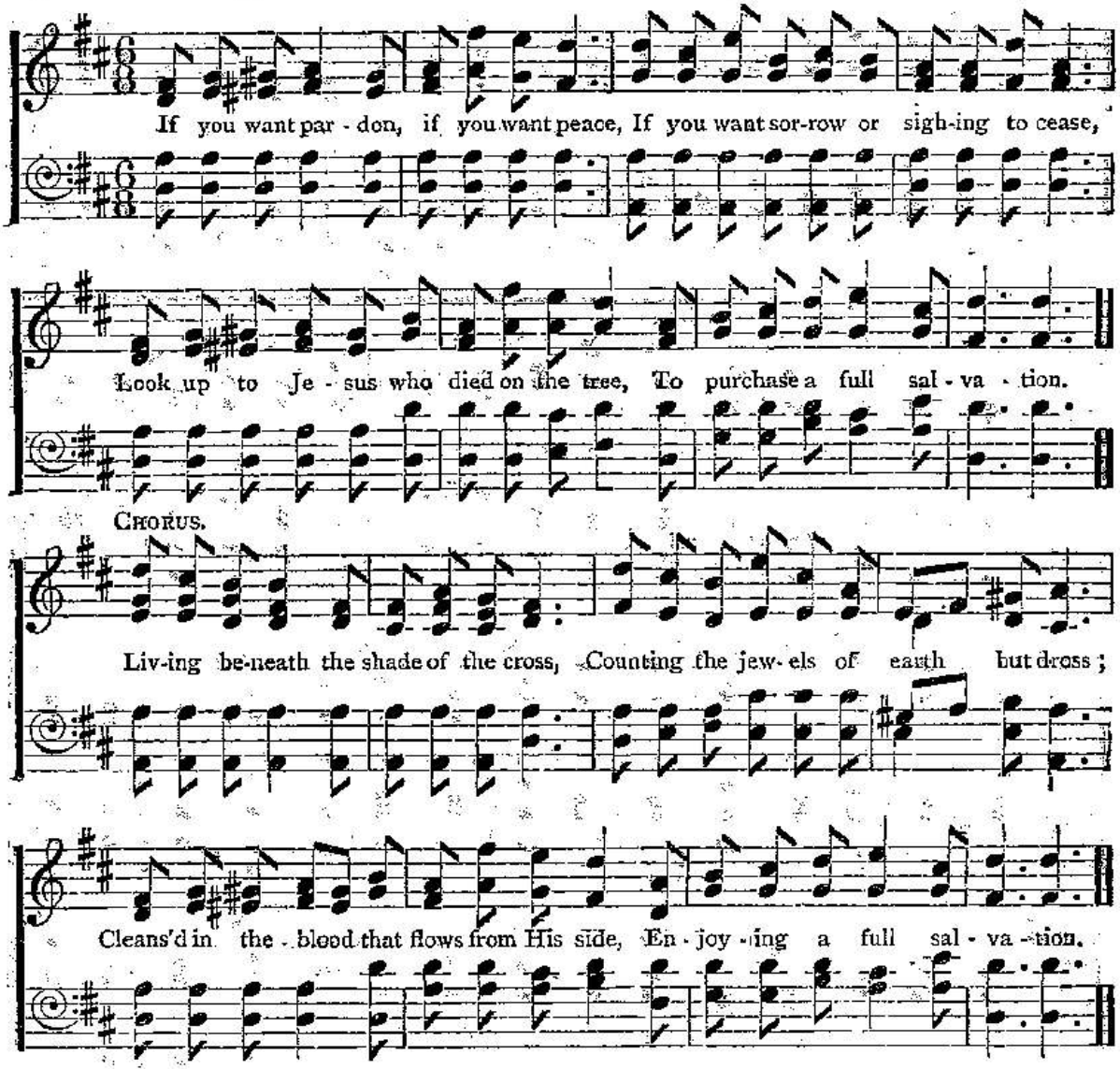
2 Sinner, poor sinner, consider His love,
The sorrow of Gethsemane;
The cross meekly borne, the spear and the thorn,
The cry of His great agony.
His life He laid down to win thee a crown,
And a home in the mansions above;
Where sorrow nor pain will grieve thee again,
But ever to rest in His love.

3 Sinner, poor sinner, then wilt thou not turn,
And accept a salvation so free?
There's nought to be done, but only to come,
Thy Saviour is waiting for thee.
Oh! soon will the day of His grace pass away;
Then judgment will visit for sin;
But *now* there is room, the vilest may come,
"Compel them," He says, "to come in."

8 The Salvation Army will be there.



9 Living beneath the shade of the cross.



2 If you want Jesus to reign in your soul,
Plunge in the fountain, and you shall be whole;
Washed in the blood of the Crucified One,
Enjoying a full salvation.

3 If you want boldness, take part in the fight;
If you want purity, walk in the light;
If you want liberty, shout and be free,
Enjoying a full salvation.

4 If you want holiness, cling to the cross,
Counting the riches of earth as dross;
Down at his feet you'll be wealthy and wise,
Enjoying a full salvation.

The Salvation Army will be there—*continued.*

2 The Salvation Army will be there,
The Salvation Army will be there;
The Army will be there,
And its glories we shall share,
When we all meet around the bright throne.

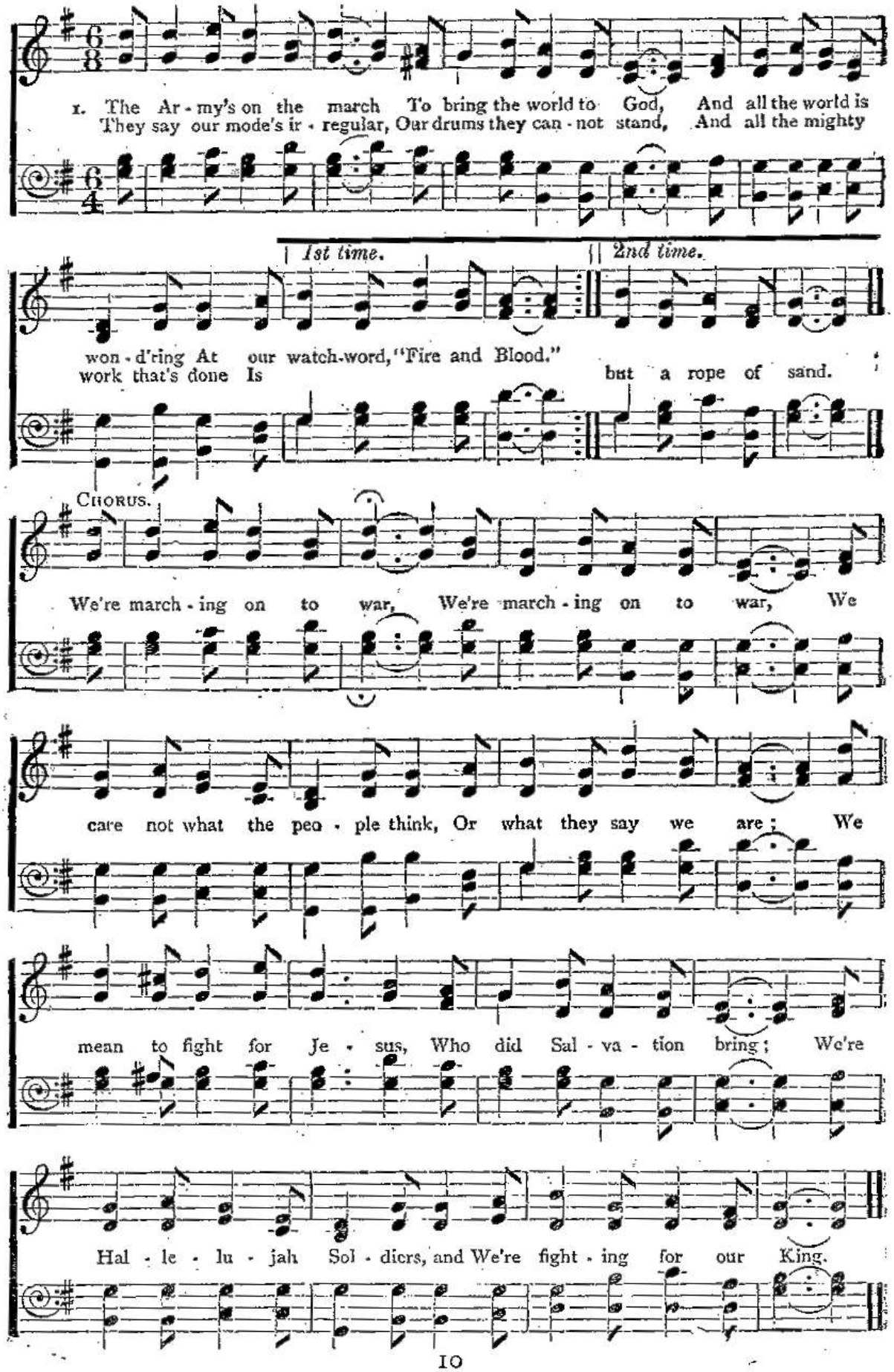
3 The Salvation Army now is here,
The Salvation Army now is here;
The Army now is here,
And the line of battle's clear;
And we'll fight till we conquer all the world.

4 Our Saviour, our Saviour will be there,
Our Saviour, our Saviour will be there;
Our Saviour will be there,
And His glories we shall share,
When we all meet around the bright throne.

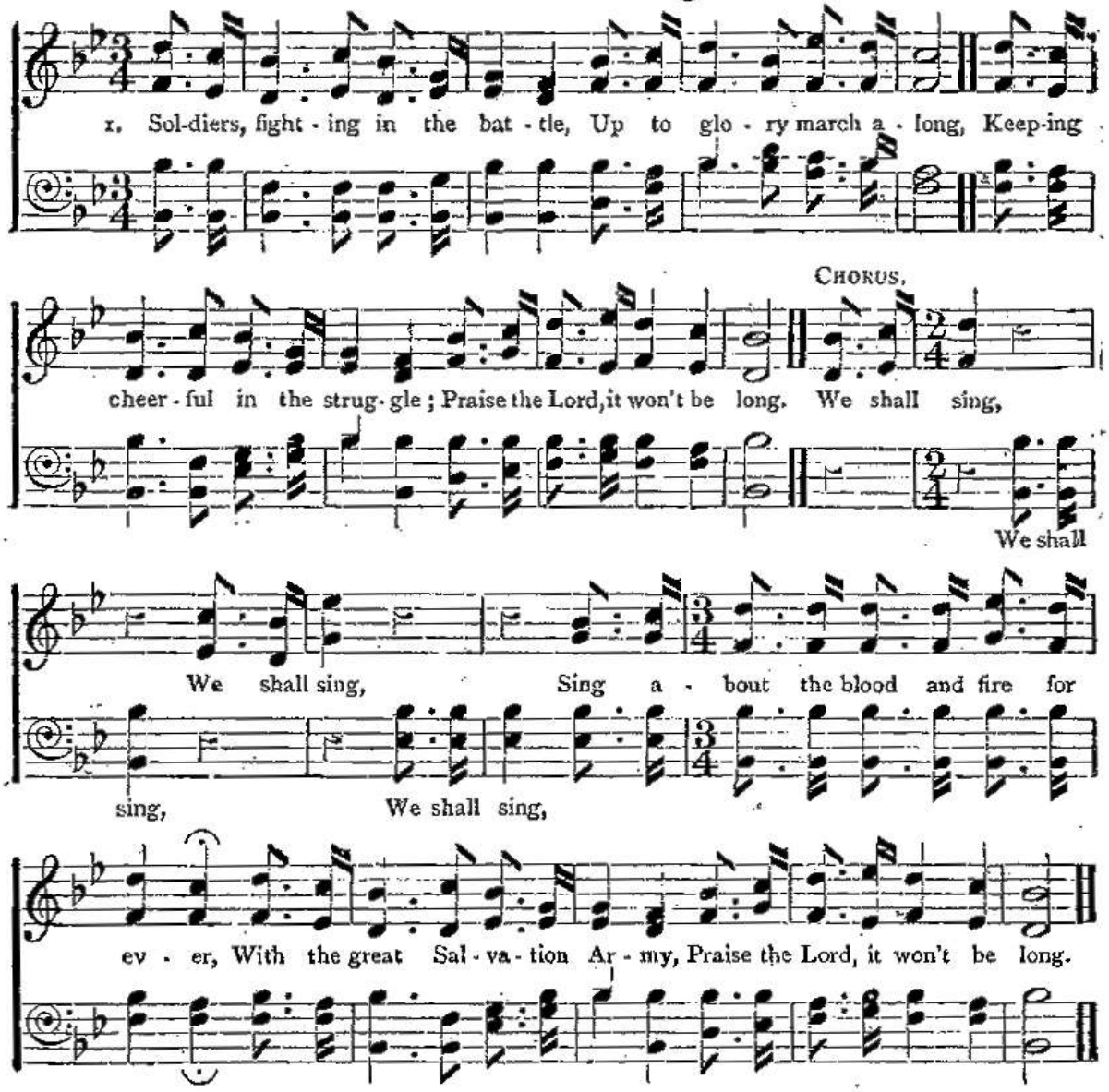
SECOND CHORUS.

What a fighting, what a fighting there shall be!
What a fighting, what a fighting there shall be!
All the devils we'll defy,
And the sinners they shall fly
To our Jesus who died on the tree.
The Prophets will be there.
The Apostles will be there.
The Martyrs will be there.
Our General will be there.
Our Captains will be there.
Our Soldiers will be there.
Our Scotchmen will be there.
Our Irish will be there.
Our Welshmen will be there.
Our Americans will be there.
Our Frenchmen will be there.

10 We're marching on to war.



We shall sing.



2 Sing to-day, and sing to-morrow,
Sing when things are going wrong;
Sing the most in pain and sorrow;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

3 Singing Soldiers of Salvation,
Slaying sin with holy song;
Sing to master strong temptation;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

4 Using joys that God has given,
For the battle keeping strong,
Living near the gate of heaven;
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

5 Making blood and fire life's story,
To God's happy saints belong,
Singing all the way to glory,
Praise the Lord, it won't be long.

We're marching on to war—*continued.*

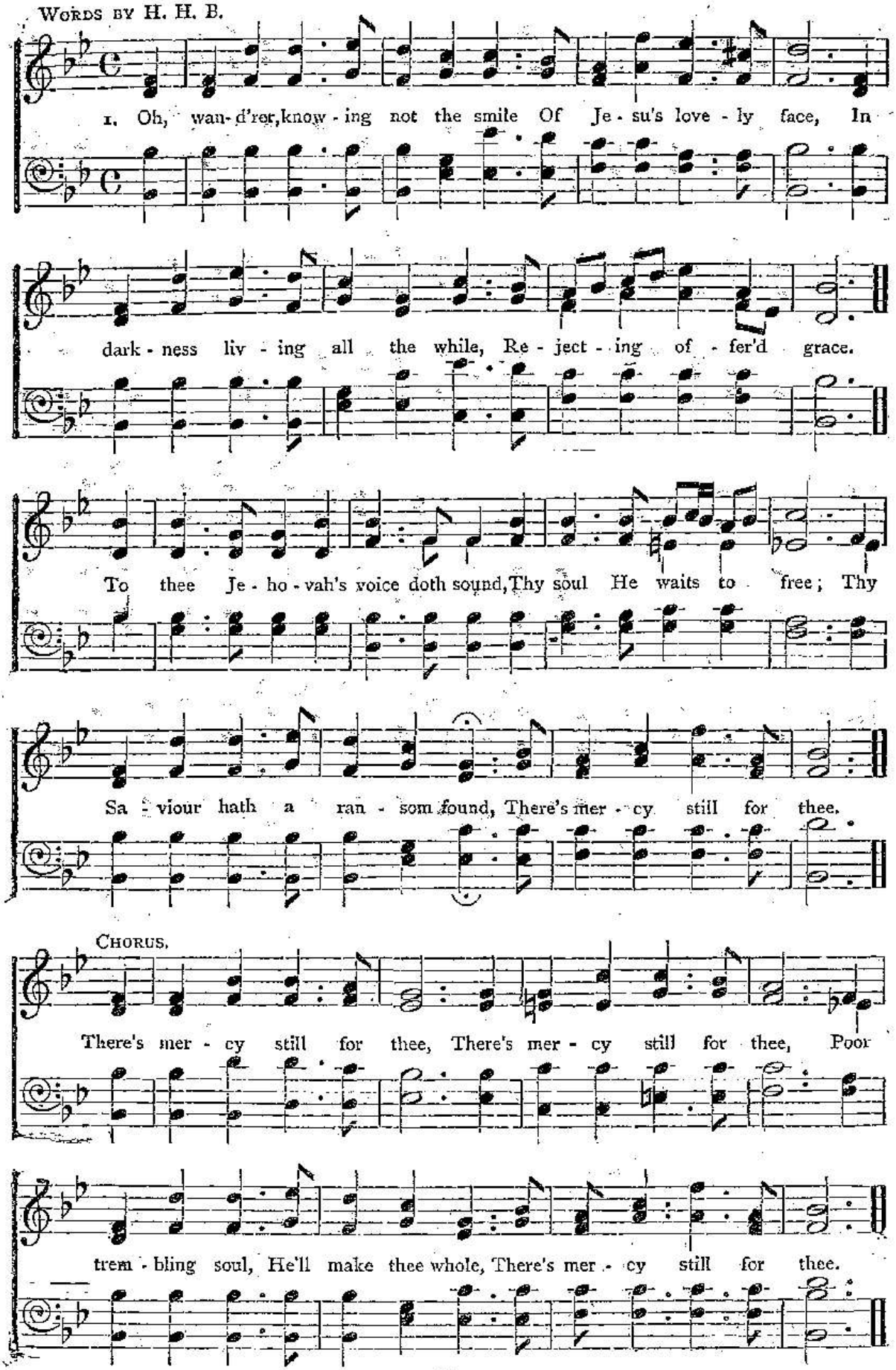
2 Why don't they come and see
Ten thousands old and young,
Of every rank and grade in life,
Who're taking up our song,
And singing through the country,
And making dark hearts light;
But if they won't, why we can't stop,
We're bound to win the fight.

3 Then, comrades, come along,
Engage in this good fight,
And help us build up fortresses,
And put the foe to flight.
We never will retreat,
But rush to do the right,
For Jesus is our Saviour,
We're walking in the light.

4 Then stand back, ye half-hearted,
Who would our way obstruct;
We ne'er will follow forms of men,
Or go in any rut.
But everything the Lord says, "Do,"
We'll do with all our might,
That all the world may fully know
We're battling for the right.

12 There's mercy still for thee.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



13 He pardoned a rebel like me.

1. I heard of a Sa-viour, whose love was so great, That He laid down His life on the

tree; The thorns they were pierc'd in His beau - ti - ful brow, To

FINE. CHORUS.

par - don a re - bel like me. He par-don'd a re - bel like

D.C. al S.

me, like me, He par - don'd a re - bel like me, like me,

2 They tell me He wept over sinners one day,
Saying, "Oh, that your Saviour you knew;
How oft would I gather you under my wing,
And pardon poor rebels like you."

3 Oh, that love so amazing, it broke my hard heart,
And brought me, dear Jesus, to Thee;
And I know when I come, He did not cast me out,
But He pardoned a rebel like me.

4 Oh, 'tis true, for poor sinners of all kinds He saves,
And you He will not cast away;
He waits in His mercy sweet peace to bestow,
So come to the fountain to day.

5 He'll pardon a rebel like you, like you,
He'll pardon a rebel like you;
The thorns they were pierced in His beautiful brow,
To pardon a rebel like you.

There's mercy still for thee—*continued.*

2 Long in the darkness thou hast strayed
Away from joy and peace;
Thou hast these worldly pleasures tried,
But found them soon to cease.
Without one lingering ray of hope,
In anguish thou may'st be;
Oh! listen to the joyful sound,
There's mercy still for thee.

3 For thee, though sunk in dark despair
Thy Saviour's blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb,
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou may'st find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love!
There's mercy still for thee.

4 Though sins of years rise mountains high,
And would thy hopes destroy;
Thy Saviour's blood can wash away
The stains, and bring thee joy.
Now lift thy heart in earnest prayer,
To Him for safety flee;
While still the angels chant the strain,
There's mercy still for thee.

14 Jesus is a Rock.

VERSE.

I wan-der'd long, and could not find,

CHORUS.

Shel-ter in the time of storm,

VERSE.

Till Je-sus eased my trou-bled mind,

CHORUS.

Shel-ter in the time of storm.

1st CHORUS.

Oh, Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ry land, In a wea-ry land, in a wea-ry land, Oh,

Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

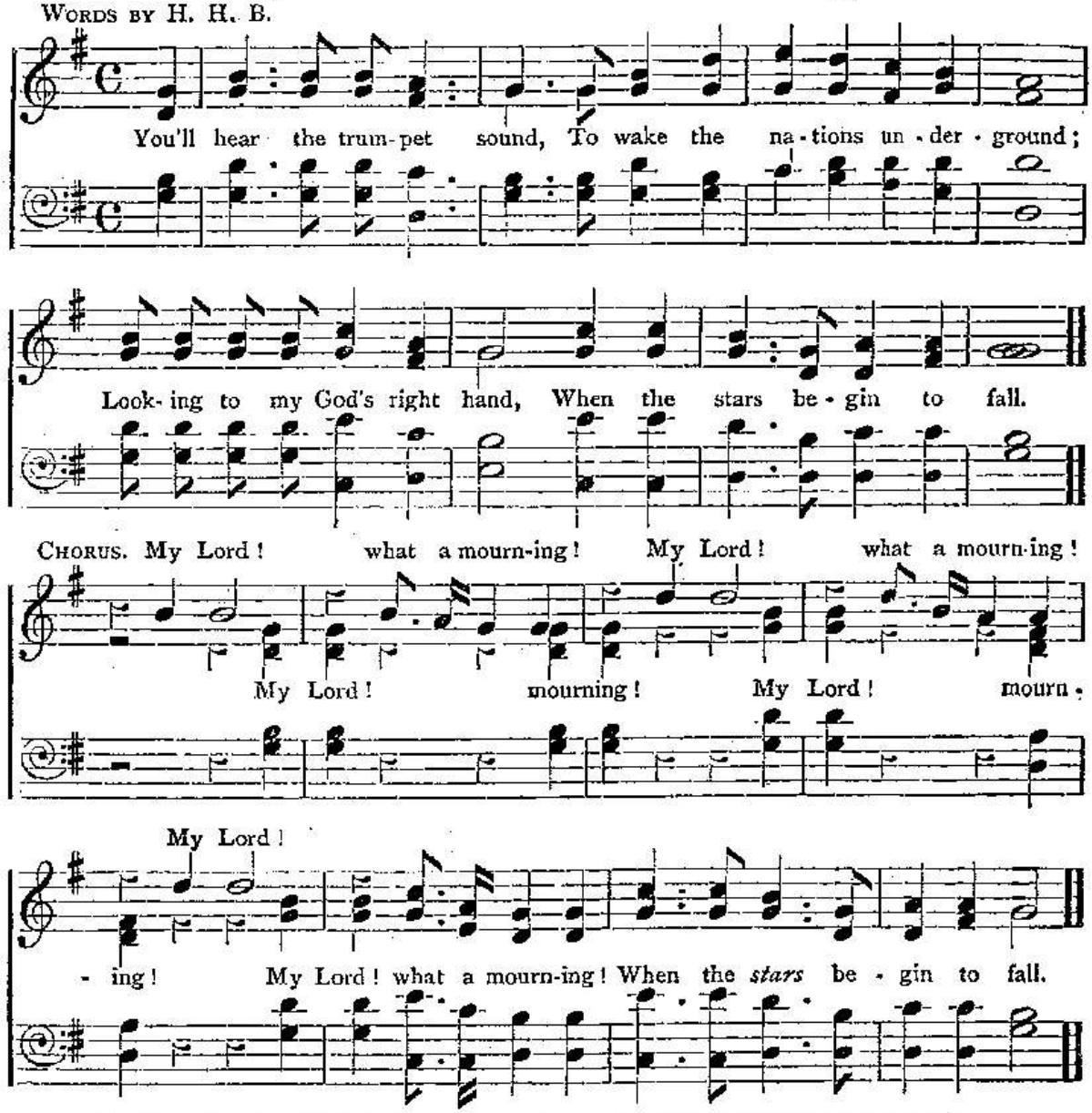
2nd CHORUS.

Oh, Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ry land, In a wea-ry land, in a wea-ry land,

Je-sus is a rock in a wea-ry land, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

15 My Lord! what a mourning!

WORDS BY H. H. B.



2 You'll see the Great White Throne,
And stand before it all alone,
Waiting for the King to call,
When the *stars* begin to fall.

3 Before the Judgment Seat,
Your sentence will the King repeat;
Terror will you then enthrall,
When the *stars* begin to fall.

4 You'll see the King come forth
To judge the nations in His wrath
Sinners to the rocks will call
When the *stars* begin to fall.

5 You'll hear Him say, "Well done!"
To all who have the battle won.
Oh, that He may claim us all
When the *stars* begin to fall!

Jesus is a Rock—*continued.*

2 When none was strong enough to save,
Shelter in the time of storm;
His life for me He freely gave,
Shelter in the time of storm.

3 When I resolved to give up sin,
Shelter in the time of storm;
His love and mercy took me in,
Shelter in the time of storm.

4 I'm glad I did not die without
Shelter in the time of storm!
I've found the "Rock of Ages" out,
Shelter in the time of storm.

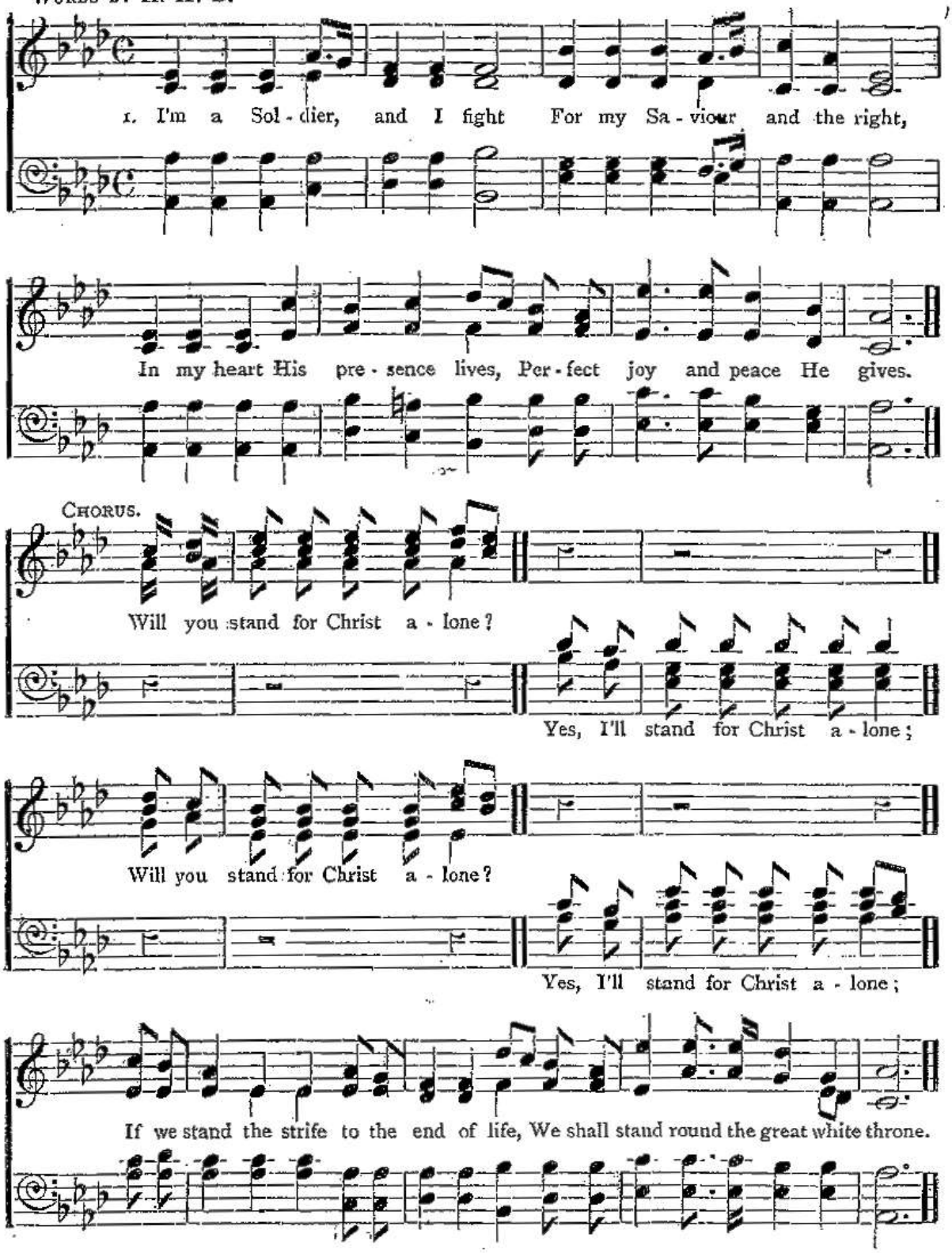
5 Tho' storms may come and tempests roar,
Shelter in the time of storm;
I'm safe in Jesus evermore,
Shelter in the time of storm.

6 On Him I'll ever fix my hope,
Shelter in the time of storm;
Thro' death's cold stream He'll bear me up,
Shelter in the time of storm.

7 And when the storms are all o'erpast,
Shelter in the time of storm;
My bliss in heaven shall ever last,
Shelter in the time of storm.

16 Will you stand for Christ alone?

WORDS BY H. H. B.



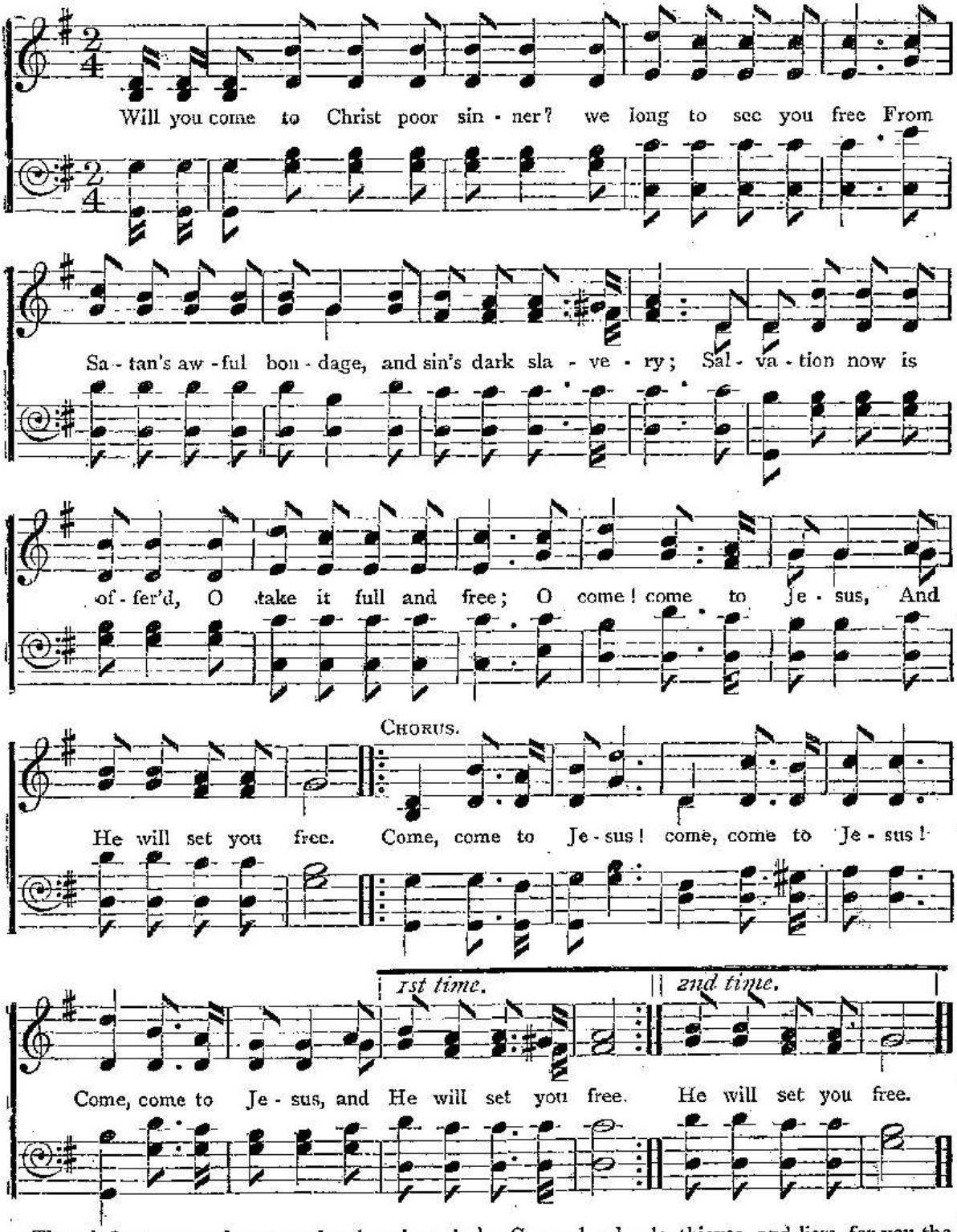
2 Though the world may scoff and jeer,
I can stand without a fear,
Stand and face all earth and hell,
While of Jesu's love I tell.

3 When my enemies come forth
To attack my soul in wrath,
Then I stand my ground and fire,
While the hosts of hell retire.

4 When the battle's at its height,
And I close my deadly fight,
Then with sword in hand I sing
Praises to my blessed King.

5 When my fighting days are done,
And the victory is won,
Then a crown of life I'll gain,
And with Him in Glory reign.

17 Come, come to Jesus.



2 Though far you may have wandered, and nearly lost your soul,
If you will come to Jesus, His blood will make you whole;
His loving voice is saying, "From hell, O sinner, flee!"
O come! come to Jesus, and He will set you free.

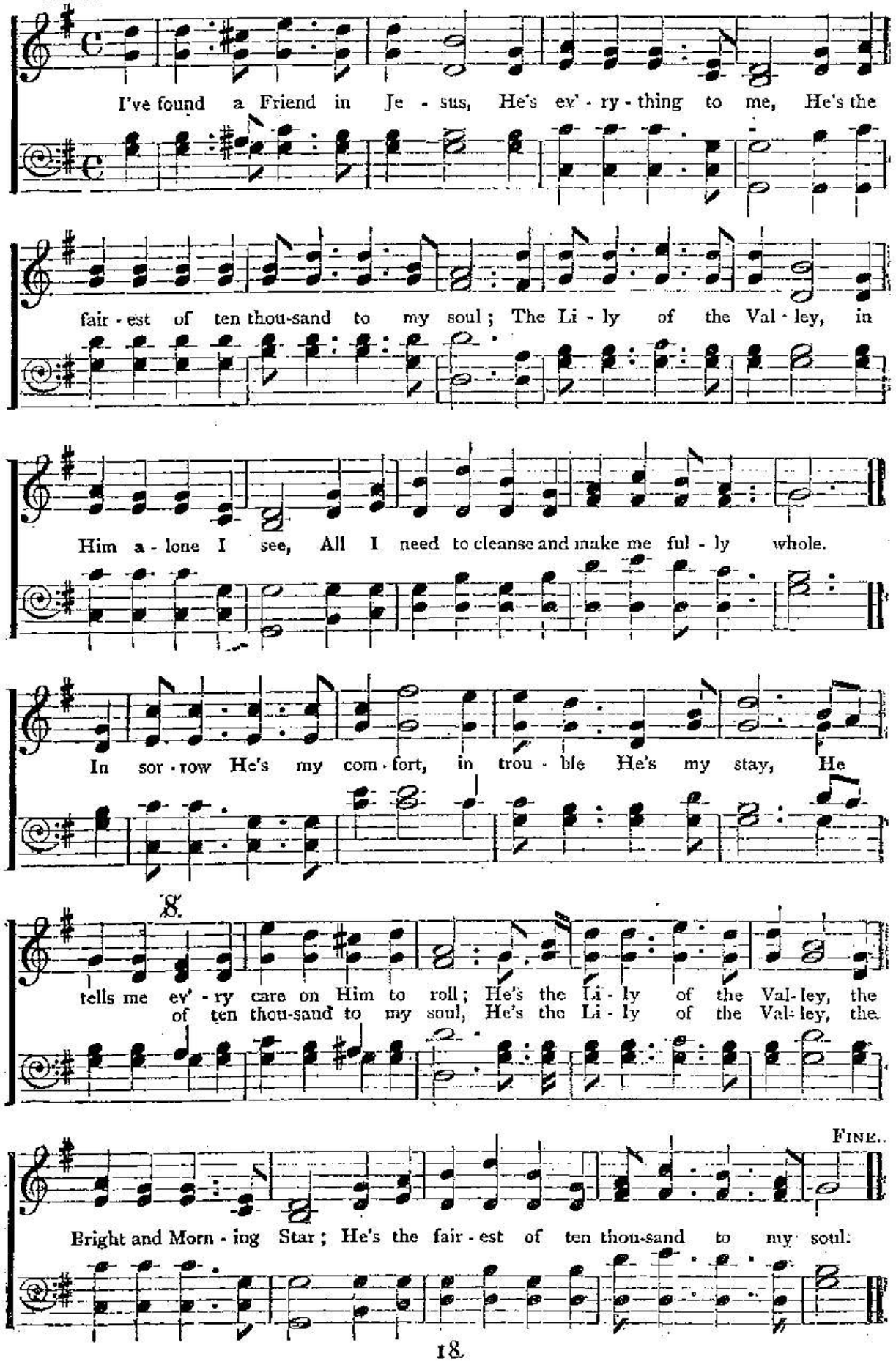
3 Though bound in Satan's fetters, and full of hell and sin,
If you will come to Jesus, He'll make you pure within;
He'll give you peace and comfort, and loving eyes to see;
O come! come to Jesus, and He will set you free.

4 Come, drunkards, thieves, and liars, for you the Saviour died;
Come, harlots, and come mockers, and plunge beneath the tide,
'Tis flowing, yes, 'tis flowing, the blessed crimson sea;
O come! come to Jesus, and He will set you free.

5 Be quick and up this moment, and seize salvation now;
In penitence and sorrow, at Mercy's footstool bow;
Renounce your every idol, accept the sinner's plea,
O come! come to Jesus, and He will set you free.

18 He's the Lily of the Valley.

WORDS BY THE LATE "BANDMASTER FRY."



19 The Army will be ready.

1. Oh, sin - ner, get you rea - dy for that day, for that day, Oh,
CHORUS. Oh, the Ar - my will be rea - dy when He comes, when He comes, Oh, the

sin - ner, get you rea - dy for that day, for that day, Oh, sin - ner, get you
Ar - my will be rea - dy when He comes, when He comes, Oh, the Ar - my will be

D.C. for CHORUS.

rea - dy, oh, sin - ner, get you rea - dy, Oh, sin - ner, get you rea - dy for that day.
rea - dy, the Ar - my will be rea - dy, The Ar - my will be rea - dy when He comes.

2 You'll hear the thunder rolling when He comes, when He comes.
But The Army will be ready when He comes, when He comes.

3 You'll hear the wicked wailing when He comes, when He comes.
But The Army will be ready when He comes, when He comes.

4 You'll see the world all burning when He comes, when He comes.
Then won't you come to Jesus, for He's here—yes! He's here.

He's the Lily of the Valley—*continued.*

CHORUS. *D.S.*

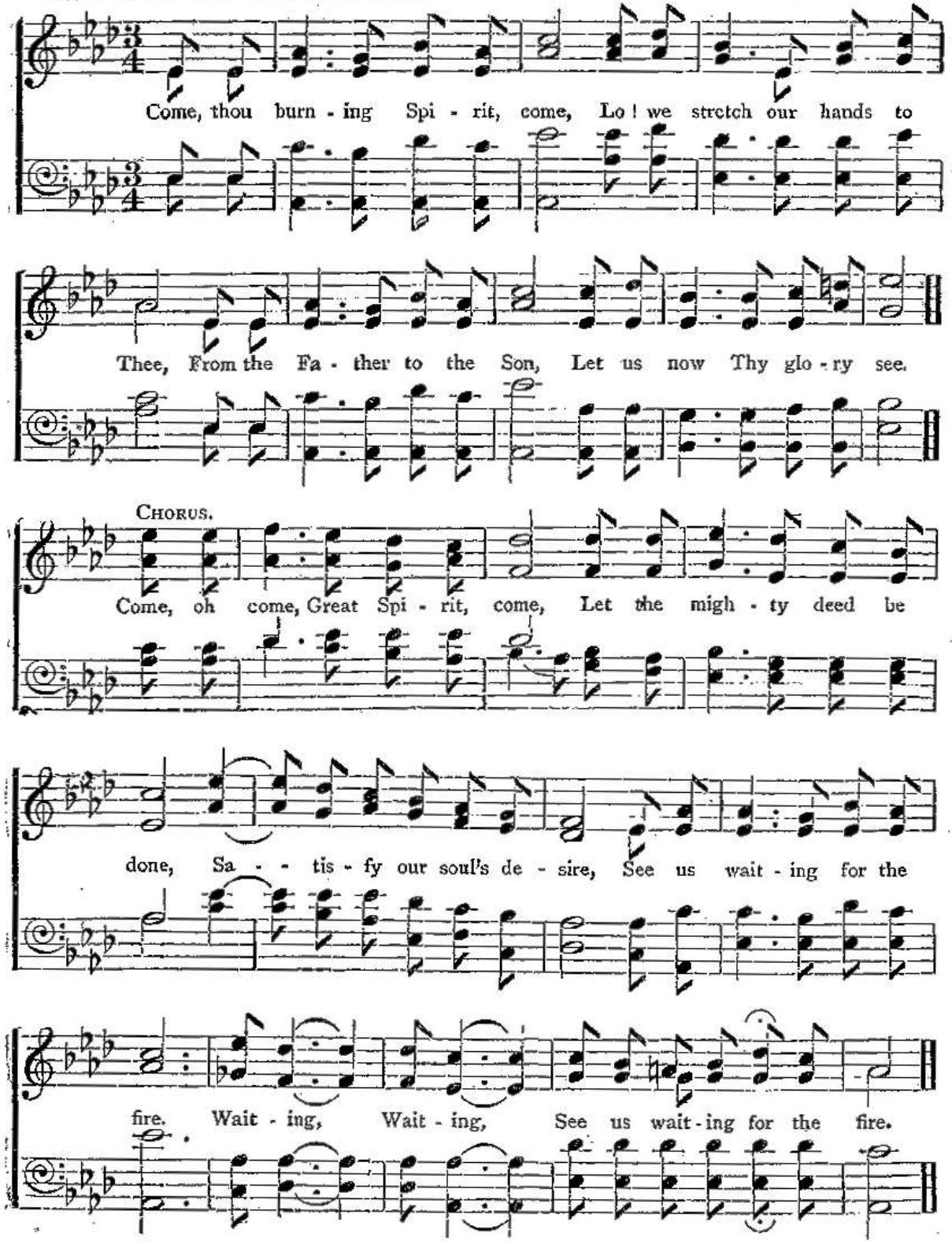
He's the Li - ly of the Val - ley, the Bright and Morn-ing Star, He's the fair-est

2 He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne;
In temptation He's my strong and mighty tower;
I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn
From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power;
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore,
Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.

3 He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here,
While I live by faith and do His blessed will;
A wall of fire about me, I have nothing now to fear;
With His manna He my hungry soul shall fill;
Then sweeping up to glory to see His blessed face,
Where rivers of delight shall ever flow.

20 Come, thou burning Spirit, come.

WORDS BY THE LATE "BANDMASTER FRY."



2 On the altar now we lay
Soul and body, mind and will;
All the evil passions slay,
Come and every corner fill.

3 Now the sacrifice we make,
Though as dear as a right eye,
For our blessed Saviour's sake,
Who for us did bleed and die.

4 Now, by faith, the gift I claim,
Bought for me by blood Divine;
Through the all-prevailing Name,
All the promises are mine.

21 And the glory we give to Thee, Lord.

WORDS BY F. W. F.

Come, poor back - slid - ers, back a - gain To Je - su's loved em - bra - ces, We long to see you back a - gain, To take your for - mer pla - ces. And the glo - ry we give, and the glo - ry we give, and the glo ry we give to Thee, Lord! And the glo - ry we Thee, Lord!

1st time. *2nd time.*

2 Come, guilty, burdened sinners, come,
While Jesus waits to pardon;
He calls the weary wand'rer home,
Your heart no longer harden.

3 No matter what your life has been,
He's waiting to receive you;
If you'll repent and turn from sin,
He'll of the load relieve you.

4 The world to Jesus shall be brought,
And all shall hear our story;
And when the battle here is fought,
We'll give Him all the glory.

LAST CHORUS.

And the glory we'll give to Thee, Lord!

22 Jesus always the same.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

In gold - en hours of bright-est joy, When hap - pi - ness comes o'er me,
And sunshine lights my ev' - ry path With rays of heav'n-ly glo - ry:

Then in my soul I re - a - lize The joy of know-ing Je - sus, As
CHO. And this my con - stant joy shall be, Tho' tried by sore temp - ta - tion, That

Repeat for Chorus.

day and night my rap - tur'd soul Is kept by love most won - drous.
Je - sus lives and gives to me A free and full sal - va - tion.

2 When sorrow's shady path I tread,
When tried by sore affliction,
When darkest shadows round me spread,
Then I have full conviction
That all I do, and all I say,
Is pleasing to my Saviour,
And soon my sorrows melt away
Beneath His love and favour.

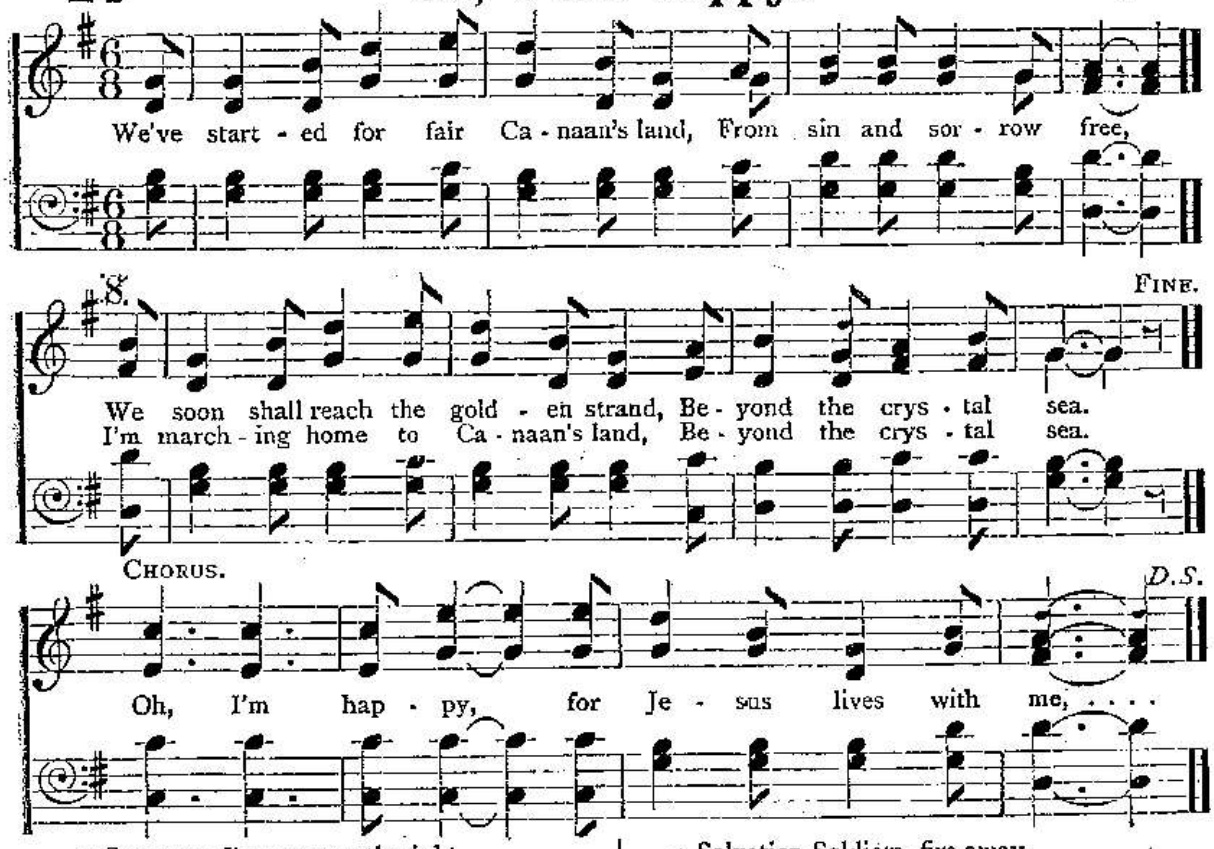
3 When in this world my days are done,
When wrapt in death I'm lying,
And when at last the King has come,
And for my soul is crying,
Then I shall leave the world below,
And fly away to Jesus,
True praises shouting as I go
To Him who did redeem us.

23 We're Marching on to Glory.

We're marching on to glo - ry, from glo - ry to glo - ry, We're marching on to
We want you all to join us, to join us, to join us, We want you all to

glo - ry, to make the hea - vens ring.
join us, with heart and voice to sing.
Oh, we are off to glo - ry, from

24 Oh, I am happy.



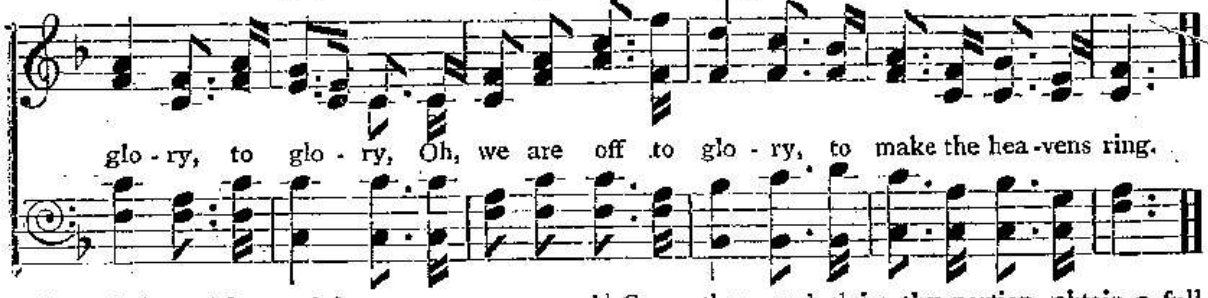
2 Some say I'm not exactly right,
And make too much to do!
I sing and shout with all my might,
And feel the glory too.

3 When I enlisted in the fight,
Some say, "He'll run away!"
Some said, "He'll only last a night,"
But here I am to-day.

4 Salvation Soldiers, fire away.
And keep your armour bright;
To take the prey, make no delay,
You're sure to win the fight.

Poor sinner, you can come with us,
And be a soldier brave;
For you the Saviour shed His blood,
And lives your soul to save.

We're Marching on to Glory—*continued.*



2 Come, lads and lasses, join us; come, men and women, join us;
Come, old and young, and join us; turn from your sins, and live;
"Come unto Me," says Jesus; come, for the Spirit leads us,
The Father waits to bless us, and help us all to sing.

3 Old Satan long has held us, his bitter yoke has galled us,
His chains have firmly held us in misery and sin;
But, praise the Lamb, He's saved us, our bands He broke and freed us,
His mercy's rich towards us, and so we love to sing.

4 His life and death He gave us, to purchase our redemption,
His precious blood He gave us, to wash away our sins;
Come, then, and claim thy portion, obtain a full salvation;
God's gift to us is Jesus; take Him, and with us sing.

5 The deaf and dumb shall hear us, the dead in sins must hear us,
The old and young shall hear us, turn from their sins and live;
The rich and poor must hear us, the streets and lanes must hear us,
The devils too shall hear us, as on our march we sing.

6 Then here goes all for glory, to sing the old, old story,
And crown the King of glory, when we the victory win;
The devil's rage won't harm us, his malice won't alarm us;
Our Lord and Captain guards us; we'll shout, and dance, and sing.

25 Going up.

WORDS BY F. W. F.

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS.

Oh, yes, I'm going up, going up, going up, go - ing up with the Ar - my,

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO. CHORUS. FINE. VERSE.

going up, going up, going up, going up to view the heav'nly land, We're Sol - diers
We're bound to

1st time. 2nd time. D.C. for CHORUS.

fight - ing for our God, Un - der His com - mand;
con - quer thro' the Blood, Guid - ed by His hand.

2 My sins have all been washed away,
Through the precious Blood,
And Jesus keeps me every day,
Through the precious Blood.

3 We're marching on to battle brave,
We're a conquering band,
We go the lost to seek and save,
We're a conquering band.

4 We'll never, never run away,
Fighting till we die,
But always in the battle stay,
Fighting till we die.

5 Oh sinner turn at once from sin,
Jesus waits to save,
His loving heart will take you in,
Jesus waits to save.

6 Backslider, come, enlist again,
Jesus bids you come,
No longer from your Lord remain,
Jesus bids you come.

26 Too late!

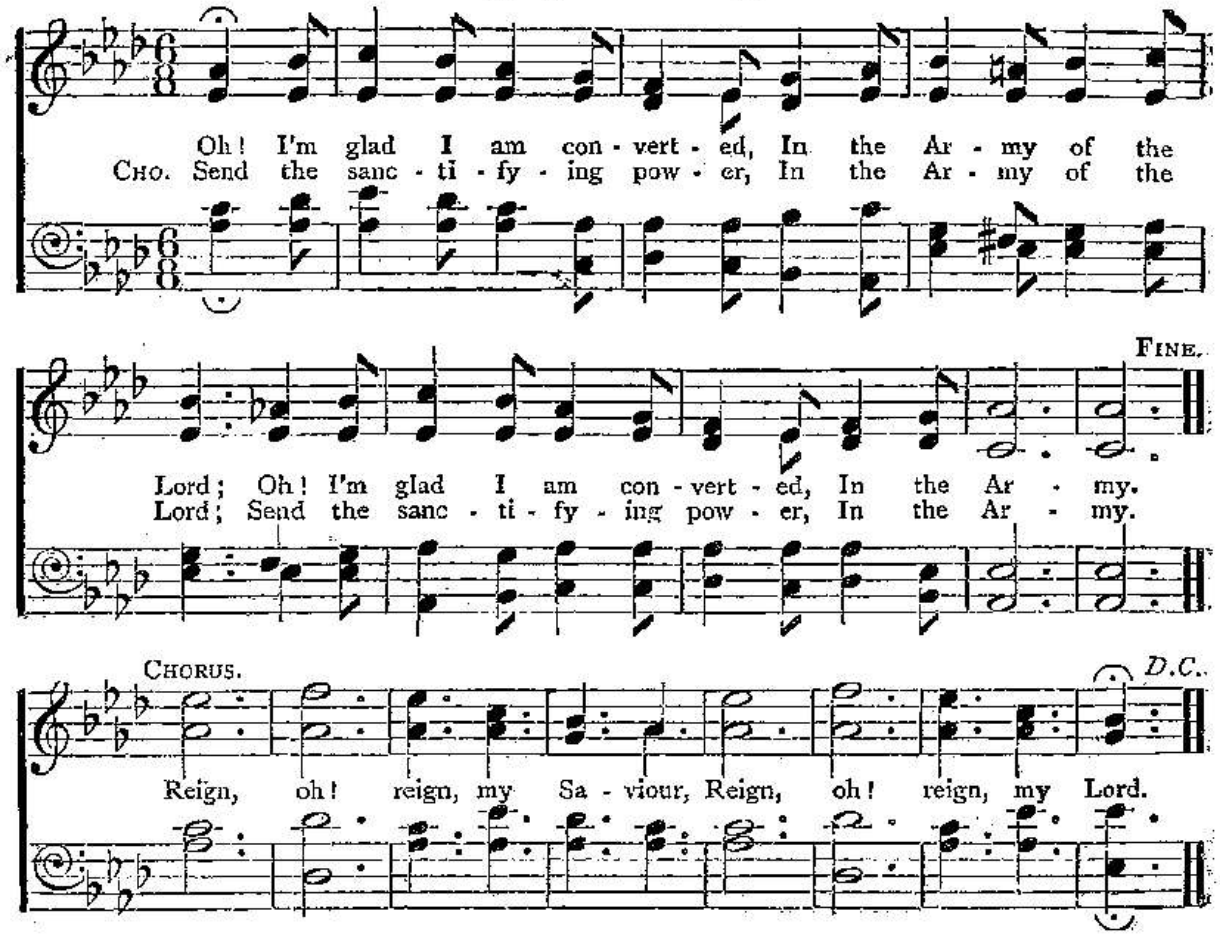
WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.

Too late! too late! Thy day of grace is end - ed, Thy God' of love of -

CHORUS.

fend - ed; And from thy soul is rend - ed, The lin - g'ring ray of hope. Too late!

27 Reign, oh reign.



2 Oh! the Saviour wants no cowards
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh! the Saviour wants no cowards
In the Army.

3 Oh! He says you must live holy
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh! He says you must live holy
In the Army.

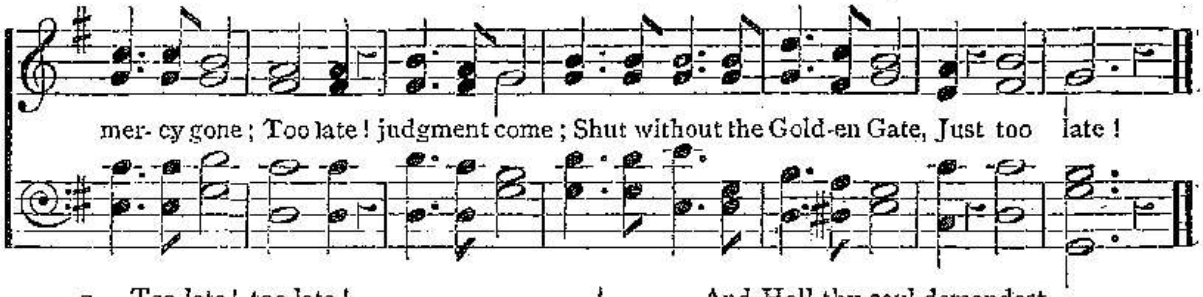
4 Oh! the blood of Jesus cleanses
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh! the blood of Jesus cleanses
In the Army.

5 He will give you grace to conquer
In the Army of the Lord;
He will give you grace to conquer
In the Army.

6 He will fill you with His Spirit
In the Army of the Lord;
He will fill you with His Spirit
In the Army.

7 Oh! I feel the power is coming,
In the Army of the Lord;
Oh! I feel the power is coming,
In the Army.

Too late!—*continued.*



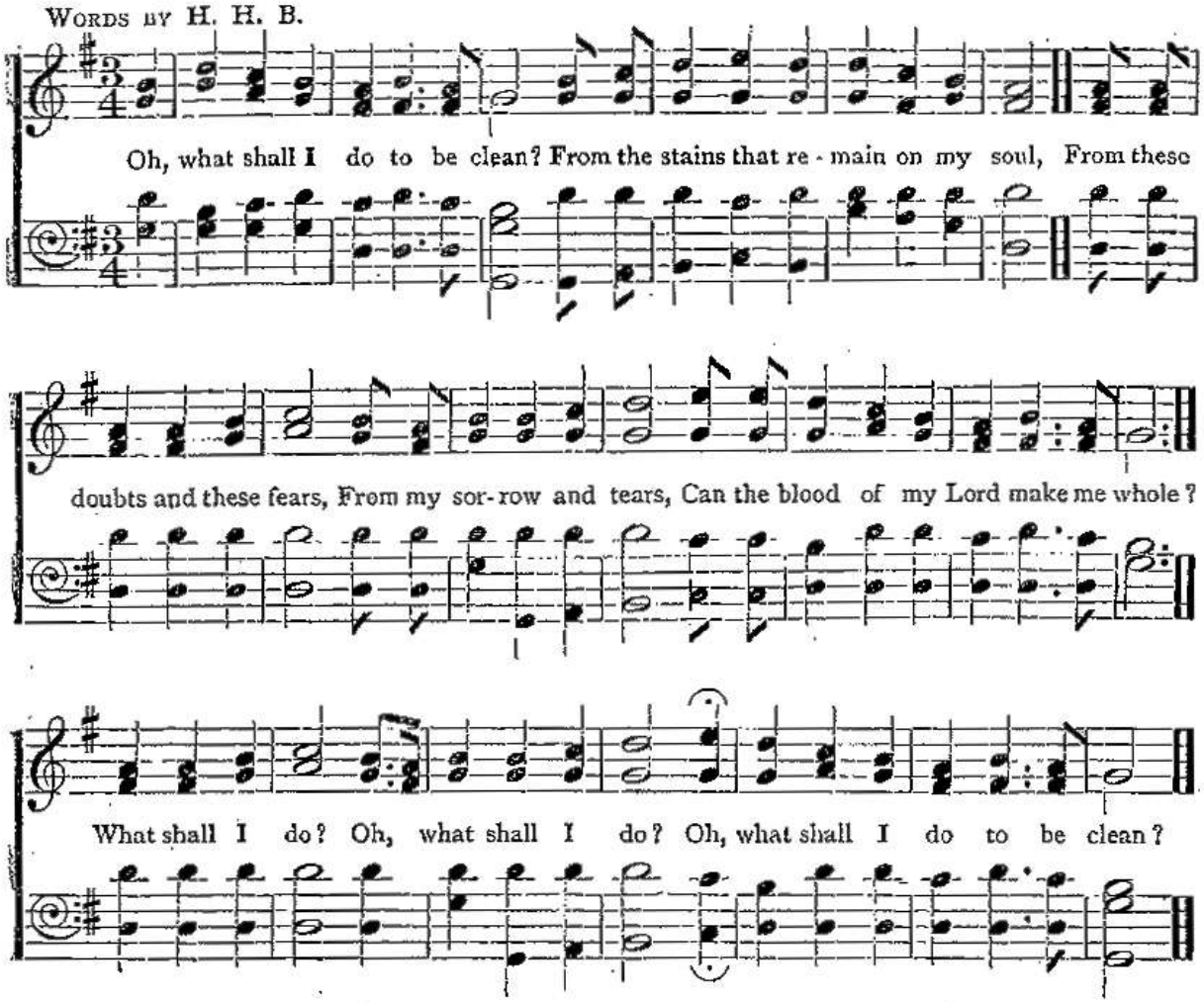
2 Too late! too late!
Thy Saviour's love rejected,
Eternity neglected,
While death, when least expected,
Hurries thee away!

3 Too late! too late!
Before the Throne thou standest,
While justice God commandest,
And Hell thy soul demandest
For all eternity.

4 Too late! too late!
In awful darkness sinking,
The cup of anguish drinking,
While still in sorrow thinking
Of all thy wasted hours.

28 Oh, what shall I do to be clean?

WORDS BY H. H. B.



2 Oh, what shall I do to be clean?
I am tired of these conflicts within;
For with conflicts and strife,
I am wearied of life;
Tell me, is there salvation from *sin*?

3 Oh, what shall I do to be clean?
Is there perfect deliverance for me?
Can I know I am right,
Ever pure in His sight,
And from all condemnation be free?

4 I know what I'll do to be clean,
I will come to this Saviour of love;
And my idols at last,
At His feet I will cast,
While His joy shall come down from above.

This will I do,
This will I do,
I'll wash in the blood and be clean.

29 Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

To be sung to the Music above.

1 Oh, what shall I do to be saved
From the billows that over me roll?
For the frown of the Lord,
And the wrath of my God,
Are crushing my sin-burdened soul.

What shall I do?
Oh, what shall I do?
Oh, what shall I do to be saved?

2 Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
When death all my strength shall subdue,
Or the world, in a day,
Like a cloud rolls away,
And eternity opens to view.

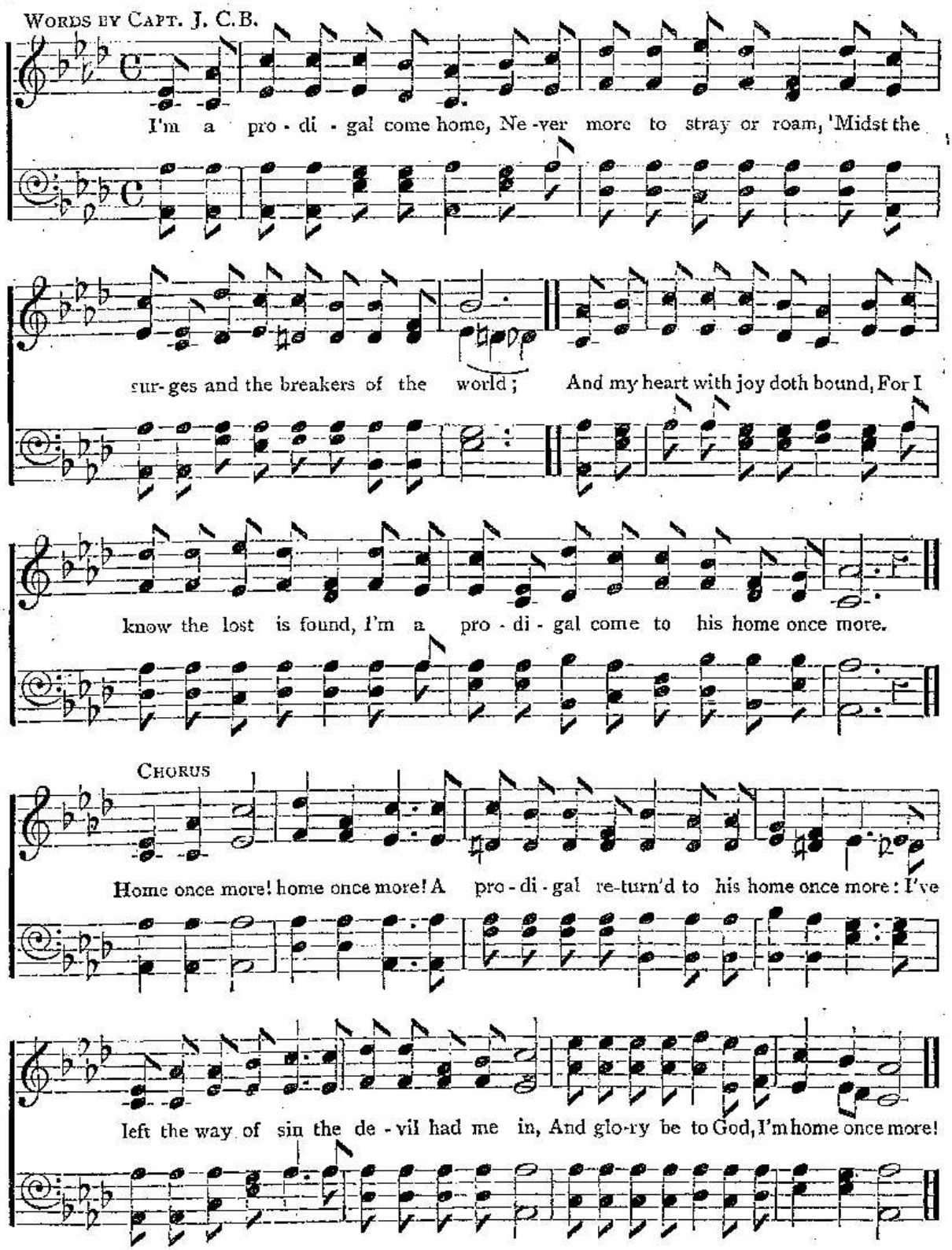
3 Oh, what shall I do to be saved?
Tell me now is there pardon for me?
Can a sinner so great,
Asking mercy so late,
Have salvation so full and so free?

4 O Lord, look in mercy on me,
Come, come and speak peace to my soul;
Unto whom shall I flee,
Blessed Lord, but to Thee?
Thou canst make my poor broken heart whole.

This will I do,
Yes, this will I do,
To Jesus I'll go and get saved.

30 Home once more.

WORDS BY CAPT. J. C.B.

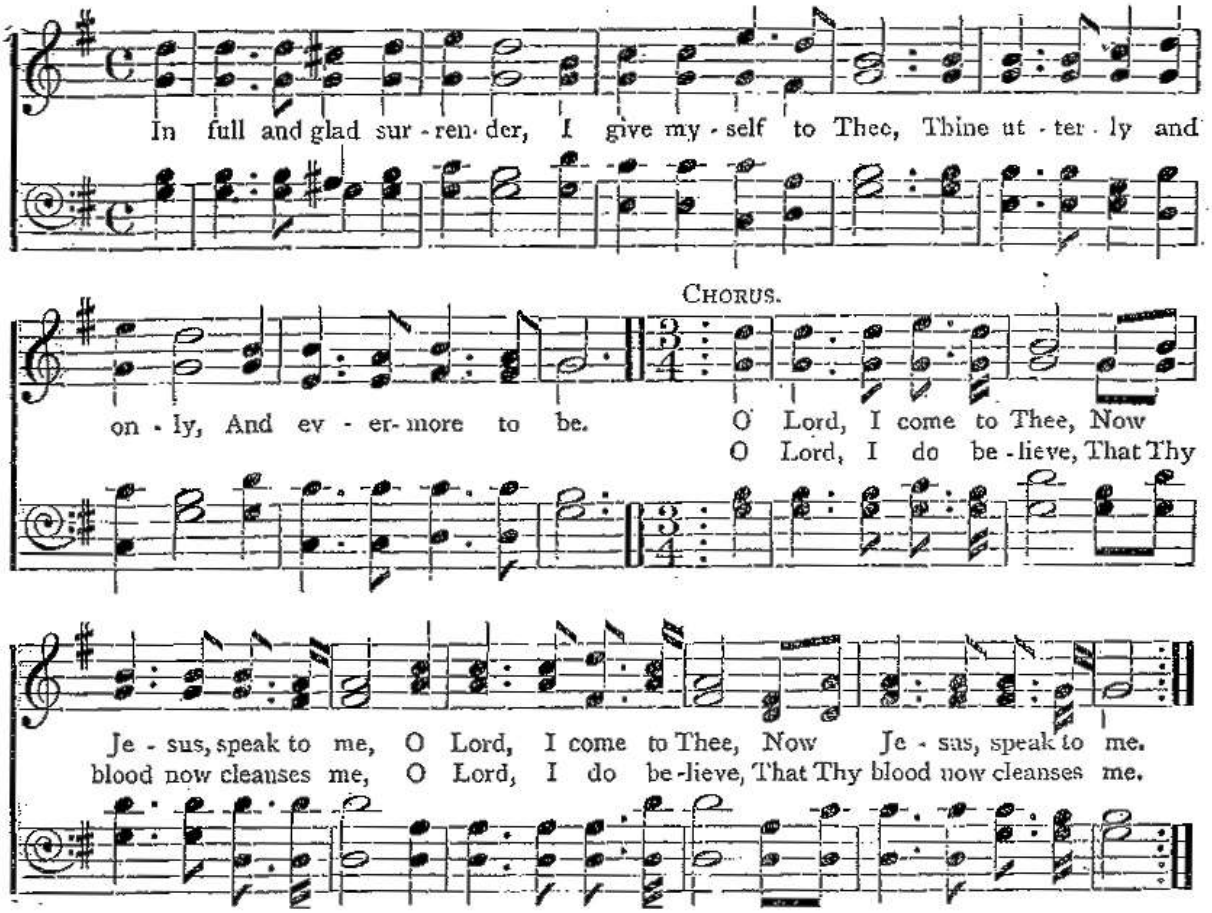


2 My Saviour's voice I hear,
With His accents soft and clear,
Gently whispering peace and comfort to my soul;
Saying "Son, be of good cheer,
I am with you, do not fear,"
And the angels sing a welcome home once more.

3 Though storms may beat around,
I have full salvation found,
On the Rock of Ages now I take my stand;
And one day I shall be crown'd
In that city to which I'm bound,
I'm a prodigal come to his home once more.

4 When my journey here is o'er,
And I reach the golden shore,
Where the ransomed of the Lord in glory dwell;
Then where friends have gone before,
I shall sing for evermore,
A prodigal come to his home once more.

31 In full and glad surrender.

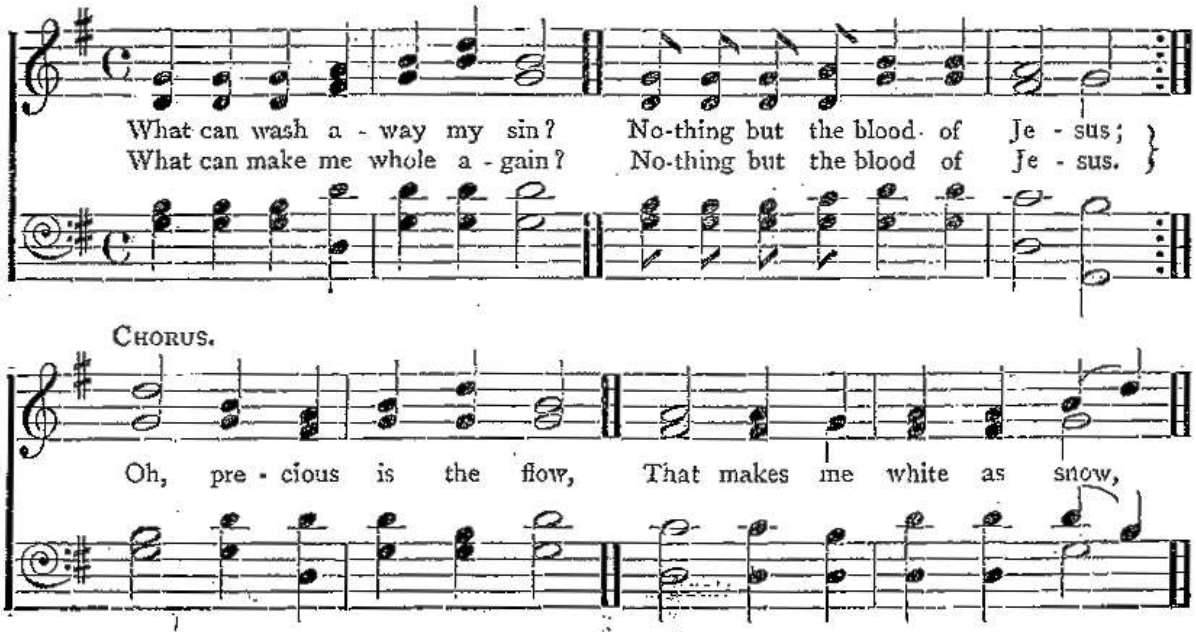


2 O Son of God, who lovest me,
I will be Thine alone;
And all I have, and all I am,
Shall henceforth be Thine own.

3 Reign over me, Lord Jesus!
Oh! make my heart Thy throne;
It shall be Thine, dear Saviour,
It shall be Thine alone.

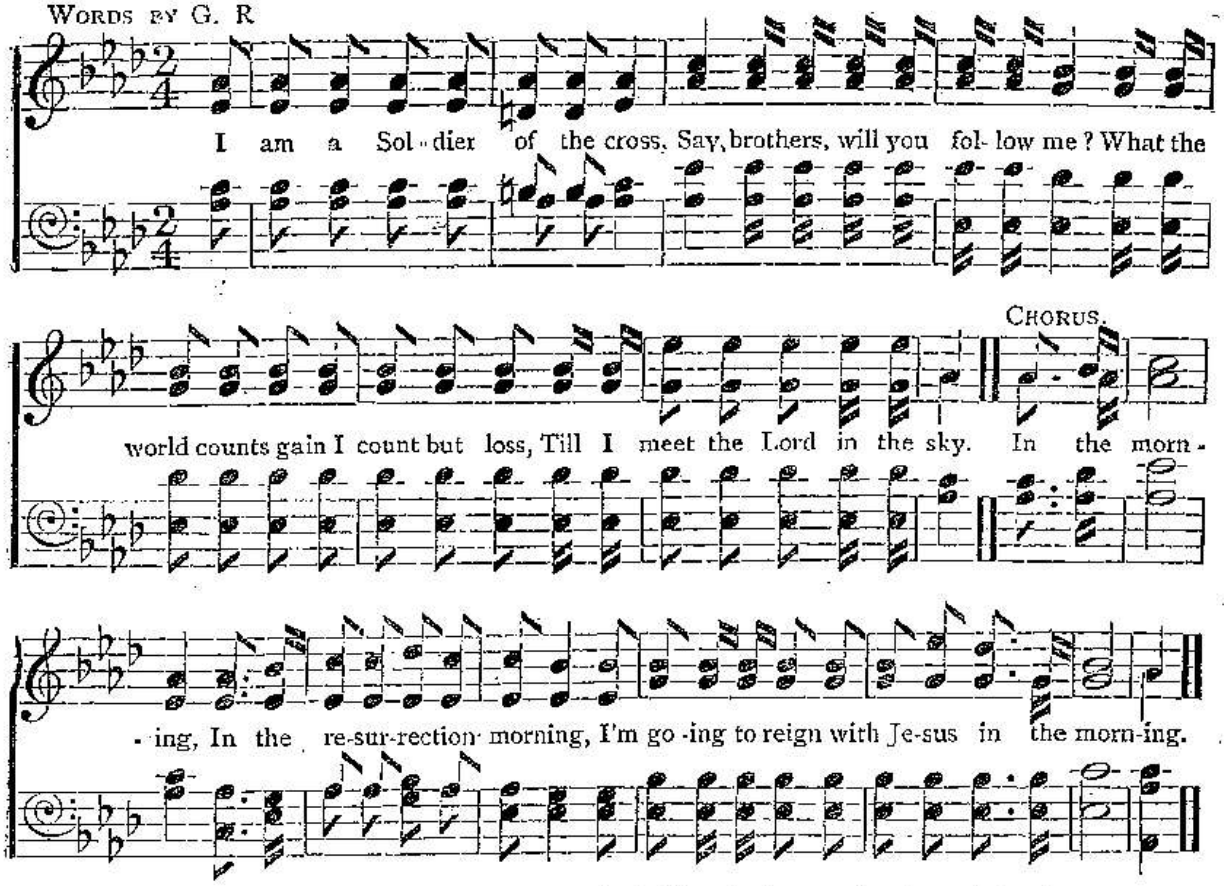
4 Oh! come and reign, Lord Jesus,
Rule over everything!
And keep me always loyal,
And true to Thee, my King!

32 Nothing but the Blood of Jesus.



33 In the Morning.

WORDS BY G. R



2 Like Noah, into the safety Ark,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
If you don't come in you'll be left in the dark,
When we meet Him in the sky.

3 Like David, up to the giant's face,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
We'll praise the Lord for His conq'ring grace
When we meet Him in the sky.

4 Like Peter, down to the souls unclean,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
Oh! how we'll laugh at the critics mean,
When we meet Him in the sky!

5 Like Paul, to seek all the world alike,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
Good Soldiers He is sure to like,
When we meet Him in the sky.

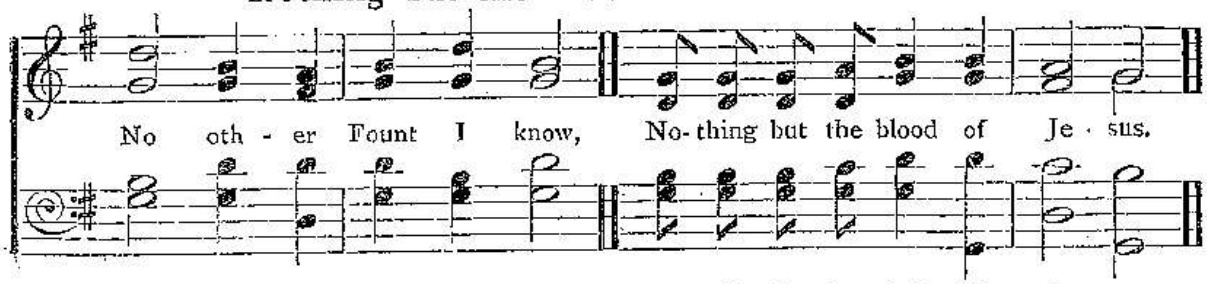
6 Like the leper, who shouted Jesu's name,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
He'll welcome us, if we spread His fame,
When we meet Him in the sky.

7 Like the noble widow, whose name's unknown,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
If we give our all, we shall gain a crown,
When we meet her in the sky.

8 Whatever all the rest may do,
Say, brothers, will you follow me?
For God I'll wear the red and blue,
Till I meet Him in the sky.

9 Like Mary, to tell where the Lord to find,
Say, sisters, will you follow me?
How much women talk will anybody mind,
When we meet her in the sky?

Nothing but the Blood of Jesus—*continued.*

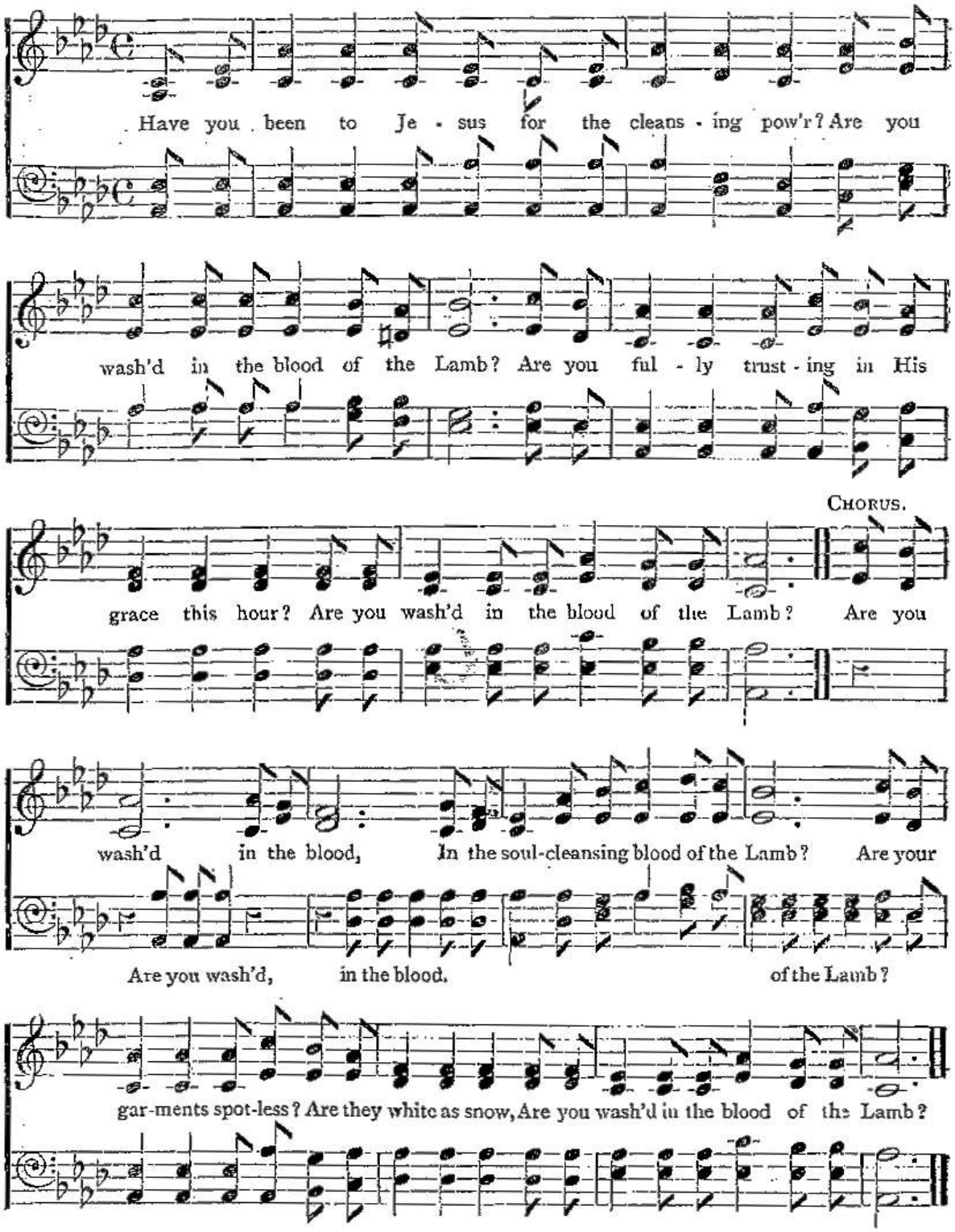


2 For my cleansing this I see,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
For my pardon this my plea,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Nought of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

34 Washed in the Blood.

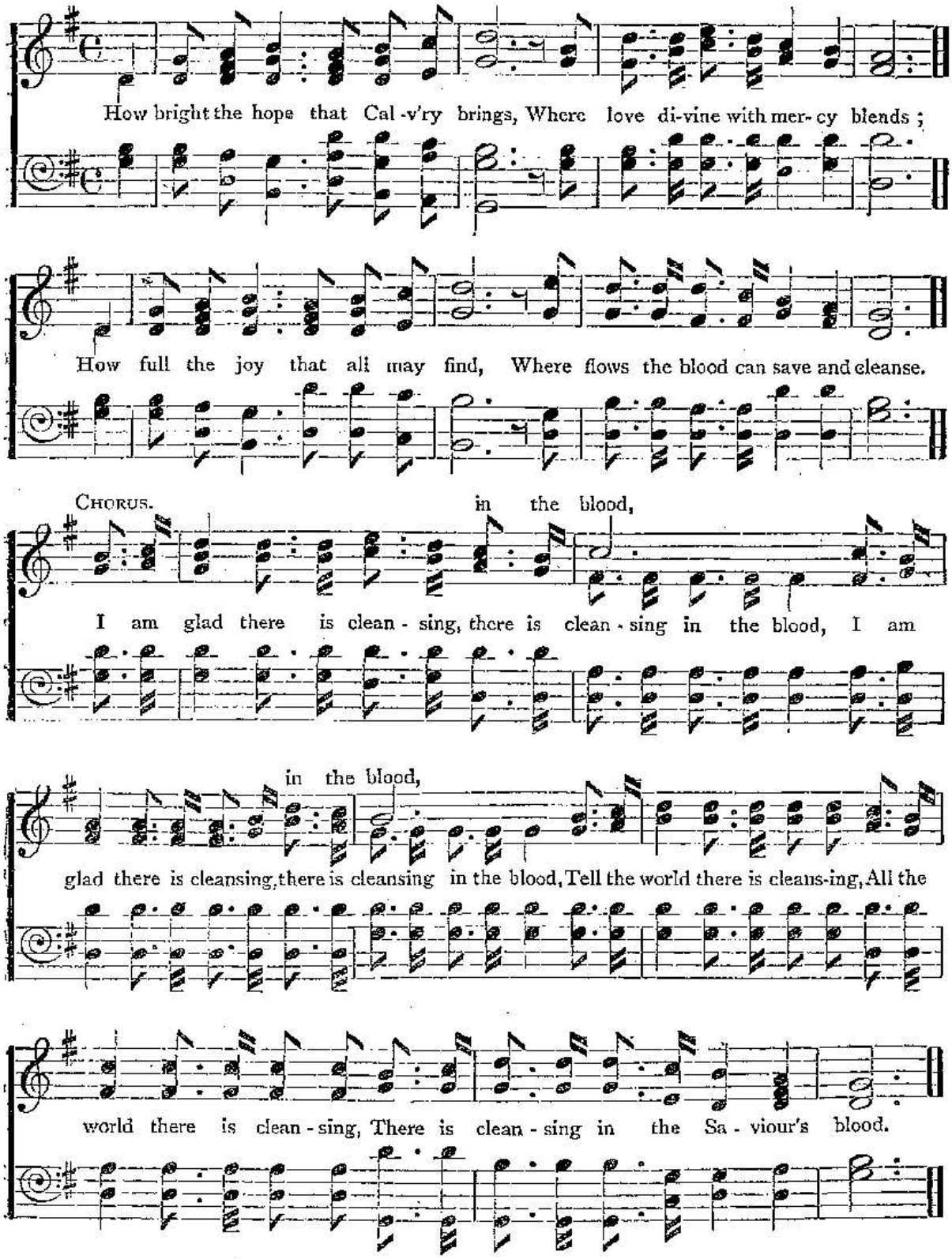


2 Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

3 When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

4 Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb!
There's a fountain flowing for the soul unclean,
Oh, be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

35 Cleansing in the Blood.



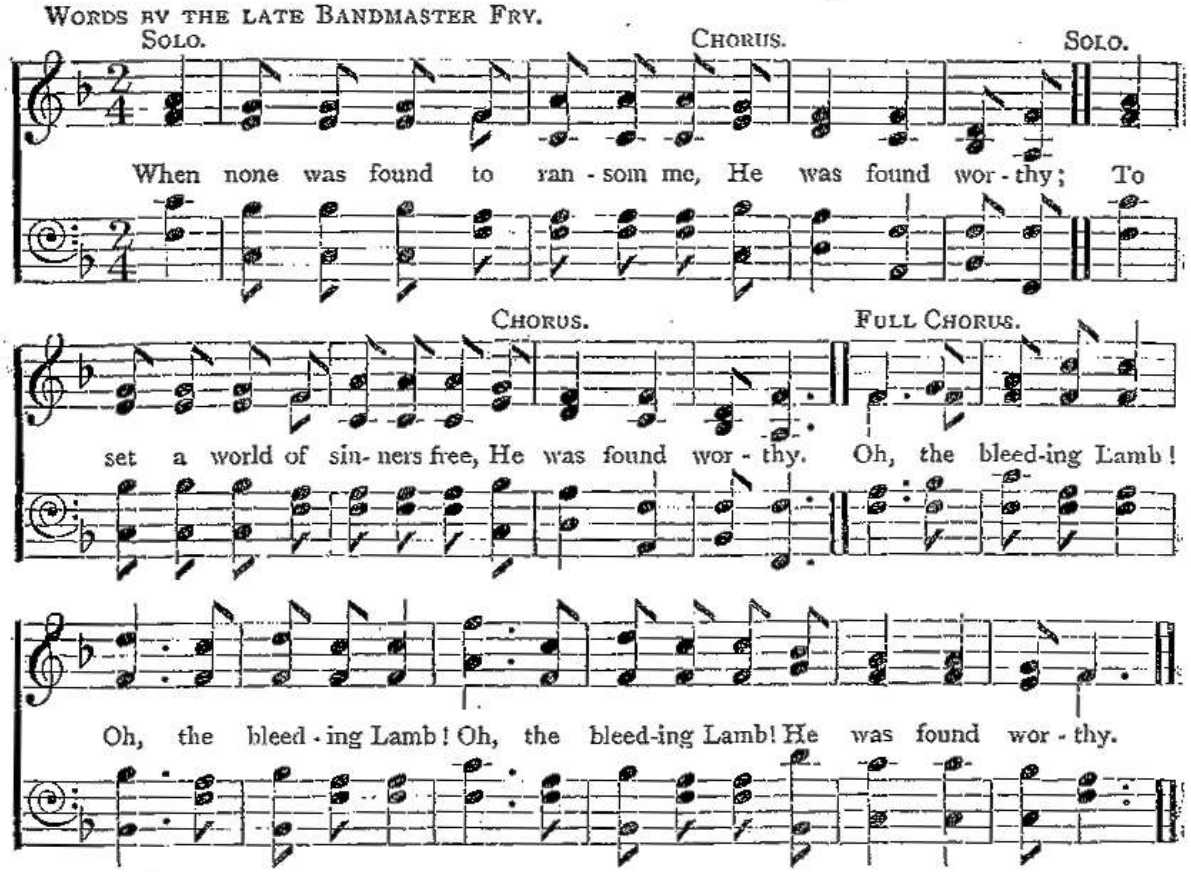
2 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go
And wash its sins and stains away;
Who gives up all, who comes by faith,
This cleansing finds without delay.

3 Why need we struggle on in self?
We cannot make one black spot white;
'Tis Christ's own blood, and that alone,
Can change and cleanse the heart aright.

4 I come! I come! and glad I am
That Jesus calls the lost and vile;
There thousands have a cleansing found;
I'll heed the Saviour's welcome smile.

36 He was found worthy.

WORDS BY THE LATE BANDMASTER FRY.



2 To take the book, and loose the seal,
He was found worthy;
To bruise the head that bruised His heel,
He was found worthy.

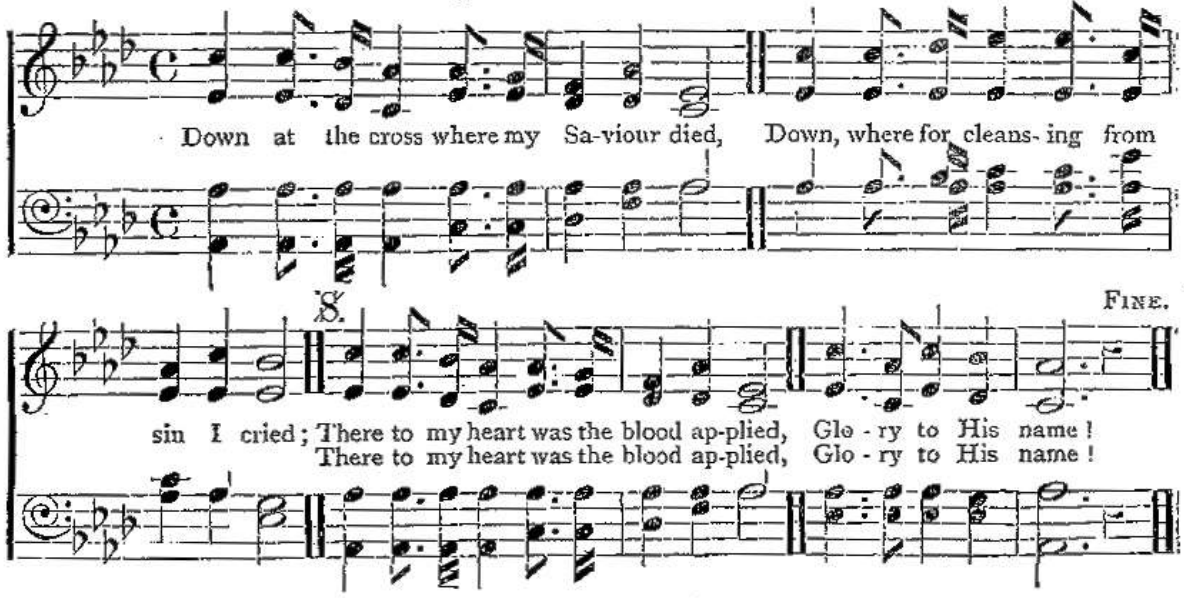
3 To bridge the gulf 'twixt man and God,
He was found worthy;
And save the rebels by His blood,
He was found worthy.

4 To open wide the gates of heaven,
He was found worthy;
To Him all majesty is given,
He was found worthy.

5 To reign o'er all the ransomed race
He was found worthy;
I've tasted of His saving grace,
He was found worthy.

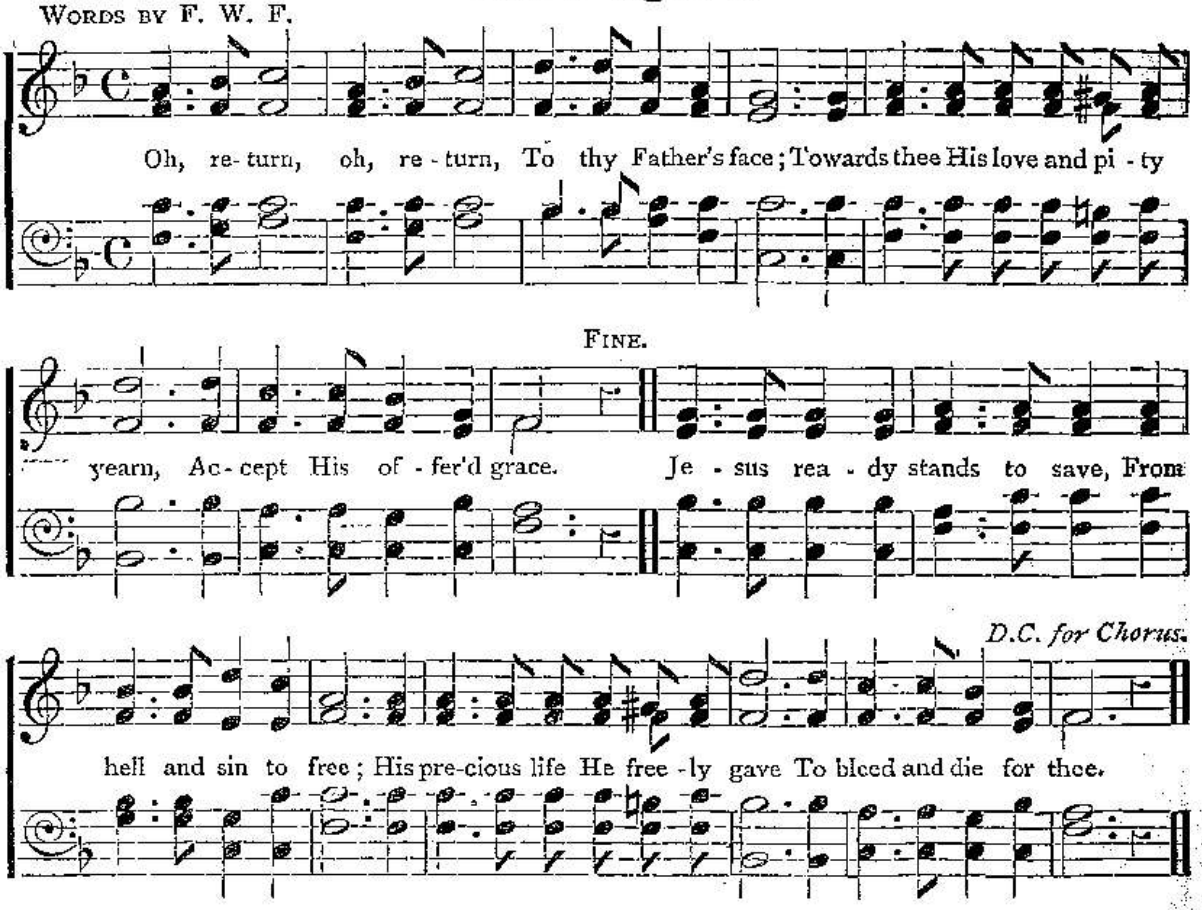
6 His blood has washed me white as snow;
He was found worthy;
And all His fulness I shall know,
He was found worthy

37 Glory to His Name!



38 Home again.

WORDS BY F. W. F.



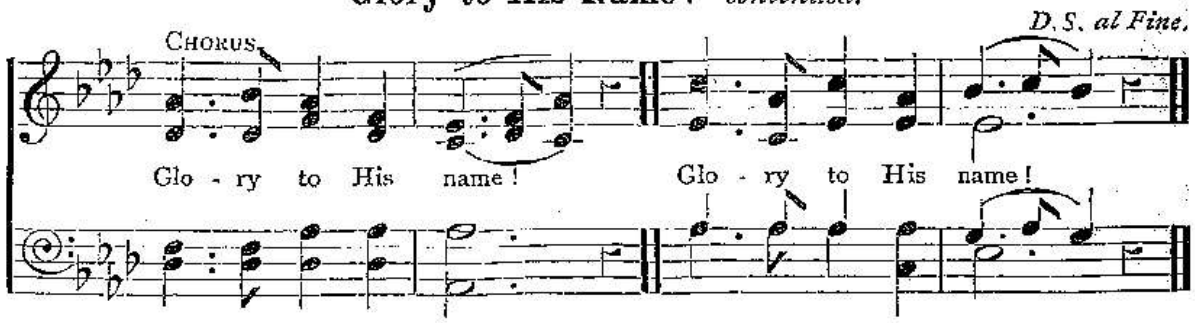
2 Thou hast gone, thou hast gone,
Far in sin to roam;
In doubt and darkness wandered on,
A prodigal from home.
Once thou hadst thy Saviour's smile,
While walking in the light;
And God was with thee all the while,
In Him thou didst delight.

3 Why delay? why delay?
Hard'ning still thy heart;
Procrastinating day by day,
From sin when wilt thou part?
Conscience thou to drown hast tried,
By sinking deep in sin;
Its warning accents, long defied,
Can still be heard within.

4 Here, my Lord! Here, my Lord!
I return to Thee;
No longer will I doubt Thy word,
Nor from my Saviour flee.
To the fountain opened wide
This moment now I'll go;
There for ever I'll abide,
It washes white as snow.

I return! I return!
To my Father's home;
Towards me His love and pity yearn,
And Jesus bids me come.

Glory to His Name!—*continued.*



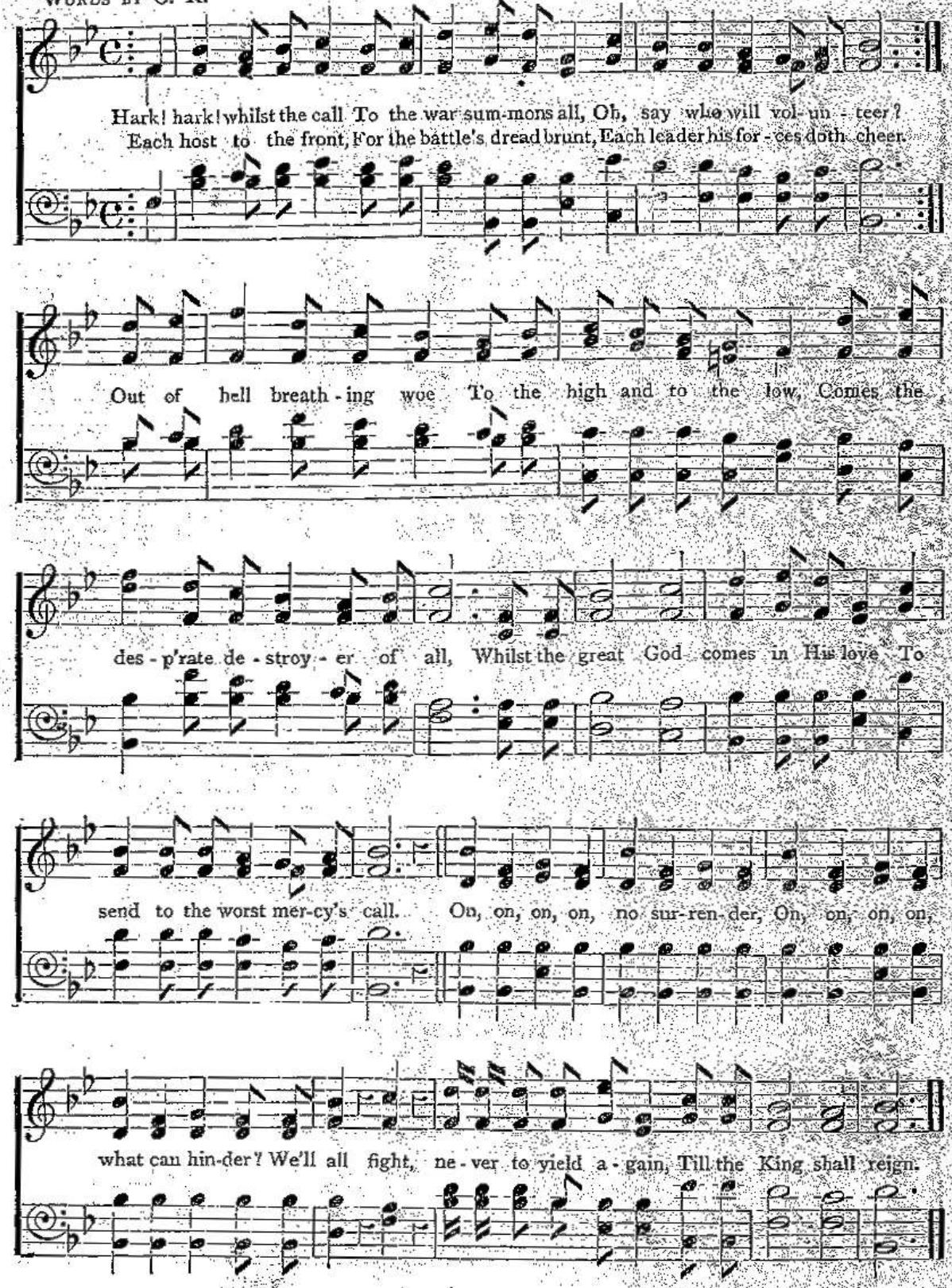
2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,
Jesus so sweetly abides within,
There at the cross where He took me in,
Glory to His name!

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin!
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean.
Glory to His name!

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet,
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet,
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name!

39 The Battle Cry.

WORDS BY G. R.

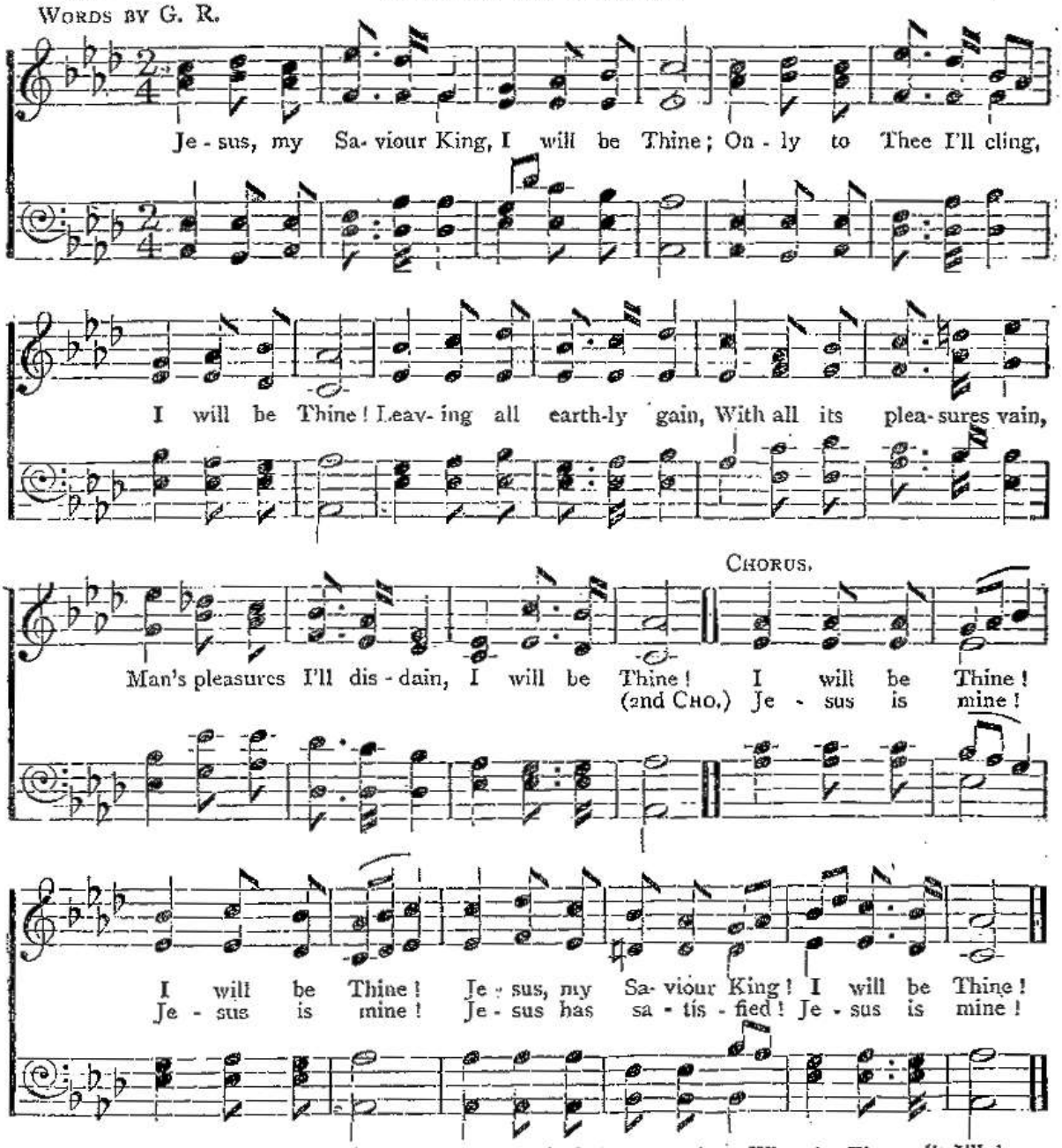


2 We of friends are bereft,
On the right and the left,
Who fall 'neath the tempter's power.
With drink, and with smiles,
Satan millions beguiles,
And drags them to hell every hour.

Oh, for God and for right,
With your heart and with your might,
Men and women go forth to the fray,
For the great God comes from above
To lead us along in the way.

40 Jesus is mine.

WORDS BY G. R.



2 In life's bright radiant morning,
I will be Thine;
Human ambition scorning,
I will be Thine.
All through my earthly days,
To multiply Thy praise,
My voice aloud I'll raise,
I will be Thine.

3 Others may ask their own,
I will be Thine;
I'll live for Thee alone,
I will be Thine.
Riches and earthly fame,
Every mean selfish aim,
For ever I'll disclaim,
I will be Thine.

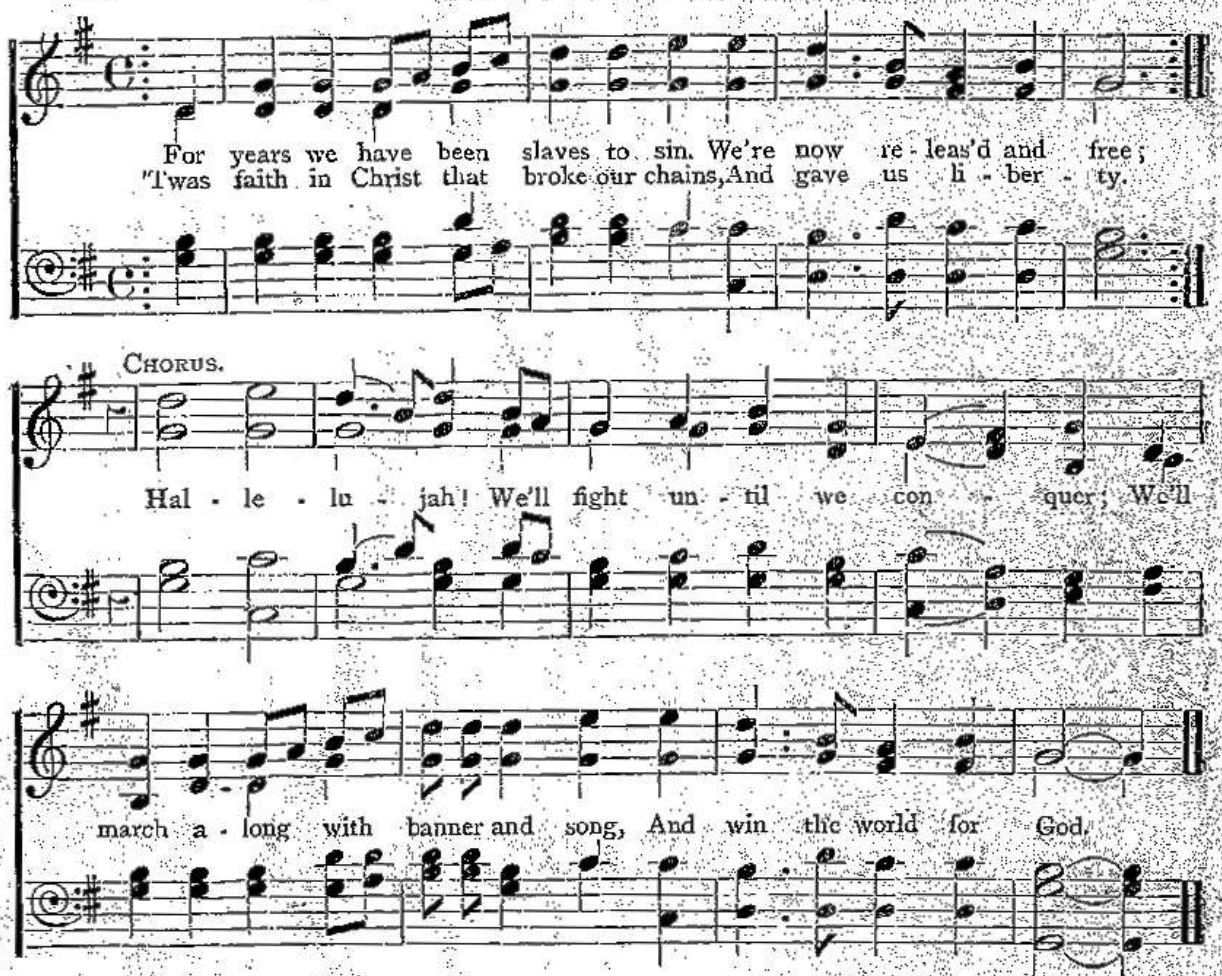
4 Whate'er Thou wilt I'll do,
I will be Thine;
Gladly I'll suffer too,
I will be Thine.
Only possess my heart,
Make sin and fear depart—
Oh! let us never part,
I will be Thine.

The Battle Cry—*continued.*

3 We have fought in the past,
And the foe came on fast,
To crush us in bitter defeat;
But the Lord from on high
Made our enemies fly,
Or fall to be saved at His feet.
In His name we will go,
Seeking nothing else below,
But to rescue the victims of sin;
For the great God promises still
That the Soldiers of Jesus shall win.

4 We've comrades who fought,
And who great wonders wrought,
Till death made them safe from attack;
Their ranks we will join,
And like them we will shine,
If we ne'er on the foe turn our back.
Though the fight be severe
There can be no cause for fear,
War in truth and in right we have made;
And the great God never can change
In His strength and His will us to aid.

41 We'll fight until we conquer.



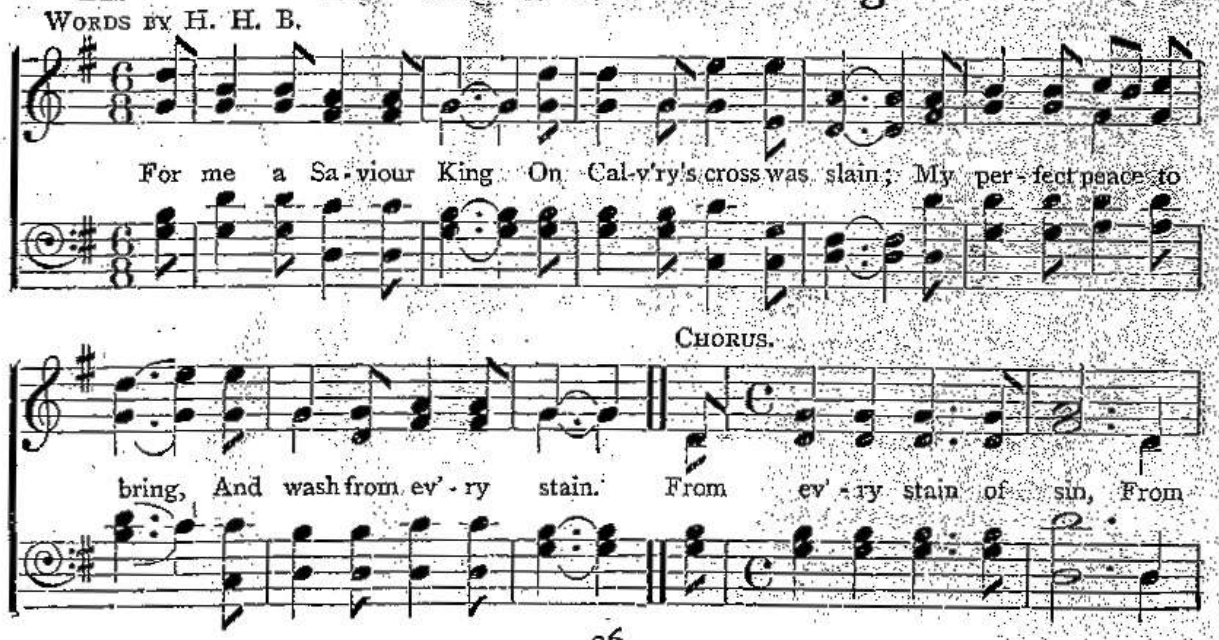
2 We'll hoist Thy standard, gracious Lord,
Thy banner raise on high;
We march along at Jesu's word,
For Christ to live and die.

3 We'll have no cowards in our band
Who from their colours fly;
But call for valiant-hearted men,
Who're not afraid to die.

4 Though devils rage, and worldlings frown,
We'll boldly take our stand;
We'll pull old Satan's kingdom down,
And drive him from the land.

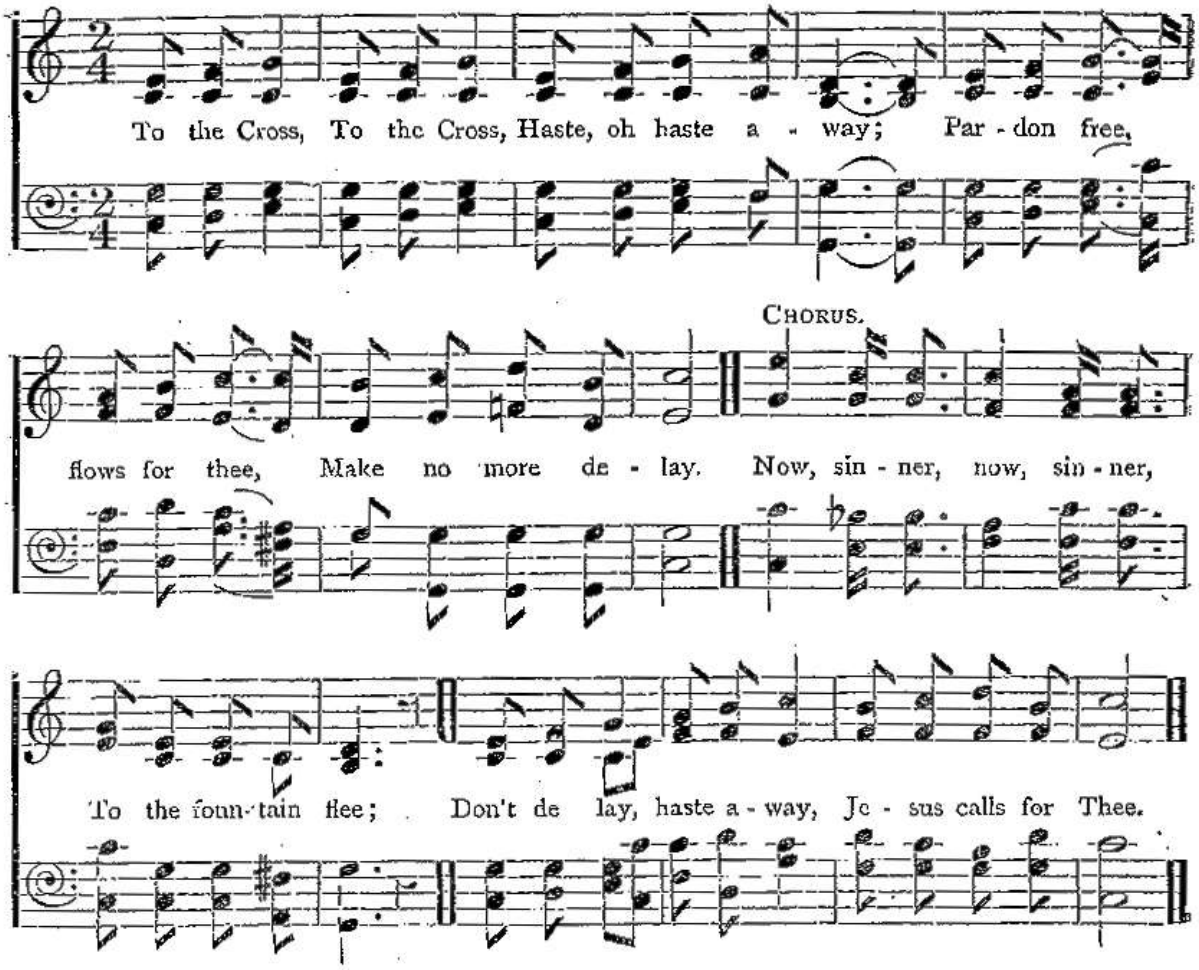
42 For me a Saviour King.

Words by H. H. B.



43 To the Cross.

WORDS BY F. W. F.

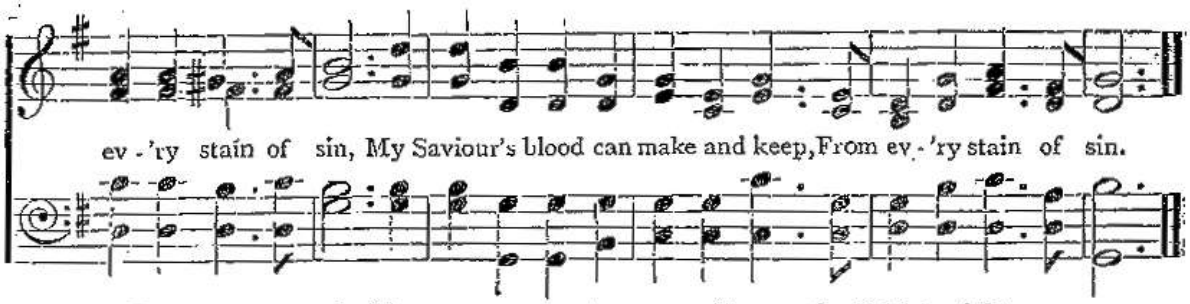


God has come, and has done
All He could for thee,
When He gave His Son to save,
By dying on the tree.

How I would, if I could,
Lead you to His feet;
Oh, come just now, submit and bow
To Jesus, I entreat.

What a cost, sinner lost
Would be glad to pay;
They would prize and not despise
The chance you have to-day.

For me a Saviour King—*continued.*



2 For me was opened wide
The fount of Jesu's blood;
Which to my heart applied,
Did me with rapture flood.

3 For me a perfect peace
The world can never take
True joys that ne'er can cease
My heaven on earth to make.

4 For me the Spirit's might
My soul to keep from sin;
To make me in the fight
A Soldier bound to win.

5 For me a Saviour here,
Beside me all the way;
A Friend my heart to cheer,
Who to the end will stay.

44 I'd choose to be a Soldier.

1. I'd choose to be a Sol- dier, To march thro' storm or flood, Each day by grace made bold - er, To con-quer thro' the blood. My high - est, sweet - est plea- sure, For Christ my Lord to live, I scorn the great- est trea-sure This dy - ing world could give.

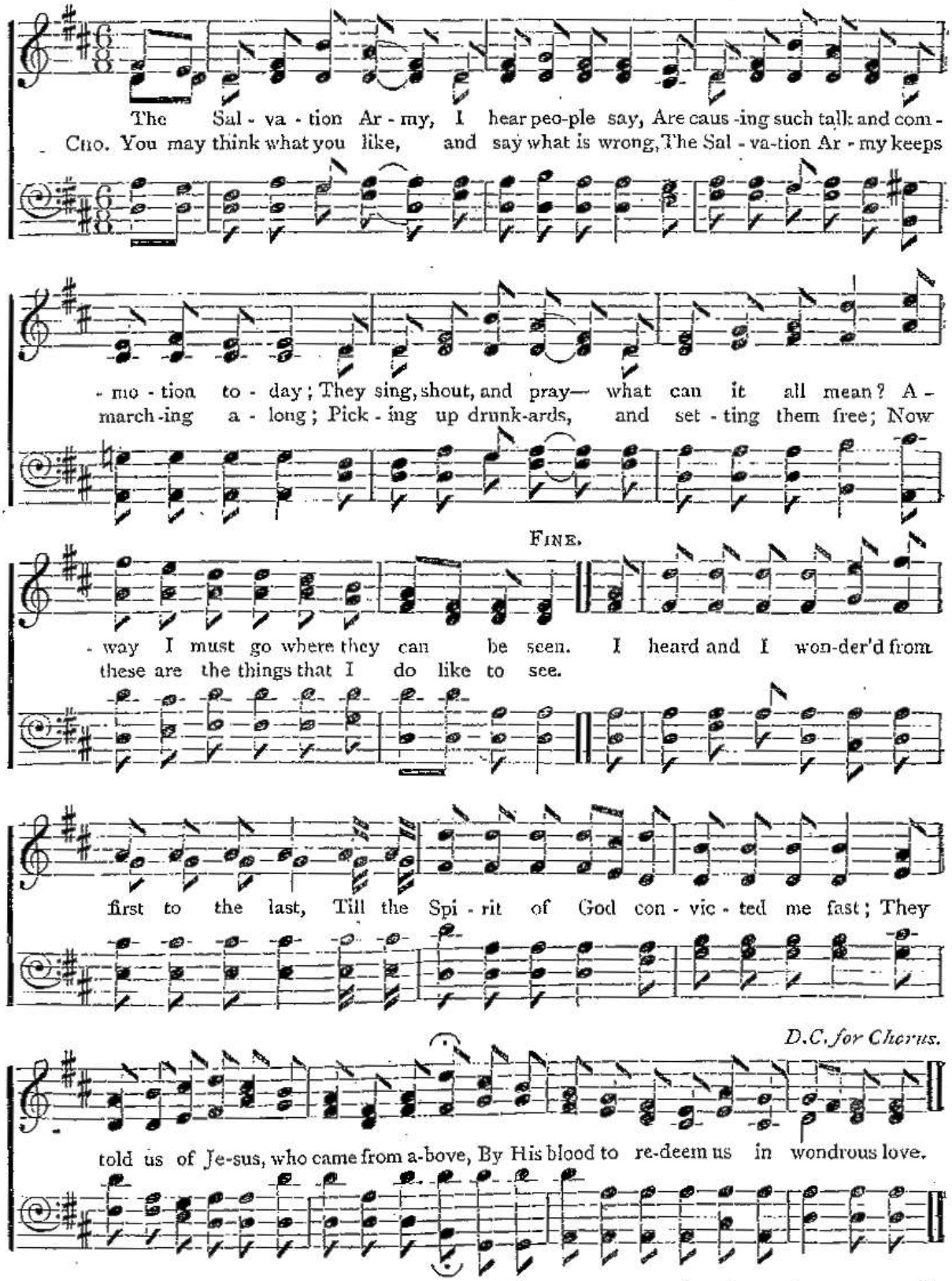
CHORUS.

I'm glad I am a Sol - dier, And bat - tling on for God, Each day by grace made bold - er, To con - quer through the blood.

2 I'd rather be Christ's Soldier,
And share a martyr's fate,
Than be a titled holder
Of some proud lord's estate.
I'd rather have salvation,
And bear the whole world's frown,
Than rule the greatest nation,
And wear an earthly crown.

3 I'd choose to die a Soldier
Upon life's battlefield,
My stiffening hands grown colder
While grasping sword and shield.
With joyful acclamation
I'd cross cold Jordan's flood,
And shout aloud "Salvation,"
A conqueror through the blood.

45 The Salvation Army, I hear people say.

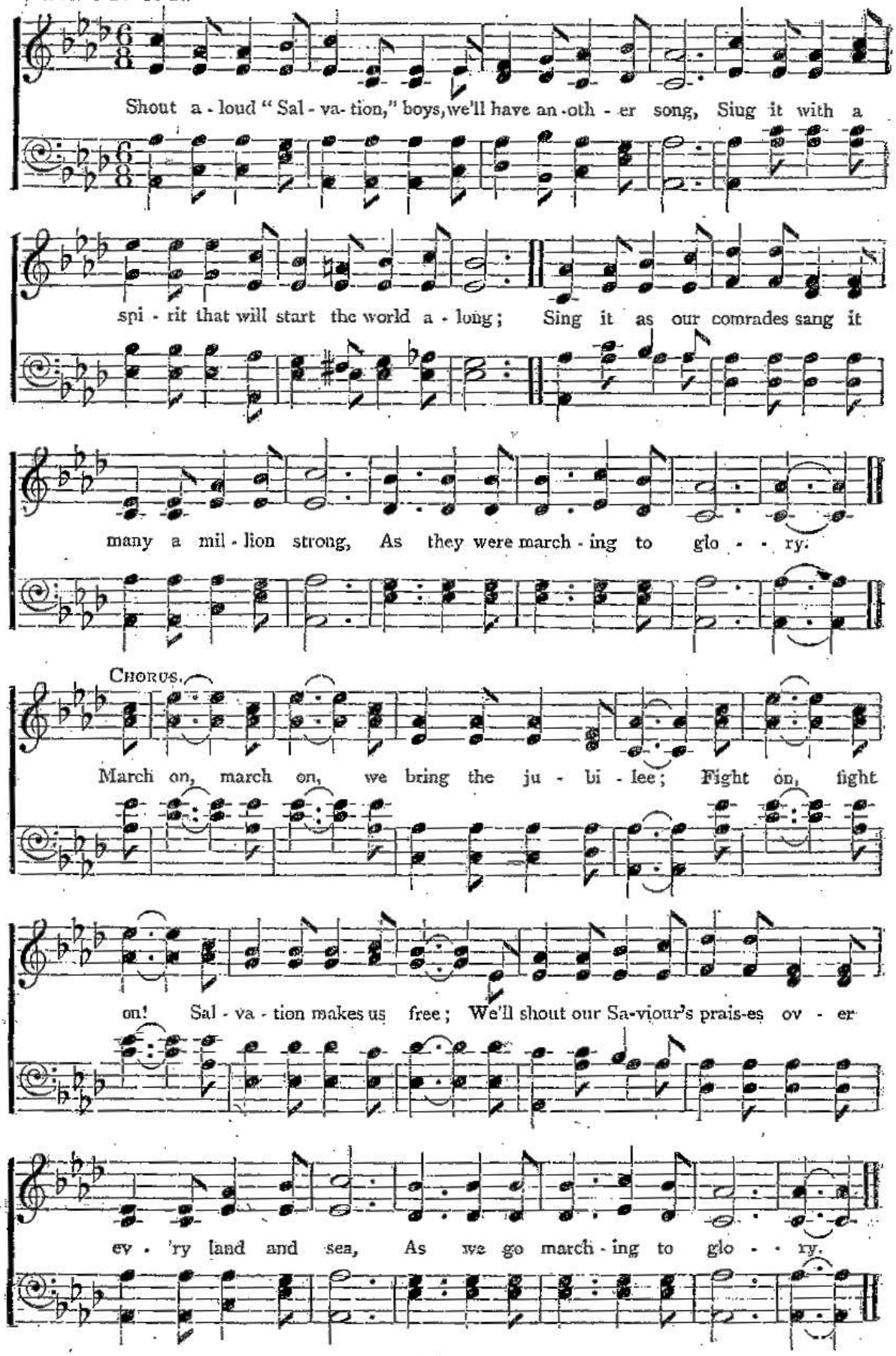


2 I heard Happy Harry say, "Jesus is mine;
Come along, poor drunkard, and He will be thine."
The next was a man, once a drunkard well-known,
Singing, "Now I love Jesus for what He has done."
Then followed a woman, well-known you might see,
She said, "I was bound, but now I am free:
In His love I rejoice, my family the same;
Praise God that The Salvation Army e'er came."

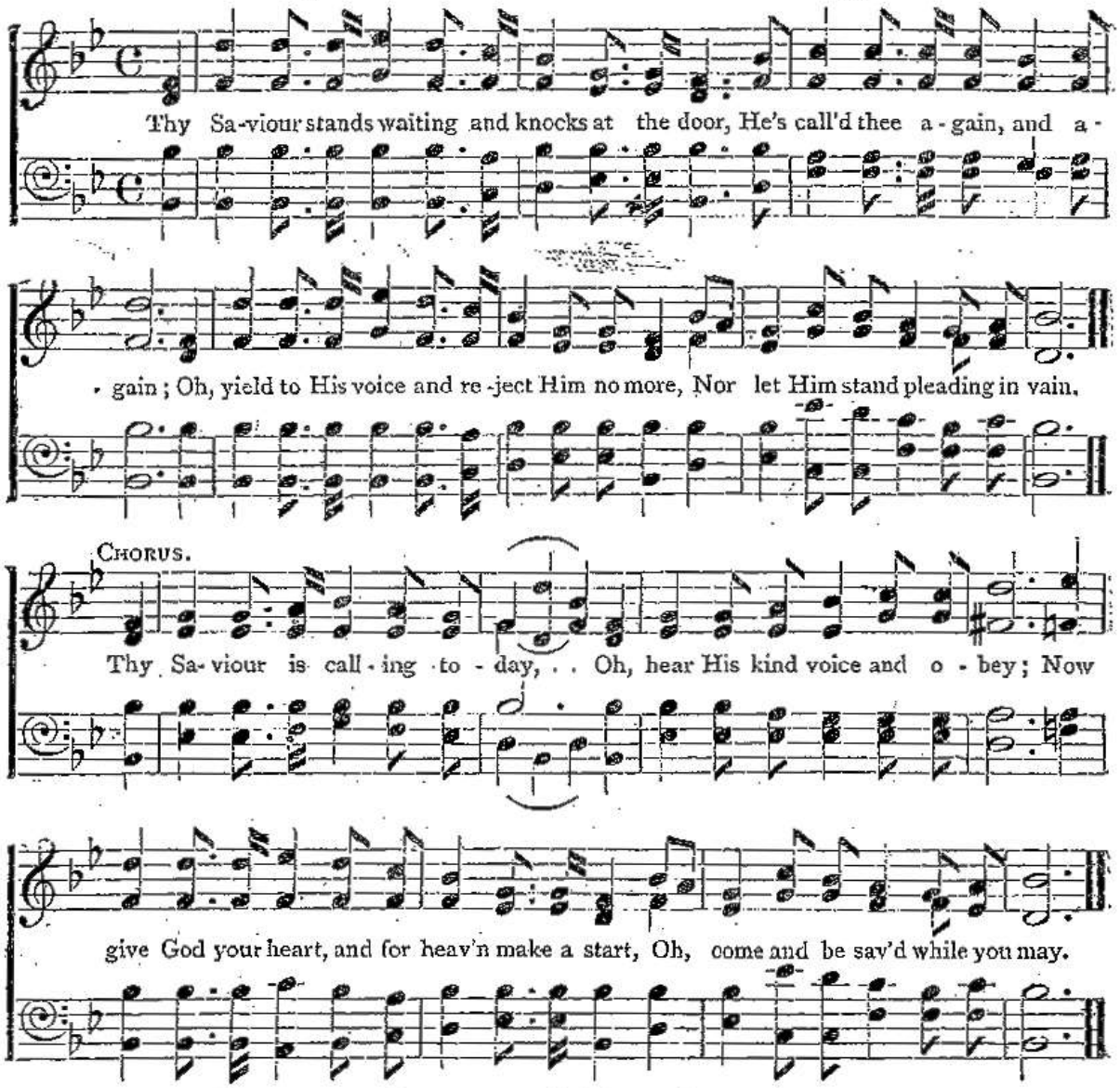
3 Then next a man spoke, who was known very well,
Who said, "Praise the Lord, He saved me from hell;
A drunken blasphemer, and oh, how I swore;
But Jesus came knocking so loud at my door."
The old men and women, the girls and the boys,
How they sang of heaven's bright glories and joys!
One loud hallelujah was given by all,
And onward they marched to the Salvation Hall.

46 As we go marching to glory.

WORDS BY G. R.



47 Thy Saviour stands waiting.



2 In infinite mercy He came from above
To ransom and cleanse thee from sin;
Now yield to the voice of His infinite love,
And let Thy dear Saviour come in.

3 Again He is calling, reject Him no more,
But come while He's waiting to save—
Ere the day of His grace and His mercy are o'er,
And thou art sunk low in the grave.

4 Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart,
'Tis opened in welcome to Thee;
Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart,
Come in with Thy mercy to me.

My Jesus is calling to-day,
I hear His kind voice, I'll obey;
I'll give God my heart, and for heav'n make a start,
I'll come and be saved while I may.

As we go marching to glory—*continued.*

2 How the anxious shout it, when they hear the joyful sound!
How the weakest conquer, when the Saviour they have found!
How our grand battalions seem to spring out of the ground!
As we go marching to glory.

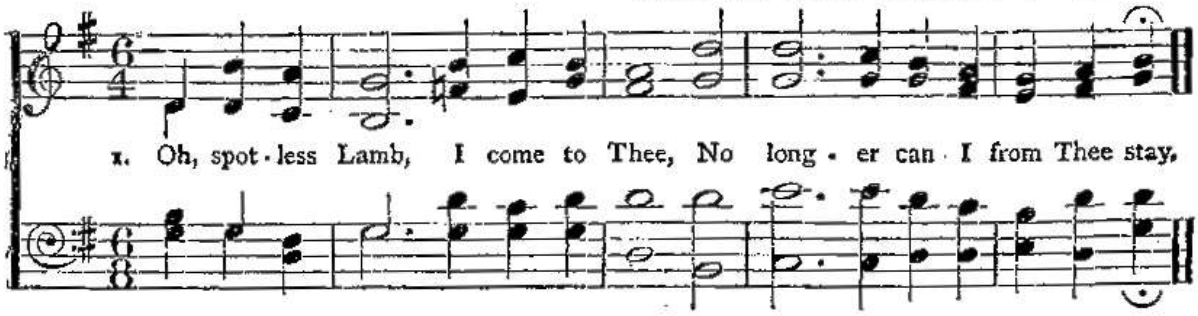
3 Yes, and there are Christian men that weep with joyful tears,
When our Saviour's honoured, as He has not been for years;
And a full salvation drives away their doubts and fears,
As we go marching to glory.

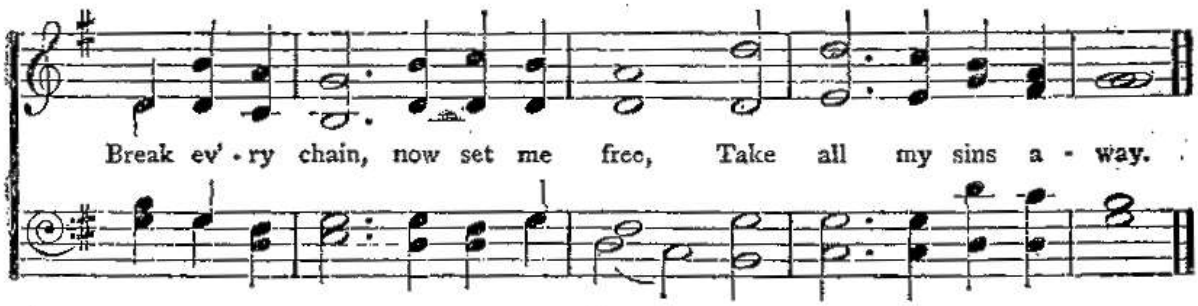
4 "Oh, they're helpless nobodies," our enemies made boast,
They forgot that with us comes th'Almighty Holy Ghost,
And unseen battalions of the glorious heavenly host,
As we go marching to glory.

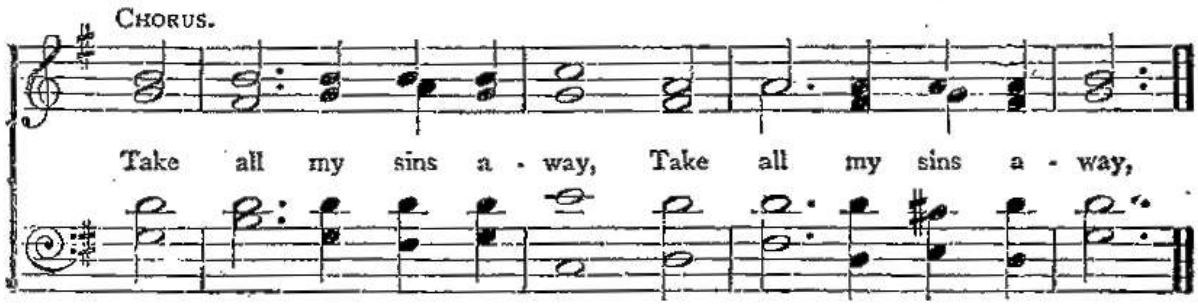
5 So we'll make a thoroughfare for Jesus and His train,
All the world shall hear us as fresh converts still we gain;
Sin shall fly before us, for resistance is in vain,
As we go marching to glory.

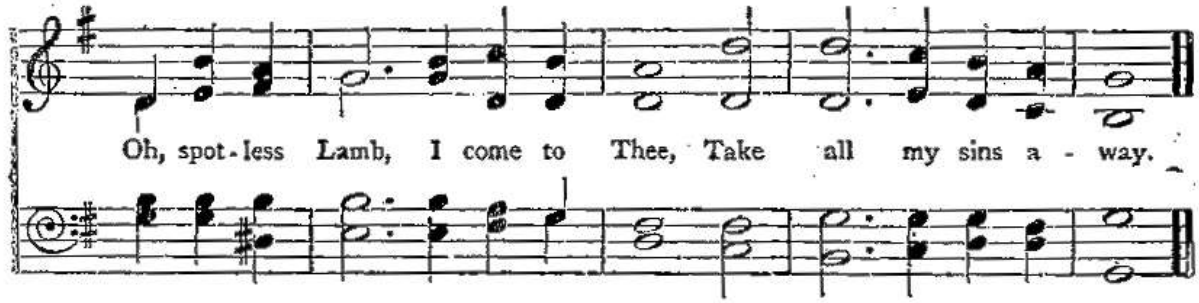
48 Take all my sins away.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MARECHALE BOOTH.









2 My hungry soul cries out for Thee,
Come, and for ever seal my breast
To Thy dear arms at last I flee,
There only can I rest.

3 Weary I am of inbred sin,
Oh, wilt Thou not my soul release;
Enter and speak me pure within,
Give me Thy perfect peace.

4 I plunge beneath Thy precious blood,
My hand in faith takes hold of Thee,
Thy promises just now I claim,
Thou art enough for me.

49 Are you ready?

Are you rea - dy for the bat - tle, Rea - dy arm'd with ho - ly might,

Rea - dy now to help the Ar - - my, Rea - dy now to come and fight?

CHORUS.

Are you rea - dy? Yes, I'm rea - dy, Are you rea - dy? Yes, I'm rea - dy, Fight - ing

brave - ly till the Mas - ter comes, Keep be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, Keep be -

liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, Keep on fight - ing till the Mas - ter comes.

E.

2 Are you ready for the scourging.
For the nails, the thorns, the spear,
For the blood-sweat in the garden,
Now to part with all that's dear?

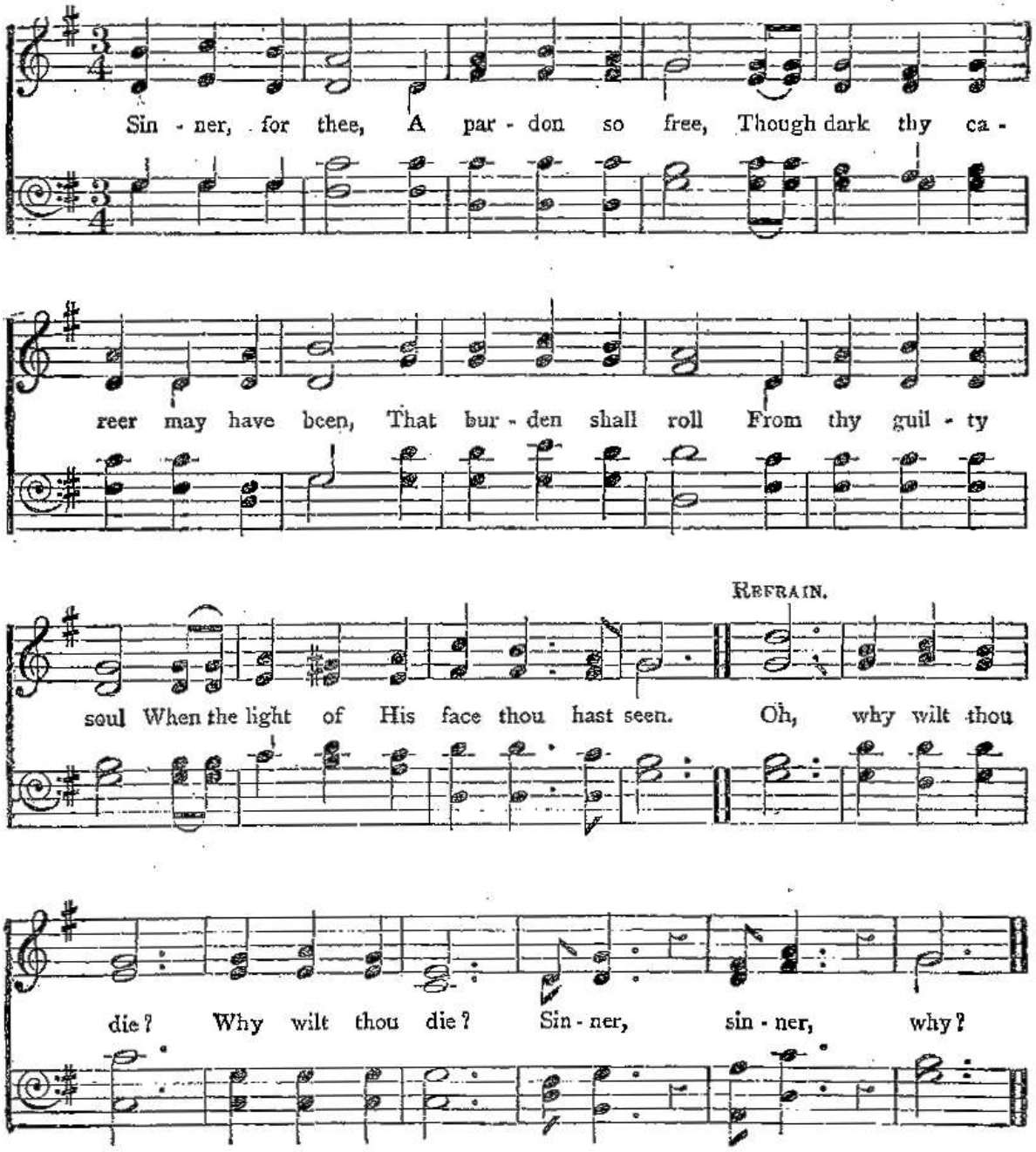
3 Are you ready for the prison,
Now to face the Judgment Hall,
Now to bear the cross for Jesus,
For His sake to suffer all?

4 Are you ready for the struggle,
Ready when fierce foes shall come,
Ready then to shout the triumph,
Ready for the conqueror's home?

5 Are you ready for death's river,
Ready for the victor's song,
Ready for a crown of glory,
Up in heaven to march along?

50 Why wilt thou die?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.



2 Tired of thy sin
And sorrow within,
Thy soul longs to find its true joy—
The joy that thy King
In mercy doth bring,
Thy sorrow and sin to destroy.

3 Death is at hand
Thy life to demand:
Make haste, now, thy Saviour to find;
No longer delay,
You are passing away,
And Satan your soul waits to bind.

4 Awful despair
Thy bosom will tear,
When Heaven for thee has no room—
For ever shut out
In darkness and doubt,
Then hell everlasting thy doom.

51 Oh, the blessed Lord.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

1. { Oh, the bless-ed Lord, He has sav'd my soul, From the world and the de-vil, and He's made me whole; And my heart it's kept So white and clean, For to ride up in the cha-riot in the morn.
{ Oh, that poor old heart, That was full of sin, He has made quite new and has en ter'd in: And my soul I know, Is ready to go, For to ride up in the cha-riot in the morn.

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus clean-ses white as snow.

Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Oh, the blood of Je-sus, Yes, it clean-ses white as snow.

E.

2 Oh, the blood I know
Has washed white as snow;
From the depth of my heart I can tell you so;
And I shan't have a fear
When the trumpet I hear,
For I'll ride up in the chariot in the morn.
Oh, it's nice to be sure
That your heart is pure,
And that He a crown will give us if we to the end endure;
And to know that He abides
In our hearts, and ever guides,
Till we ride up in the chariot in the morn.

3 So I've said good-bye
To the world, and I cry
This is not my home, I am going on high,
Where sweet praises I'll sing
To my wonderful King,
When I ride up in the chariot in the morn.
But your heart must be white,
And your life must be right,
If you want to live for ever with Jesus in the light;
And the blood you must know
Has washed you white as snow,
When you ride up in the chariot in the morn.

52 The Lord's Brigade.

Words by MAJOR FRANK SMITH.

Music by kind permission of Messrs. J. CURWEN & SONS.

1. The Sal - va - tion Ar - my is a migh-ty host, Ev - er read-y Sal-va-tion guns to fire a - way; The pow'r by which they do it is the Ho - ly Ghost, 'Tis that which makes them ready to fire a - way.

CHORUS. *With vigour.*

Our motto, "Blood and Fire," Our Sol-diers ne - ver tire; On we sweep from street to street, Conq'ring as we go; We're the Lord's Bri - gade, the Lord's Bri - gade, E - ver rea-dy, night or day, to fire a - way.

2

It rose from one God-sent man who, some seventeen years ago,
In the East-end of London, the powers of hell did overthrow,
For some time single-handed, he sought to stem sin's flood,
Since then he's been surrounded, by an Army filled by God.

3

Since then we've opened Clapton home, commissioned from on high,
To train a band of officers who are not afraid to die:
Whose only theme shall be Salvation thro' the blood;
Who'll march and fight, through day and night, to win the world for God.

4

In France and America the Army's flag's unfurl'd,
And very soon Salvation shall be heard throughout the world;
Australia has its fighting hosts, now India's turn has come,
Brave Tucker with his noble band, will make the devil run.

53 'Twas Jesus!

Written and composed while suffering from a severe attack of Rheumatic fever, being the outcome of a far deeper and grander realization. Nov. 1882.

Slow with feeling. WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.

Who, when sunk in deep des-pair, Did His Li - ber - ty de-clare,

f *rall.* *pp*

Wel - com'd me His Home to share? 'Twas Je - sus! 'twas Je - sus!

CHORUS. *Joyous.*

He gave me joy where once was woe, He heal'd my soul and bade me go;

f *rall.* *pp*

My bond - age ne - ver more to know, Did Je - sus! did Je - sus!

2 Who, when in the darkest night,
Shed around me rays of light,
Healed my blindness, gave me sight?
'Twas Jesus! 'twas Jesus!

3 Who, when I His blood had spurned,
Yet towards me His face He turned,
And for my salvation yearned?
'Twas Jesus! 'twas Jesus!

4 Who beheld my anxious tear,
Came my saddened heart to cheer;
Whispered mercy in my ear?
'Twas Jesus! 'twas Jesus!

5 Who, 'mid all my toil and care,
Helps me every trial to bear,
Keeps me happy everywhere?
'Tis Jesus! 'tis Jesus!

6 Who, when darkness gathers round,
Ever near me may be found,
Shedding glory all around?
'Tis Jesus! 'tis Jesus!

7 Who will be within the "Veil"
A "Rod and Staff" that ne'er can fail,
'Till Eternal Morn I hail?
My Jesus! my Jesus!

54 Song of Triumph.

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.
Written expressly for "The War Cry."

Marching time.

1. We come from bondage, sad and long, A migh-ty, hap-py throng,

March-ing with Cap-tain at our head, To fight a-gainst the wrong.

CHORUS, *for each verse.*

We are marching on-ward at the King's command, On-ward, up-ward, to the promis'd land;

Far we went in darkness, now we walk by light, Sin-ner, come to Jesus Christ, and come to-night.

2 'Listed for life, we'll never yield the strife,
Though persecuted sore,
Through Christ we'll conquer all our foes,
And love Him more and more.—CHO.

3 Now like a wall on either side
The parted waters stand,
Forward we press with fearless heart,
And march on solid land.—CHO.

4 Glory to God we'll shout and sing,
Through Christ we're saved at last,
From all our foes—without, within—
By faith and prayer—steadfast.—CHO.

5 We wage a war with Satan's host,
His kingdom shall be hurled
Down to the depths of gloom and night,
With Christ we'll take the world.—CHO.

55 Jesus is My Saviour.

1 'Mid all the con - flict and the strife, I've nothing for to fear; My Saviour's all my joy and life, I've nothing for to fear.

CHORUS.

For Je - sus is my Sa - viour, My Sa - viour, my Sa - viour, Je - sus is my Sa - viour, Sav - ing all the time, Je - sus is my Sa - viour, My Sa - viour, my Sa - viour, Je - sus is my Sa - viour, And He saves me all the time.

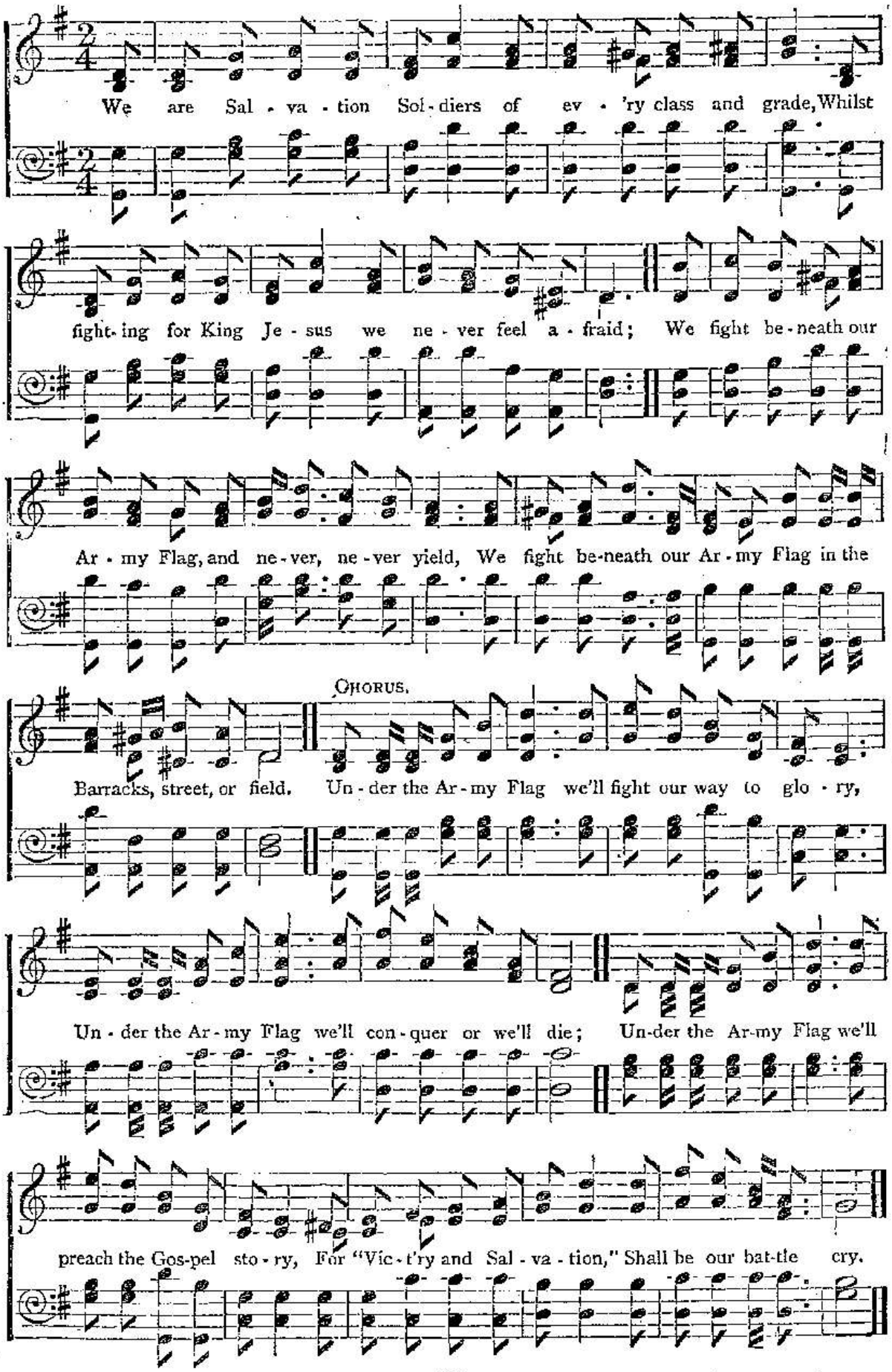
2 When all the hosts of hell attack,
I've nothing for to fear;
He helps me then to drive them back,
I've nothing for to fear.

3 When tried by sorrow, tempted sore,
I've nothing for to fear;
He stands beside me all the more,
I've nothing for to fear.

4 When to the fight I forward go,
I've nothing for to fear;
My Jesus routs my every foe,
I've nothing for to fear.

5 And when I come to death's dark vale,
I've nothing for to fear;
His rod and staff they ne'er can fail,
I've nothing for to fear.

56 Under the Army Flag.



57 Jesus speaks to Me.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

Doubt - er, trem - bling, full of fear, Je - - - sus speaks to thee!

Now give heed, His voice to hear, Je - sus speaks to thee!

S.

All thy doubts shall flee a - way, All thy dark - ness turn to - day,
CHO. Je - - - - sus speaks to thee! Je - - - - sus speaks to thee!
and CHO. Je - - - - sus speaks to me, Je - - - - sus speaks to me,

D.S. for CHORUS.

If thou wilt His voice o - bey; Je - sus speaks to thee!
Will you now His voice o - bey; Je - sus speaks to thee!
I *do* hear and *will* o - *bey;* Je - sus speaks to me!

2 Soul oppressed by inbred sin,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Speaks of perfect peace within;
Jesus speaks to thee!
Priceless gift He gives to thee!
That thy soul from sin might be
Everlastingly set free!
Jesus speaks to thee!

3 Burdened one, afflicted sore,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Thou canst never sorrow more,
Jesus speaks to thee!
Cast thy care upon thy Lord,
Claim His promise, trust His word;
Up! take courage, grasp thy sword!
Jesus speaks to thee!

4 When my heart was full of sin,
Jesus spoke to me;
Spoke, and made my joy begin,
Jesus spoke to me;
Spoke, and bade my eyes to see;
Spoke His pardon, full and free,
Spoke, and made me happy be;
Jesus spoke to me!

5 Now, 'midst sorrow, joy, or care,
Jesus speaks to me!
All day long, and everywhere
Jesus speaks to me!
Through the darkest hours of night,
Midst the deadly battle fight,
Till to heaven I take my flight,
Jesus speaks to me!

Under the Army Flag—*continued.*

2 The world may jeer and scorn us, yet still we onward go,
We never shrink from danger, though Satan is our foe;
We march along in Jesu's name, Jesus who reigns on high,
And "Victory through His precious blood" shall be our battle cry!

3 When toil and care are ended, and we have won the fight,
We'll pile our arms for ever in realms of pure delight;
So charge the foe in Jesu's name, let courage never lag,
But fight for souls and heavenly fame beneath The Army Flag.

58 I've left the Devil behind me.

I once was full of sin, the broad way wan-der'd in, I turn'd my back on

Hea - ven and on God; I serv'd the de - vil well, and de- serv'd to go to
For souls I mean to fight, I am bat - tling for the

hell, But Je - sus sav'd and wash'd me in His blood, in His blood, But
right, I'm a Sol - dier in The Ar - my of the Lord, of the Lord, I'm a

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus sav'd and wash'd me in His Blood. I've left the de - vil be - hind me, no
Sol - dier in The Ar - my of the Lord.

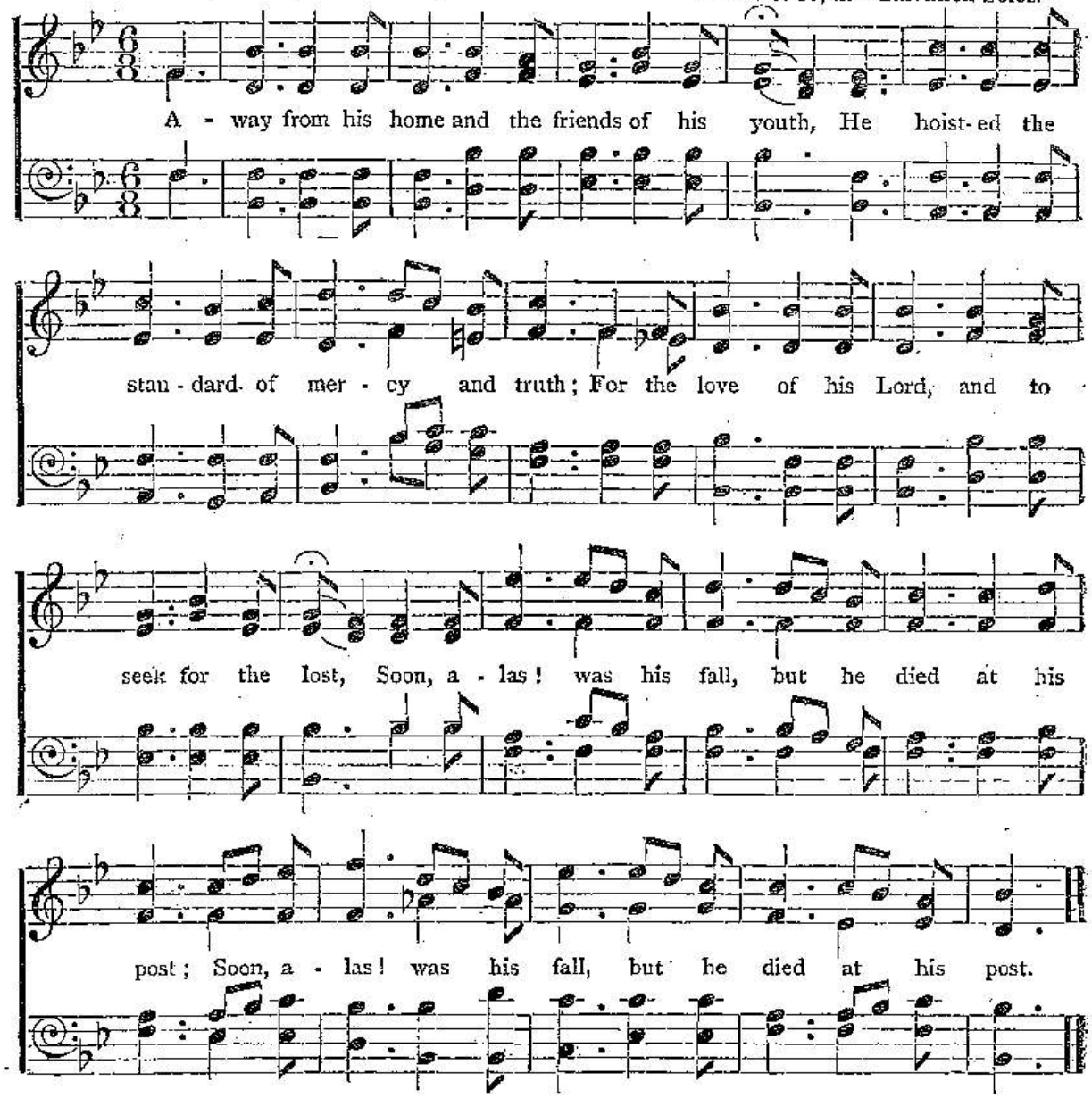
D.S.

more shall he bind me, Be - cause I am de - fend - ed by the Lord;

2 The world may laugh or jeer, but I will never fear;
The infidel may smile on me in scorn;
But my sins have been forgiven, and I'm on my way to heaven,
Where I shall reign for ever with the Lord, with the Lord,
Where I shall reign for ever with the Lord.

59 Died at his post.

And No. 20, in "Salvation Solos."



2 The strangers they wept that in life's brightest bloom,
One gifted so highly should sink to the tomb;
For in ardour he led in the van of the host.
And he fell like a soldier—he died at his post.

3 He wept not himself that his warfare was done,
The battle was fought, and the victory won;
But he whispered of those whom his heart loved the most,
"Tell my brethren from me, that I died at my post."

4 He asked not a stone to be sculptured with verse,
He asked not that fame should his merits rehearse;
But he asked, as a boon, when he gave up the ghost,
That his brethren might know that he died at his post.

5 Victorious his fall, for he rose as he fell,
With Jesus, his Master, in glory to dwell;
He has passed o'er the sea, he has reached the bright coast
For he fell like a warrior—he died at his post.

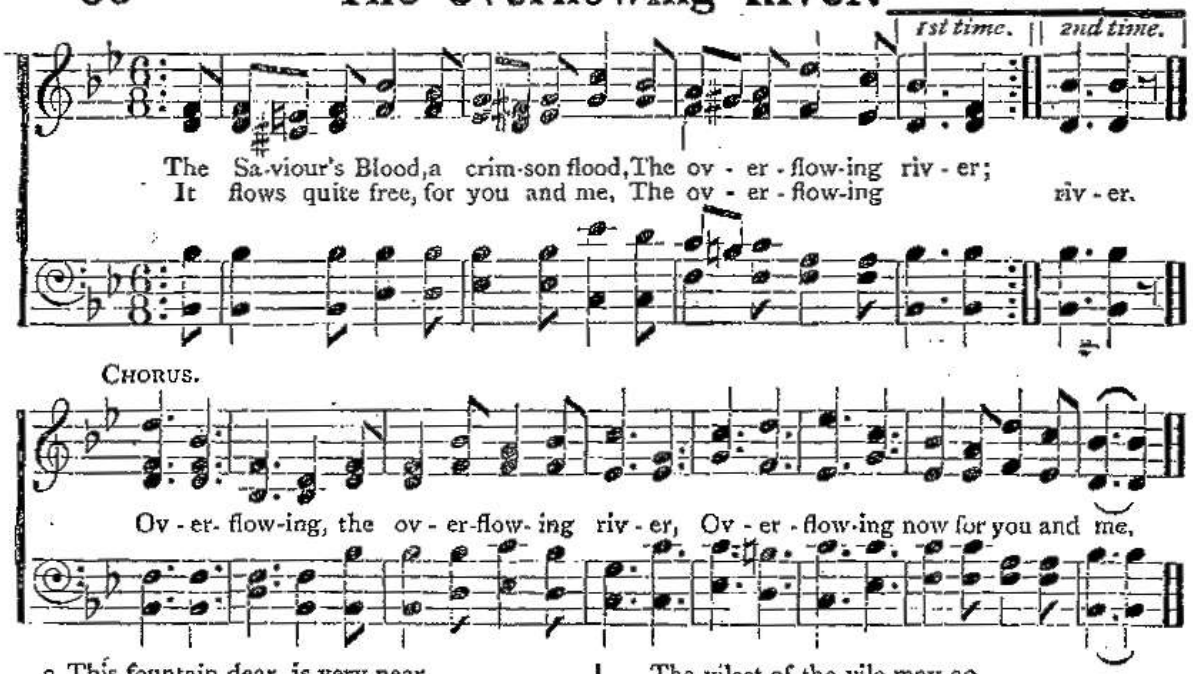
6 And can we the words of our comrade forget?
Oh no, they are fresh in our memory yet,
An example so sacred can never be lost,
We will fall in the fight, we will die at our post.

I've left the Devil behind me—*continued.*

3 Though drunkards seek their glass, though scoffing sinners pass,
And gamblers hasten on for their reward;
I'm far more blest than they, for I'm happy night and day,
Since I became a soldier in The Army of the Lord,
Since I became a Soldier in The Army.

4 In every court and lane shall be heard the happy strain,
As we march along with banner and with song;
In sunshine or in snow, after sinners we will go,
And enlist them in The Army of the Lord, of the Lord,
And enlist them in the Army of the Lord.

60 The Overflowing River.

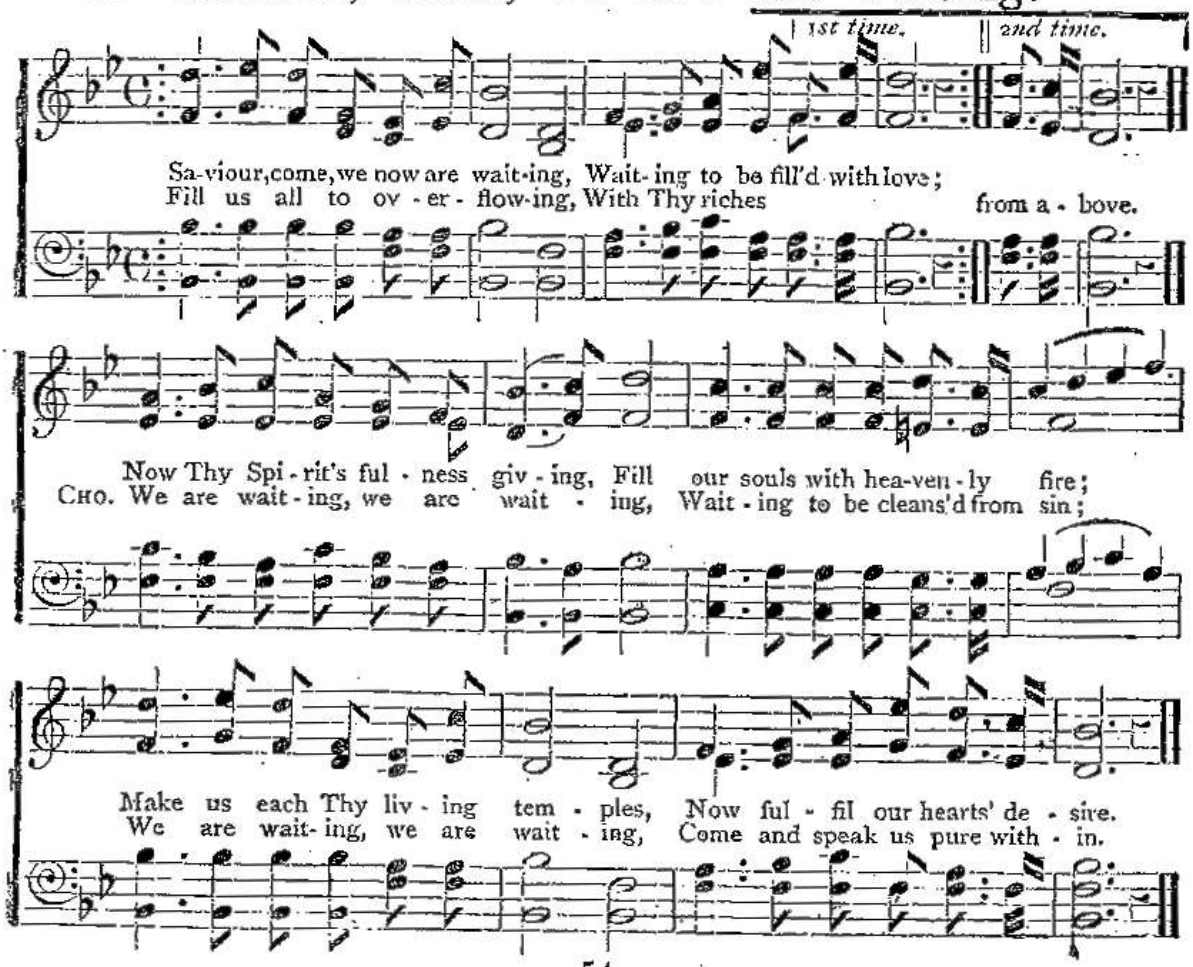


2 This fountain dear, is very near,
An overflowing river;
Not only here, but everywhere,
Rolls on this flowing river.

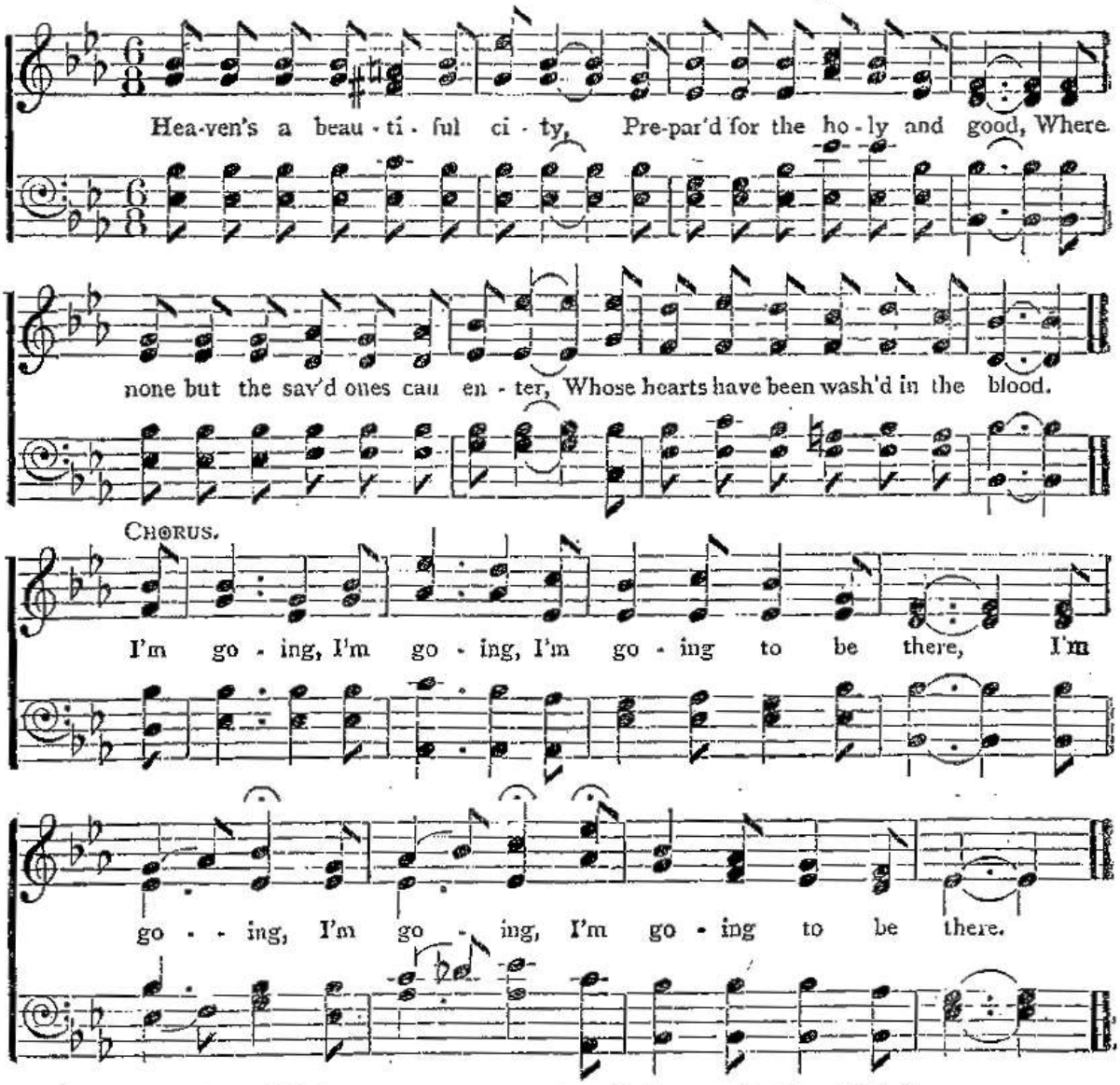
3 Its ceaseless flow makes white as snow,
The precious cleansing river.
The vilest of the vile may go
And wash them in this river.

4 Oh, joyful sound, to sinners round,
The music of this river.
Though once sin-bound, I'm glad I found
The source of this clear river.

61 Saviour, come, we now are waiting.



62 Heaven's a Beautiful City.



2 Heaven's a beautiful city,
And Jesus has opened the way;
If sin you forsake, and get pardoned,
You with us shall be able to say.

3 Heaven's a beautiful city,
Where the crown of life shall be given;
And all our tears, and our sorrows,
Forever from us shall be driven.

4 Heaven's a beautiful city,
And its beauty is Jesus our King;
Whose brightness shall fill us with rapture,
Whose praises forever we'll sing.

5 To heaven, that beautiful city,
You have friends who have gone before;
They are longing to know you have started,
To meet them where death is no more.

6 In hell there is weeping and wailing,
And cries of the lost for aid;
Oh, sinner, shall this be your portion,
When Jesus the ransom has paid?

LAST CHORUS.—Oh come! oh come!
Oh come to your Saviour now!
Oh come! oh come!
Oh come to your Saviour now;

Saviour, come, we now are waiting—*continued.*

2 Loving Saviour, take us wholly,
Thine our sacrifice to be;
Now our body, soul, and spirit
We forever give to Thee.
Let the fire come down from heaven,
Us to cleanse and purify;
Wash us ever in the fountain;
Keep us spotless till we die.

3 Let us live in holy union
With the spotless Lamb of God,
And in happy, blest communion,
Through the virtue of Thy blood;
Growing daily more like Jesus,
Leaning on His loving breast,
Finding in His blessed presence
Constant and eternal rest.

4 Send us all, with mighty power,
Still to reach, and save the lost,
Still with tongues of fire proclaiming
Christ will save the very worst.
Let salvation come from heaven
Like a mighty sweeping flood;
Then shall crowds, now lost, be rescued,
And baptized with "fire and blood."

63 Oh, come to this beautiful stream.

WORDS BY THE LATE BANDMASTER FRY.

SOLO.

1. Oh, come . . . to this beau-ti-ful stream, ... There's cleans-
2. Now come . . . to this beau-ti-ful stream, ... What-ev-
3. Then come . . . to this beau-ti-ful stream, ... Tho' all . .
4. I've come . . . to this beau-ti-ful stream, ... Its all - -

CHORUS.

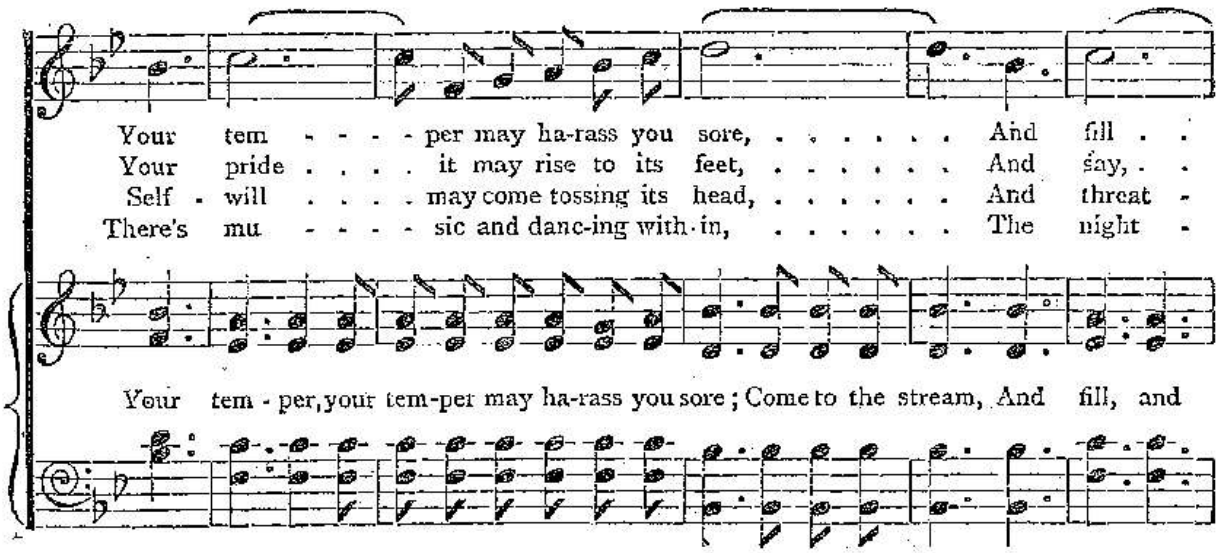
Oh, come to this beau-ti-ful stream, beau-ti-ful stream, There's

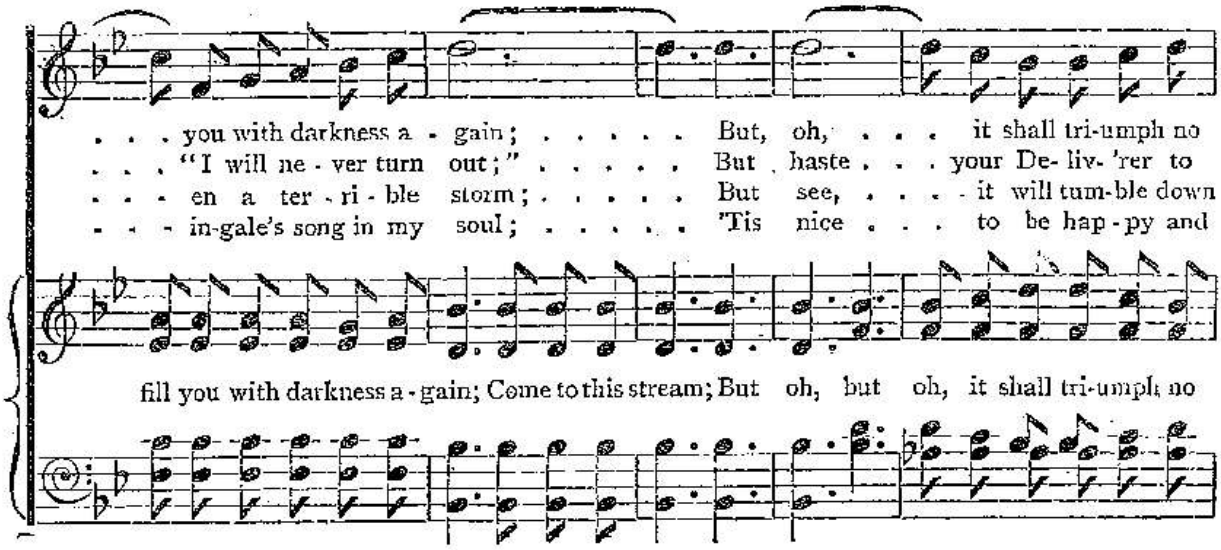
- - - ing and heal-ing for Thee; . . . Make haste . . . to the life-giv-ing
- - - er the de-vil may say; . . . . He'll tell . . . . you 'tis on-ly a
. . . seems as mid-night with-in; . . . . It's here . . . you shall drink the pure
- - - cleans-ing pow'r I now prove; . . . I know . . . it is more than a

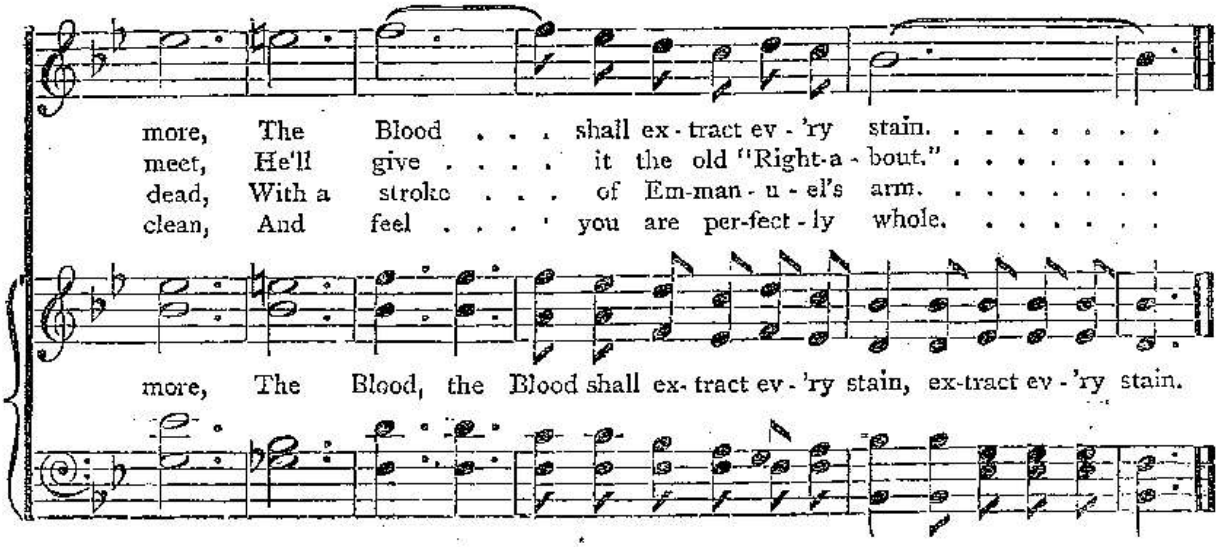
cleans-ing and heal-ing for thee, for thee; Make haste to the life-giv-ing

stream, ... 'Tis flow-ing . . for you and for me. . . . . .
dream, ... But point to . . the blood and a-way. . . . . .
stream, ... And con-quer . . the de-vil and sin. . . . . .
dream, ... He fills my . . whole soul with His love. . . . . .

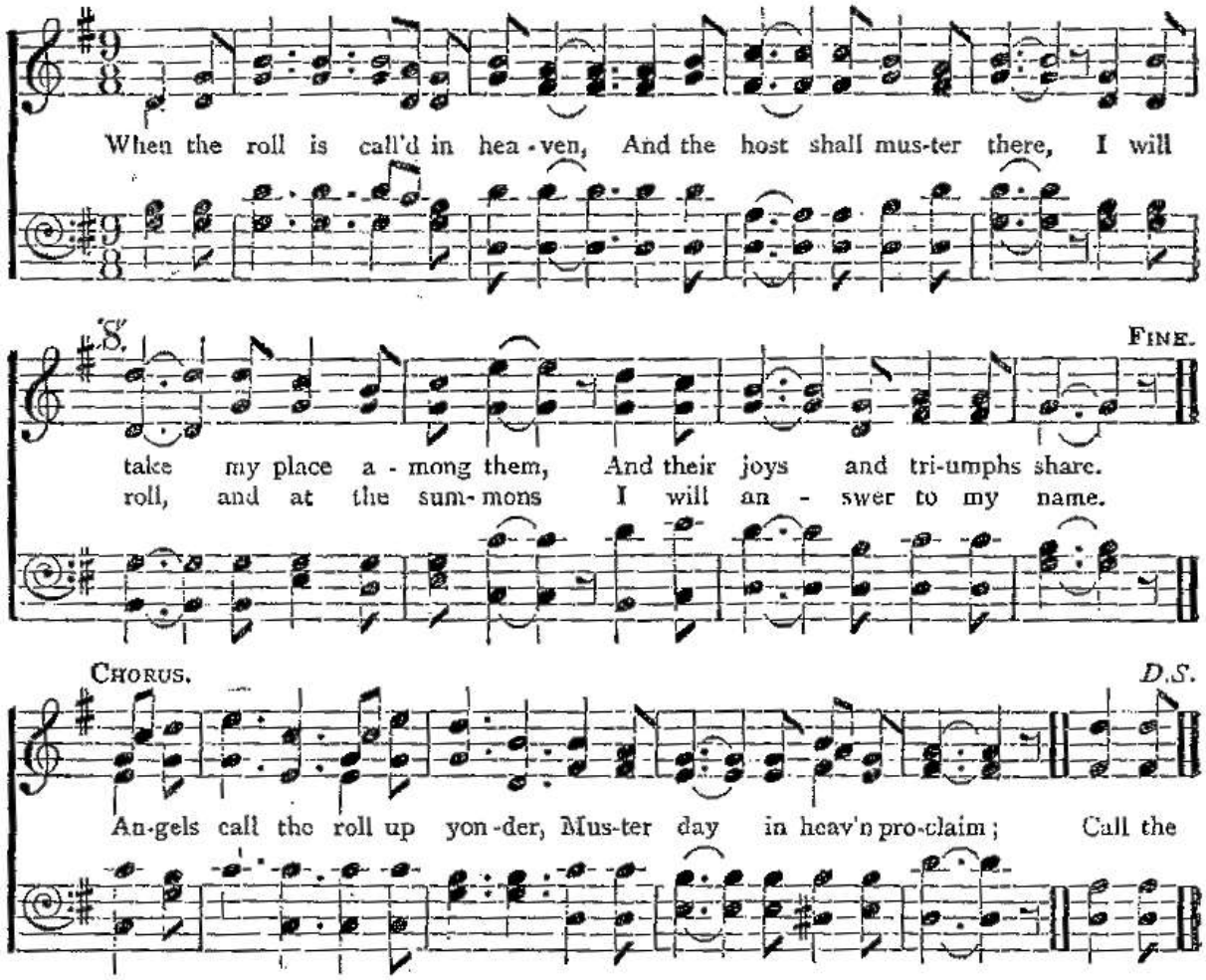
stream, life giving stream, 'Tis flow-ing, flowing for you and for me, for you and for me.


Your tem - - - - per may ha-rass you sore, ... And fill . .
Your pride . . . . it may rise to its feet, ... And say, . .
Self - will . . . . may come tossing its head, ... And threat -
There's mu - - - - sic and danc-ing with-in, ... The night -
Your tem - per, your tem-per may ha-rass you sore; Come to the stream, And fill, and


. . . you with darkness a - gain; . . . . . But, oh, . . . it shall tri-umph no
. . . "I will ne - ver turn out;" . . . . . But haste . . . your De- liv- 'rer to
. . . en a ter - ri - ble storm; . . . . . But see, ... it will tum-ble down
. . . in-gale's song in my soul; . . . . . 'Tis nice . . . to be hap - py and
fill you with darkness a - gain; Come to this stream; But oh, but oh, it shall tri-umph no


more, The Blood . . . shall ex - tract ev - 'ry stain. . . . . .
meet, He'll give . . . . it the old "Right-a - bout." . . . . . .
dead, With a stroke . . . of Em-man - u - el's arm. . . . . .
clean, And feel . . . . you are per-fect - ly whole. . . . . .
more, The Blood, the Blood shall ex- tract ev - 'ry stain, ex-tract ev - 'ry stain.

64 When the roll is called in Heaven.

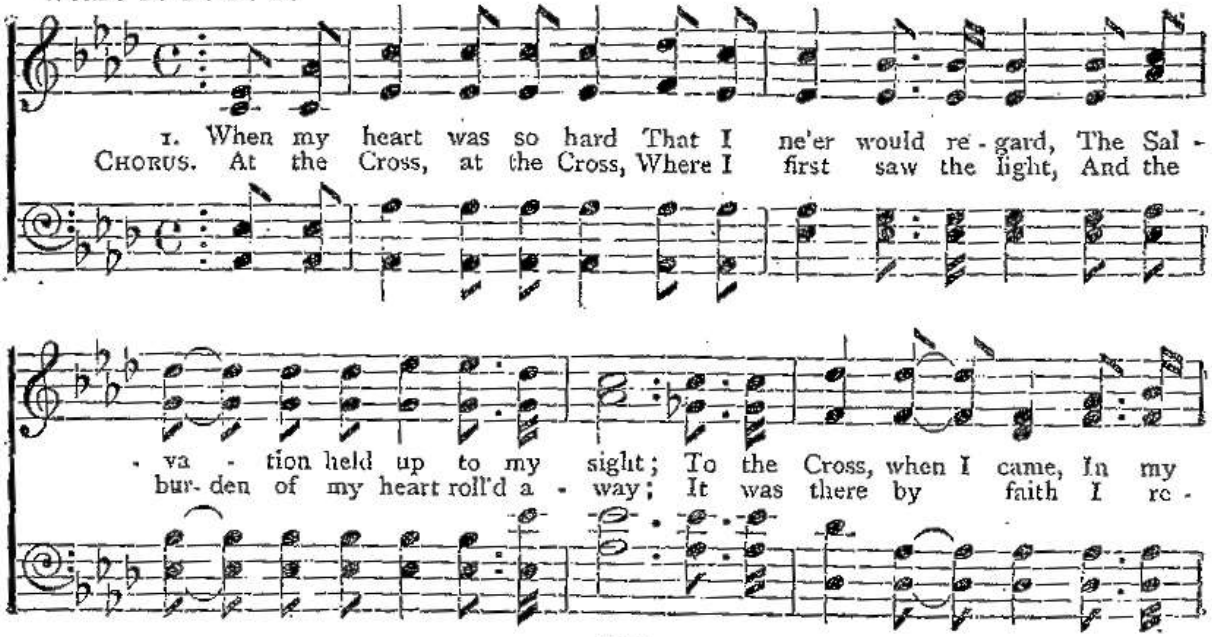


2 When the roll is called in heaven,
I will answer to my name;
And come forward at the summons
My inheritance to claim.

3 When the roll is called in heaven,
To the front I'll make my way,
And be welcomed by the Master
To the realms of endless day.

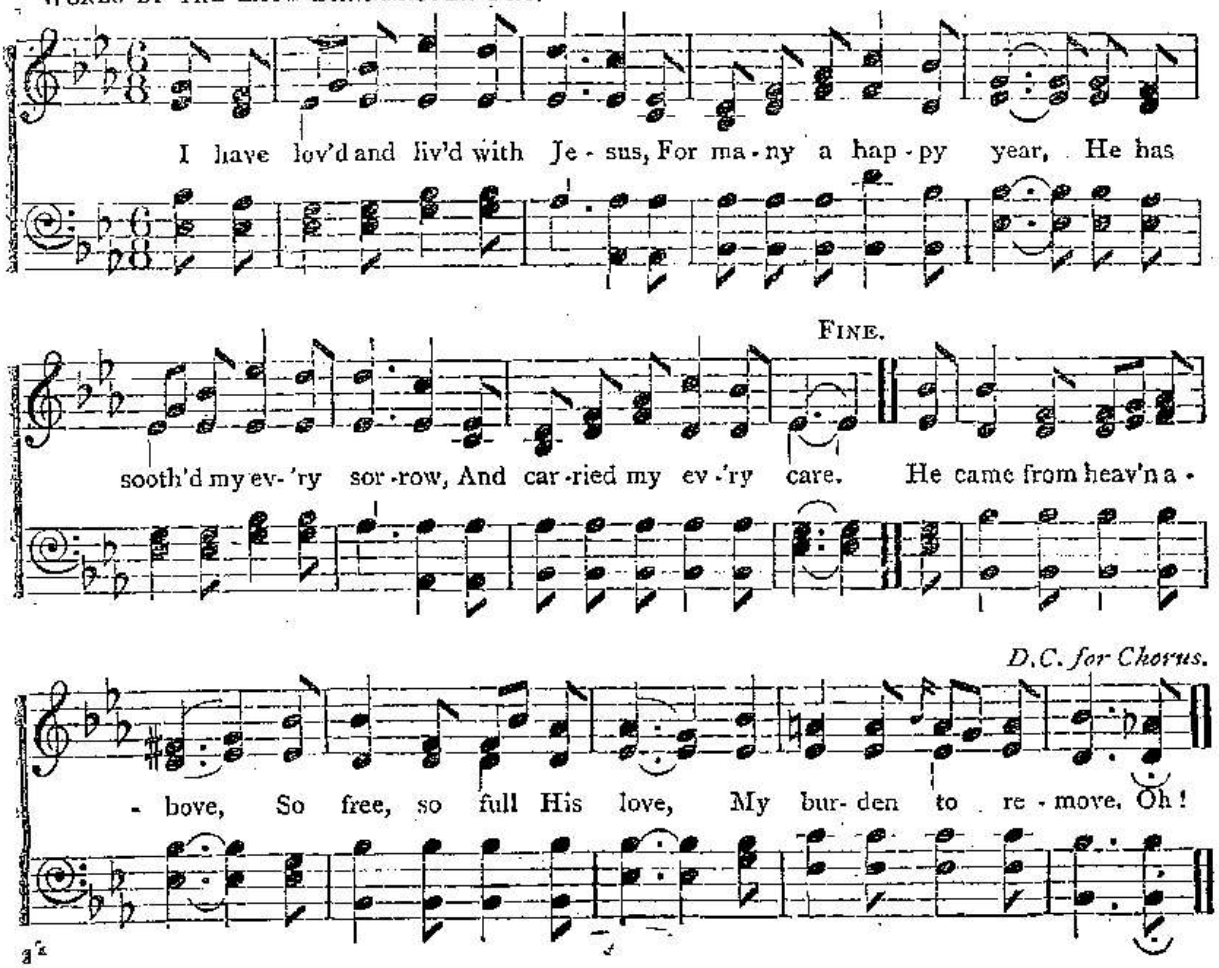
65 At the Cross, where I first saw the light.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



66 I have loved and lived with Jesus.

WORDS BY THE LATE BANDMASTER FRY.

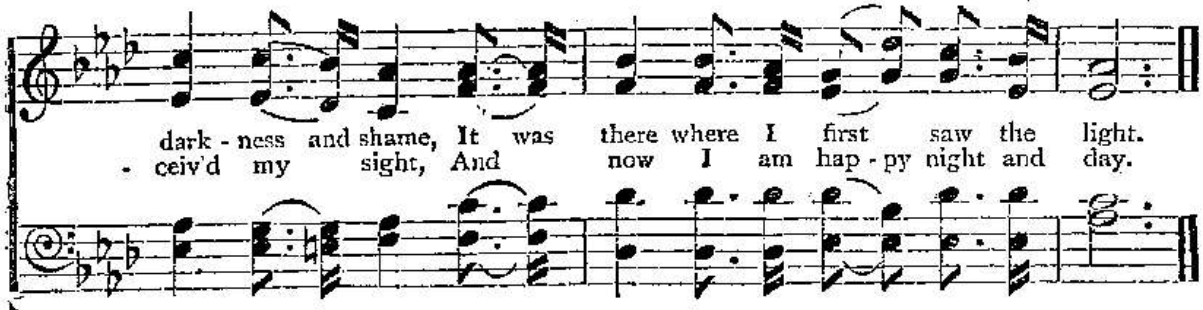


2 I have given my all to Jesus,
For many a happy year,
And my feet have been kept from falling,
My heart from a slavish fear.
He died to set me free,
That with Him I might be
Throughout eternity.

3 I have worked and fought for Jesus,
For many a happy year,
In every sharp engagement
I've found Him ever near.
I'll never leave the field
Till every foe shall yield,
And Satan quits the field.

4 Oh sinner, come to Jesus,
He'll make you happy here,
He'll soothe your every sorrow,
And dry your every tear.
His arms are open wide,
Flee there, and there abide,
He'll bear you o'er the tide.

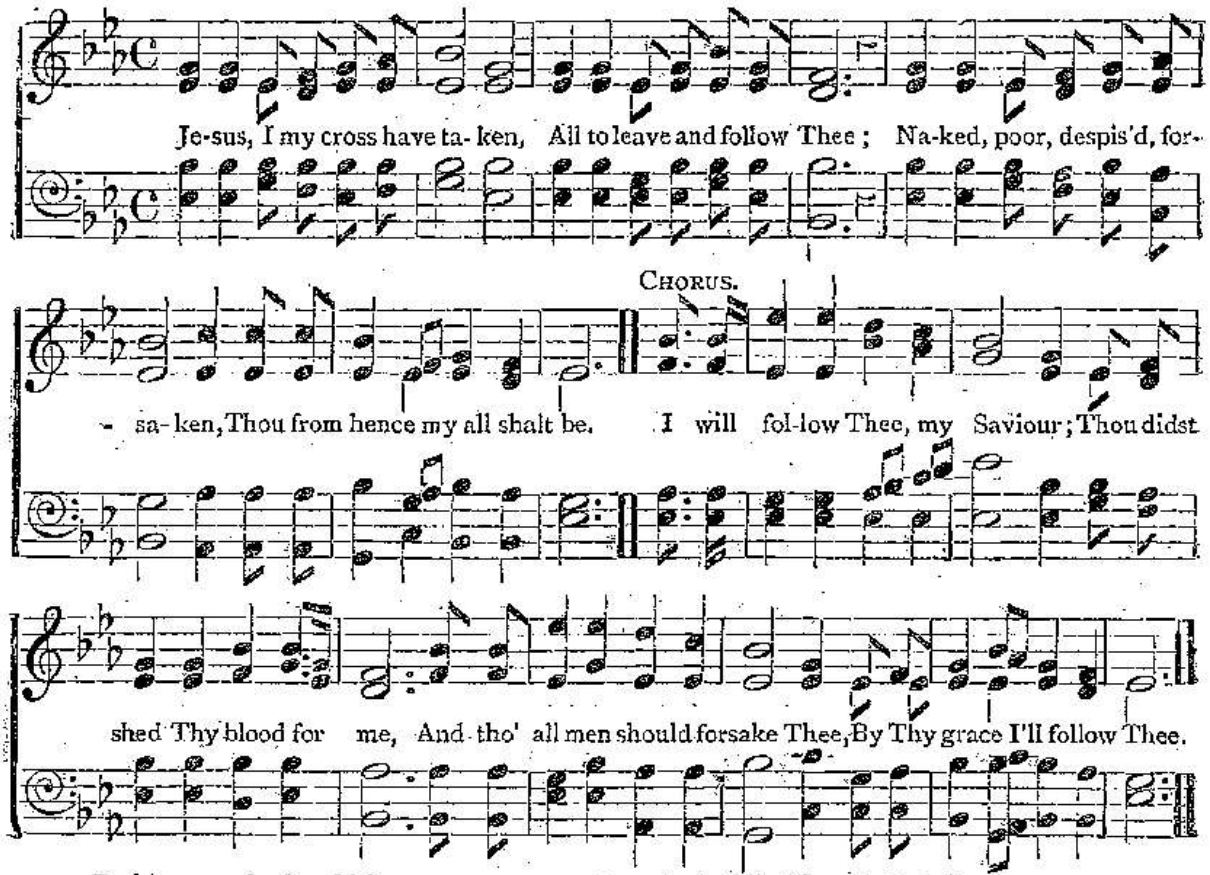
At the Cross, where I first saw the light—*continued.*



2 For my blindness I thought
That no power could have wrought
Such a marvel of wonder and might;
But 'twas done, for I felt
At the Cross as I knelt
That my darkness was turned into light.

3 Then the gloom had all passed,
And rejoicing at last,
I was sure that my soul was made right;
For my Lord I could see
In His love died for me
On the Cross, where I first saw the light.

67 I will follow Thee, my Saviour.



2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

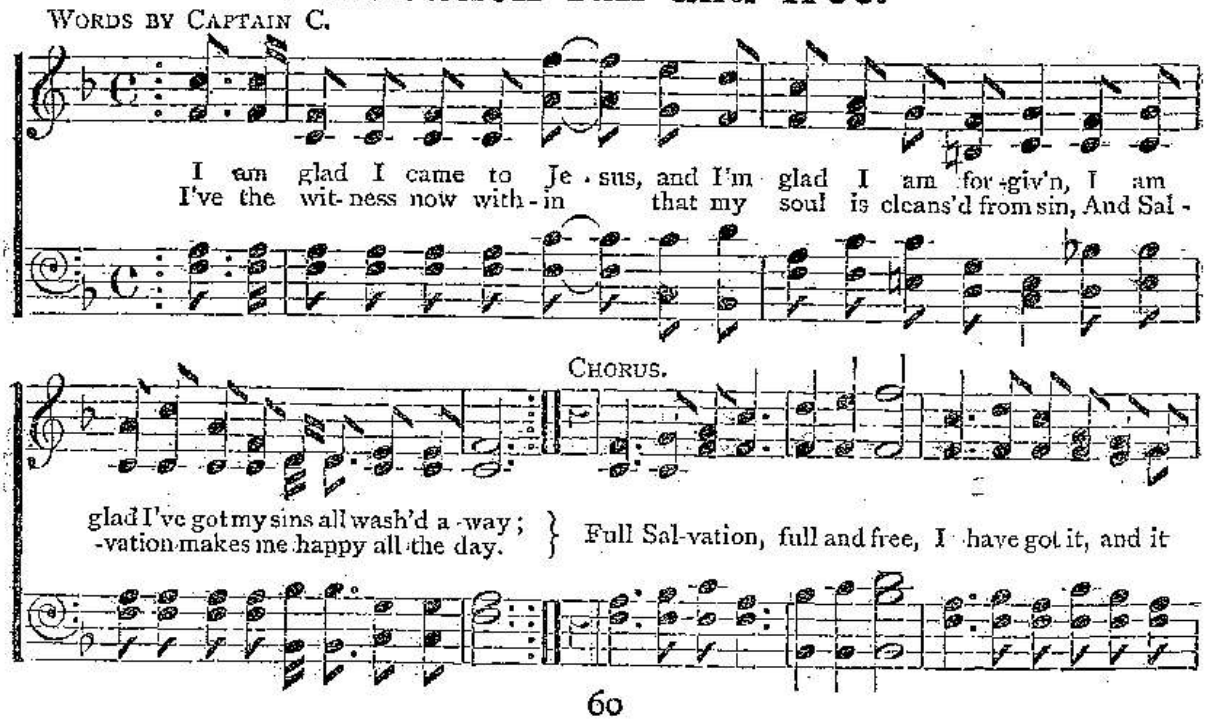
3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

4 And while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends may shun me,
Show Thy face and all is bright.

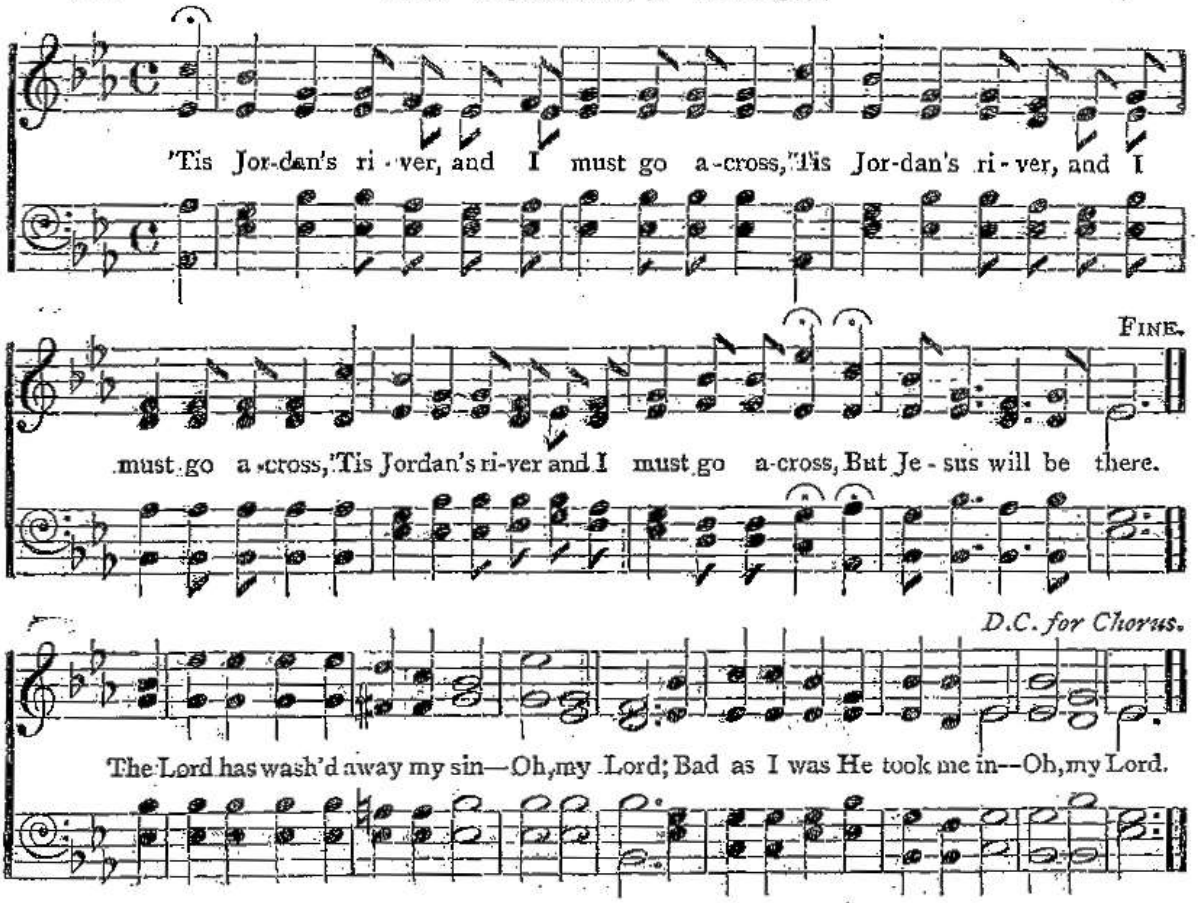
5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

68 Salvation full and free.

Words by Captain C.



69 'Tis Jordan's River.



2 If death should come, I'm not afraid—Oh, my Lord;
My heart is fixed, my choice is made—Oh, my Lord.

3 I trust in Him from day to day—Oh, my Lord;
And Jesus saves me all the way—Oh, my Lord.

4 And when I come to death's cold stream—Oh, my Lord;
On Jesu's breast I then shall lean—Oh, my Lord.

5 Now, sinner, I will turn to you—Oh, my Lord;
If death should come, how would you do?—Oh, my Lord.

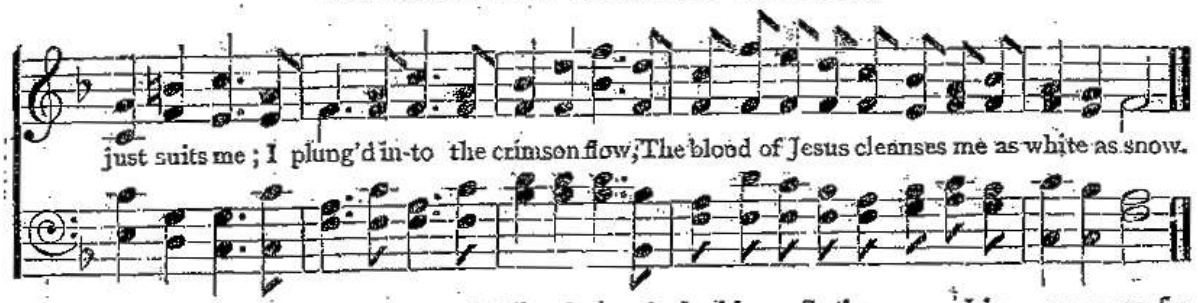
6 How short your time, you cannot tell—Oh, my Lord;
If you're not saved you'll go to hell—Oh, my Lord.

7 Then leave the past, and come just now—Oh, my Lord;
At Jesu's feet you'll have to bow—Oh, my Lord.

8 Then come and join our Army brave—Oh, my Lord;
And march with us the world to save—Oh, my Lord.

9 And when our fighting here is done—Oh, my Lord;
We'll join the Army round the throne—Oh, my Lord.

Salvation full and free—*continued.*



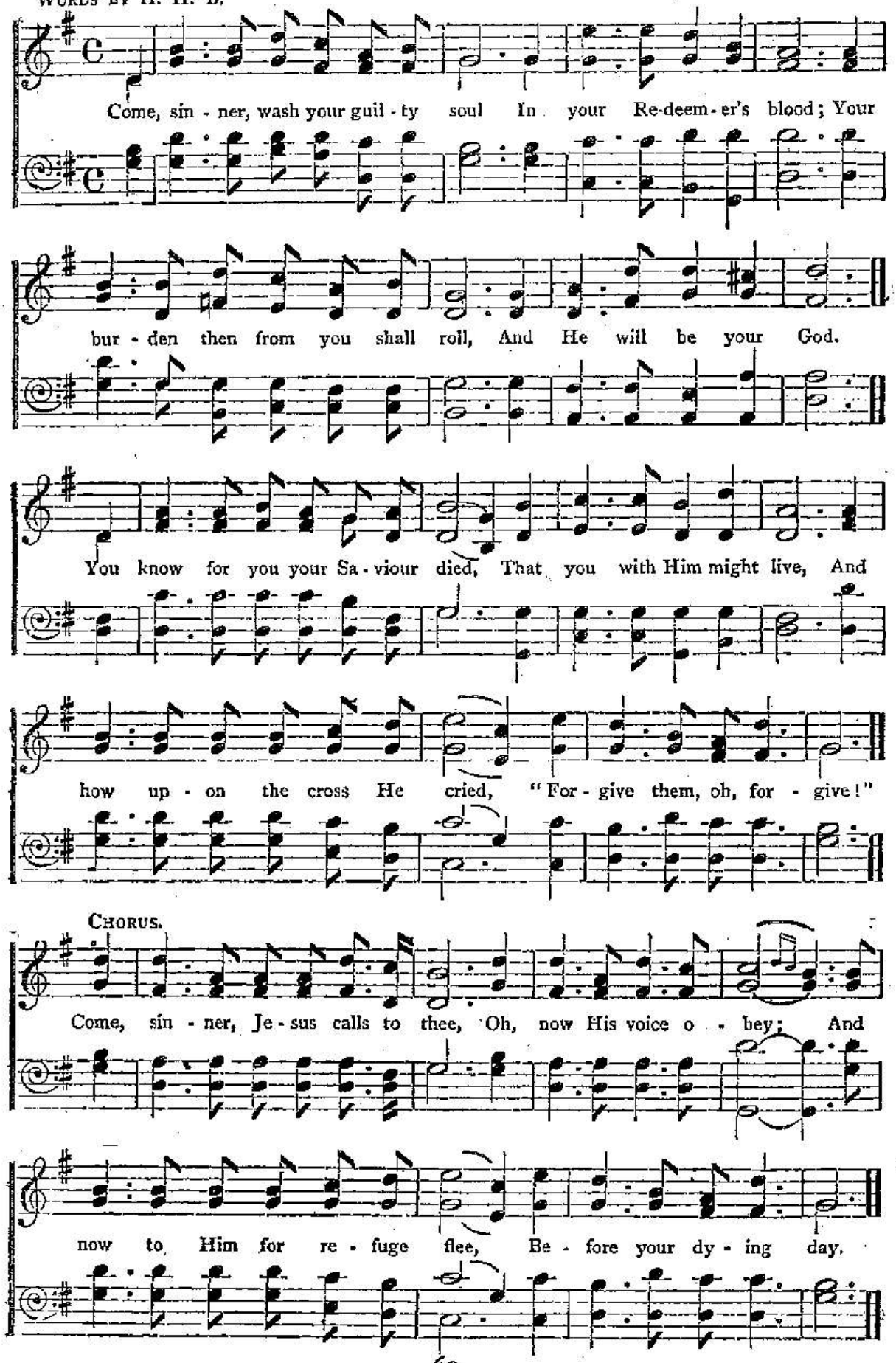
2 I joined The Salvation Army a true Soldier for to be,
And I'm fighting for the everlasting King;
Then let there come what may, we are sure to win the day,
And sinners to the Saviour's feet we'll bring.

3 Since I have joined The Army, many battles I have won,
While fighting for my Lord and King;
And with my Saviour near, I have no cause for fear,
And now for Christ my Saviour I will sing.

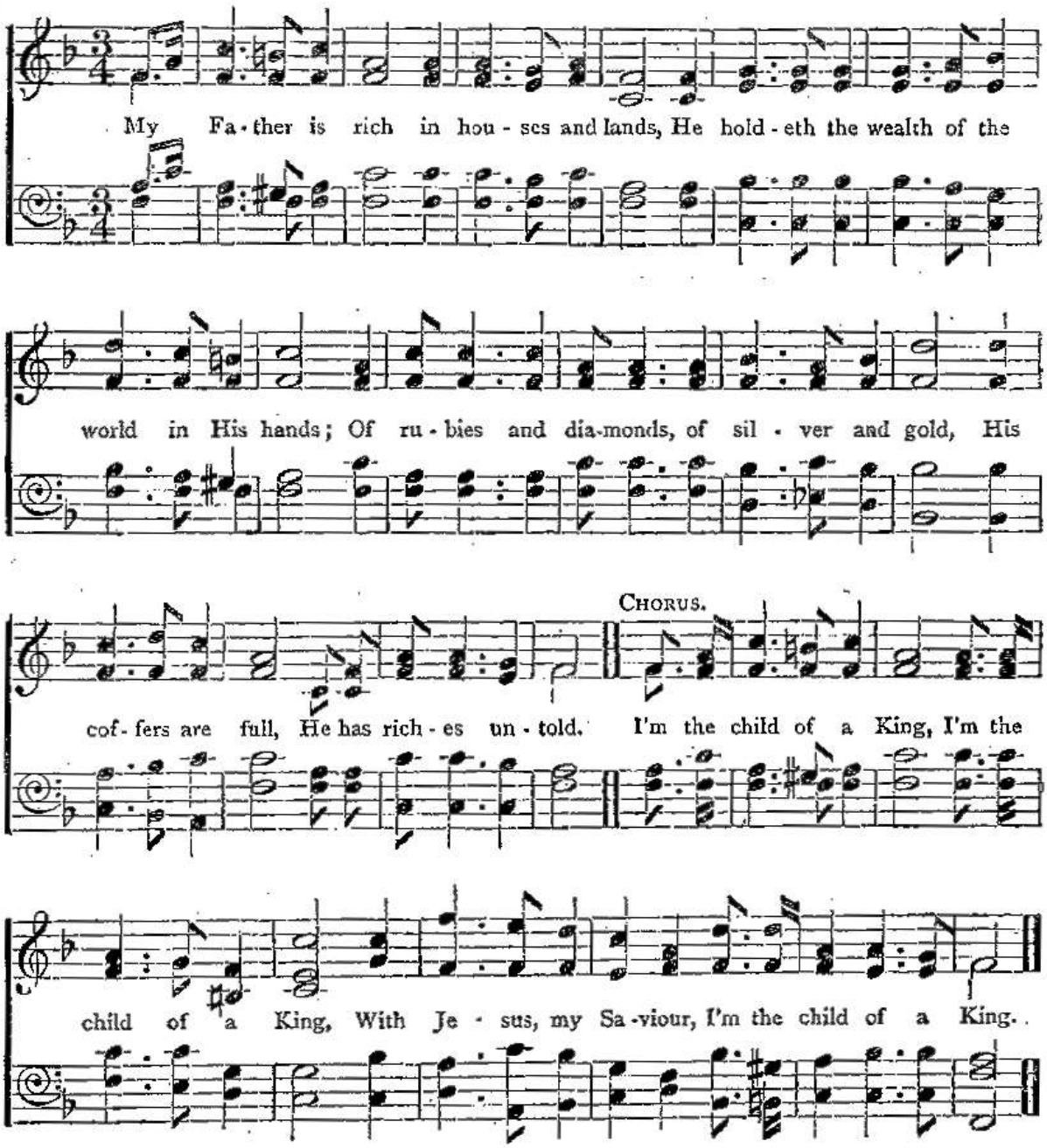
4 Now, sinners, come to Jesus, and at His footstool bow,
He will pardon, save, and cleanse you all just now,
If you will on Him believe, and His full Salvation have,
With The Army up to heaven you shall go.

70 Come, Sinner, wash your guilty soul.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



71 I'm the Child of a King.



2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men,
Once wandered on earth 'mongst the poorest of them;
But now He is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven when I die.

3 I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth;
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

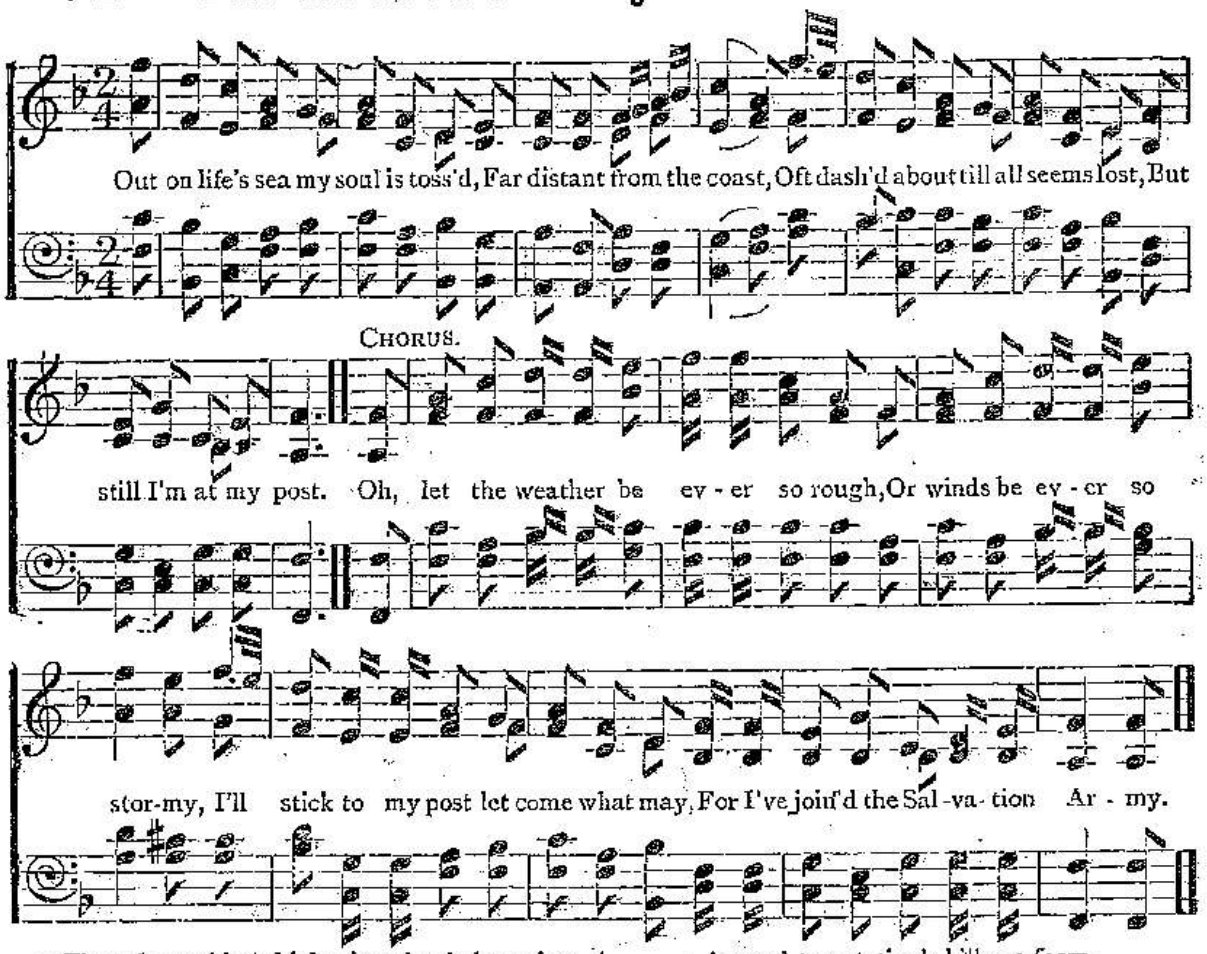
4 A tent, or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there;
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing,
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

Come, Sinner, wash your guilty soul—*continued.*

2 You cannot rest without your Lord,
Nor find your joy in sin,
And while you spurn His precious word
You cannot pardon win.
Oh, lost one, bound by Satan's chain,
He longs to set you free!
No more His love and truth disdain,
But come and happy be.

3 Your Saviour died because your sin
He saw had you condemned,
And shed His precious blood to win
Your soul, and be your Friend.
Your life is now so full of care,
Of sorrow, fear, and shame;
Now come to Him in your despair,
He'll call you by His name.

72 Out on life's sea my soul is tossed.



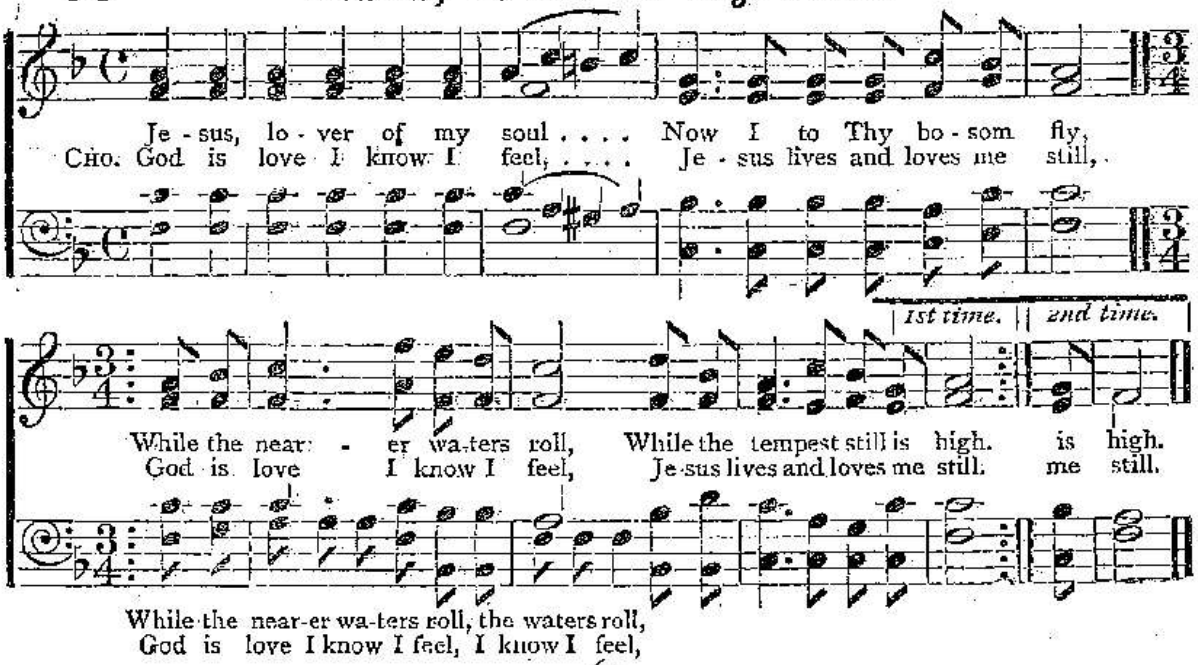
2 Though troubles' thickening clouds hang low,
And face me like a host,
And boisterous winds of sorrow blow,
You'll find me at my post.

3 While hellish thunders loudly crash,
And roar their uttermost,
And vivid darts of lightning flash,
I'm standing at my post.

4 Around temptation's billows foam,
And men and devils boast,
Yet I am never left alone
While standing at my post.

5 Let come what may, it is my first,
It is my proudest boast,
You'll find me, at the very worst,
Die fighting at my post.

73 Jesus, lover of my soul.



74 The Soldiers of the Army are going up.

The Sal - va - tion Ar - my's go - ing down, down, down, Down to the slums where the

S.

vil - est may be found; We mean to bring them in, and en - list them for our King, That
Sal - va - tion is our song, as we march the Ar - my on, And

FINE.

they may hear the Saviour say, "Well done! well done!" Oh, the Sol-diers of the Army are go - ing
soon we'll hear the Saviour say, "Well done! well done!"

D.S.

up! up! up! To see the King of Glo - ry on His throne;

2 The Salvation Army's going round round, round,
Anywhere and everywhere where sinners may be found,
We mean to bring them down beneath the Gospel's sound,
That we may hear the Saviour say, "Well done!"

3 The Salvation Army's going through, through, through,
Through the devil's strongholds with energy anew;
We mean to conquer sin, and the devil must give in,
And then we'll hear the Saviour say, "Well done!"

4 The Salvation Army means to fight, fight, fight,
Fight with holy courage in the strength of Jesu's might;
Jehovah is our King, and we'll make our voices ring;
And soon we'll hear His welcome words, "Well done!"

Jesus, lover of my soul—*continued.*

2 Hide me, O my Saviour hide,
Till the storm of life be past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

3 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still hold up, and comfort me.

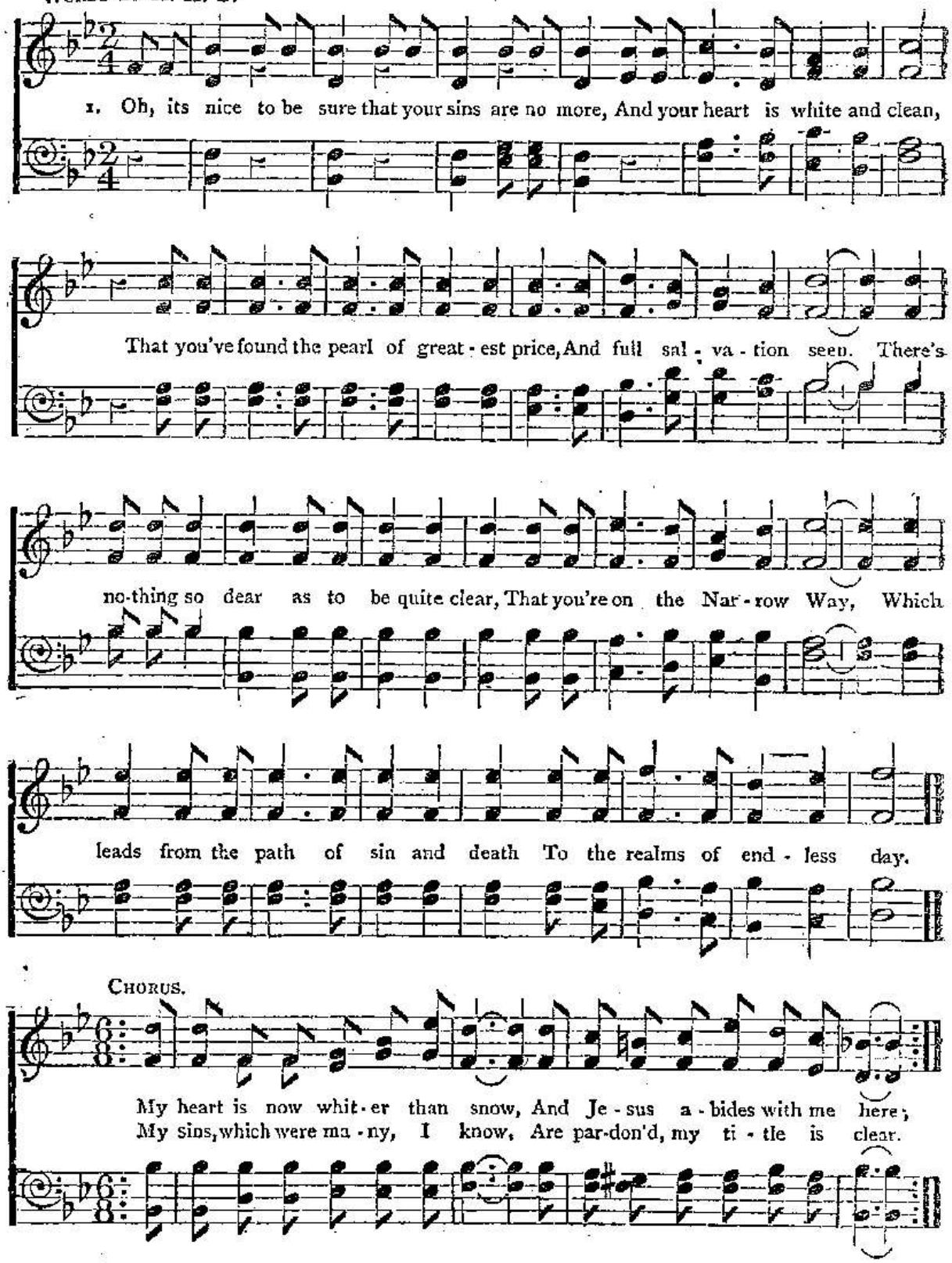
4 All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

5 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Blood to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within.

6 Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternity.

75 My Heart is now Whiter than Snow.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

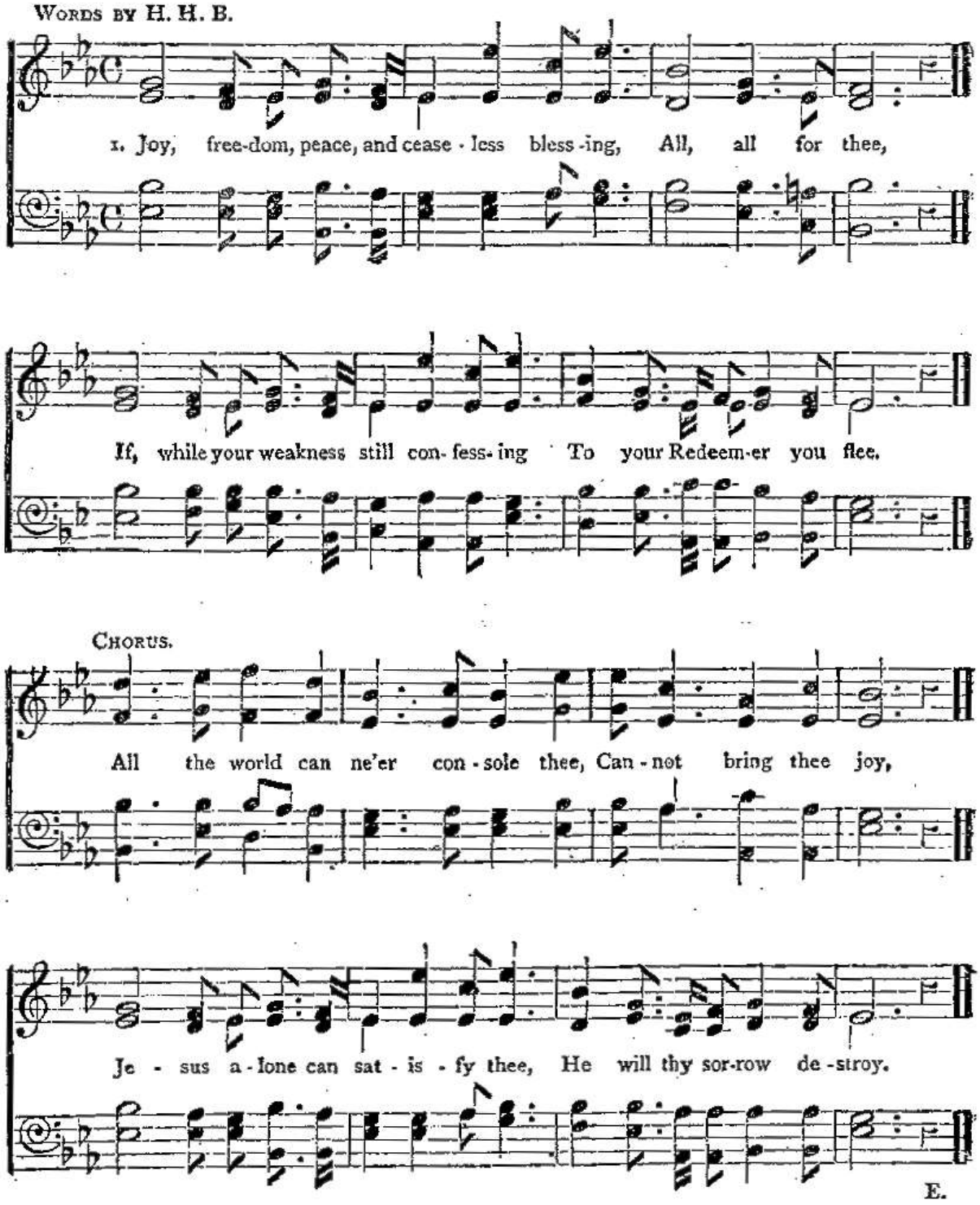


2 Oh, can I serve my Saviour here,
Without committing sin?
And can I always know and feel
That Jesus lives within?
Oh, yes, for by His word I know
He'll take my sins away,
And help me by His power to live
Blameless from day to day.

3 Oh, there's many that doubt his wondrous power
To save from sin down here,
And to keep in perfect peace every hour
My soul from doubt or fear;
But to me there was nothing more simple or plain
For His promise I only claimed,
And gave Him my heart for ever to keep,
And within it then He reigned.

76 All the world can ne'er console thee.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



2 *Joy*, dearer than a thousand treasures,
Wilt thou receive;
Jesus will deal it without measure
If in His power you believe.

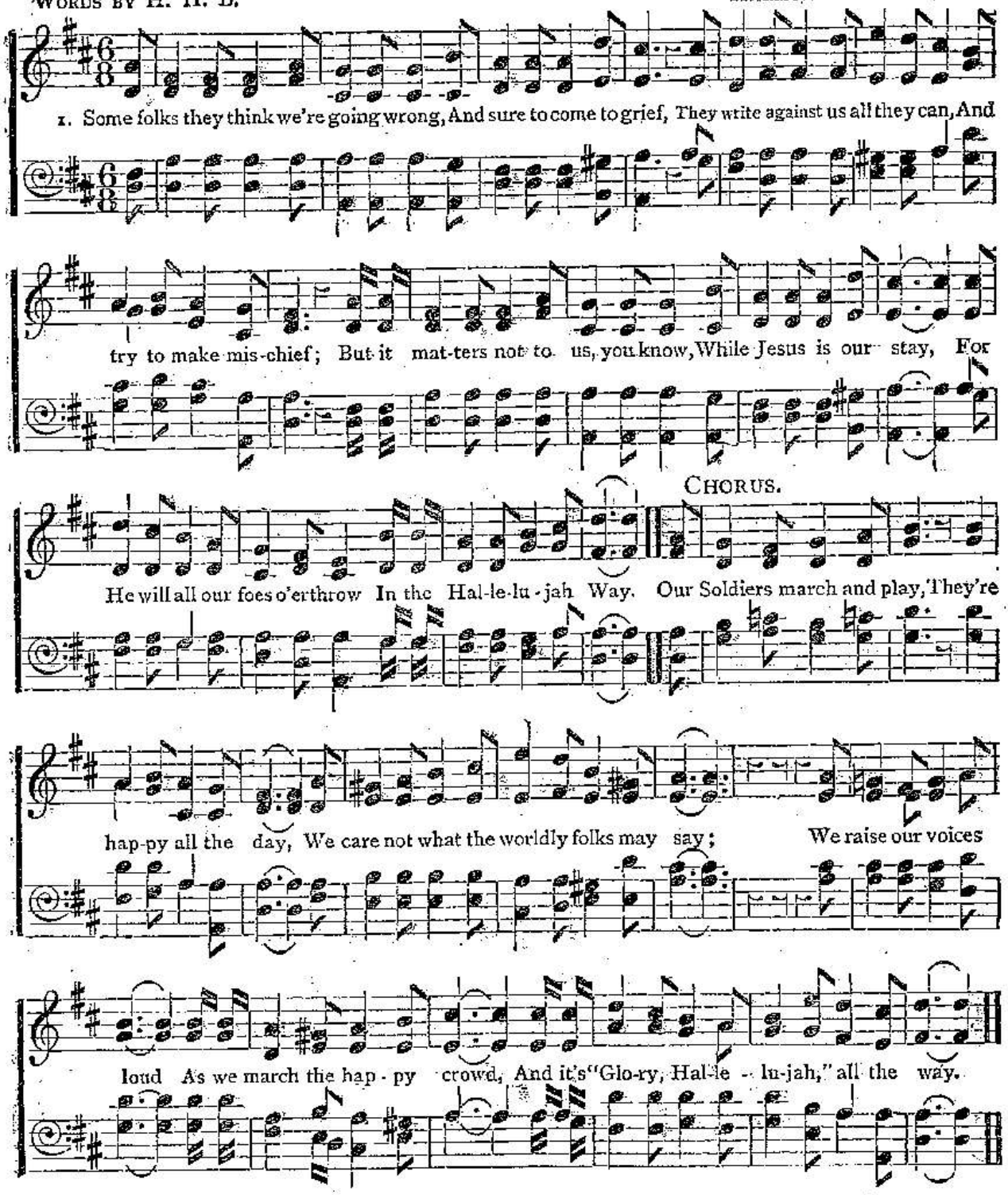
3 *Free* from your doubts and fears for ever,
Will you not be?
Jesus those chains of doubt will sever
If you this freedom would see.

4 *Peace*, flowing calmly as a river,
Now you may find;
From all your troubles He'll deliver
While to His will you're resigned.

5 Brightest and best of heavenly *blessings*
Laid up for thee;
If towards thy Saviour thou art pressing,
Crowned in the glory thou shalt be.

77 Our Soldiers March and Play.

WORDS BY H. H. B. HARMONIES BY G. P. E.



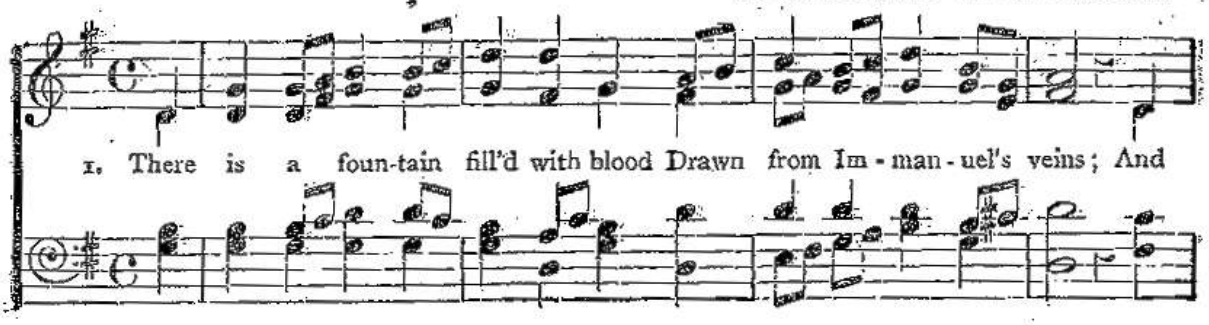
2 Sometimes we have to fight so hard
To drive the devil back,
But we are ever on our guard,
And ready to attack;
With "Blood and Fire" we never tire,
But haste without delay,
And then at once he does retire
From the Hallelujah Way.

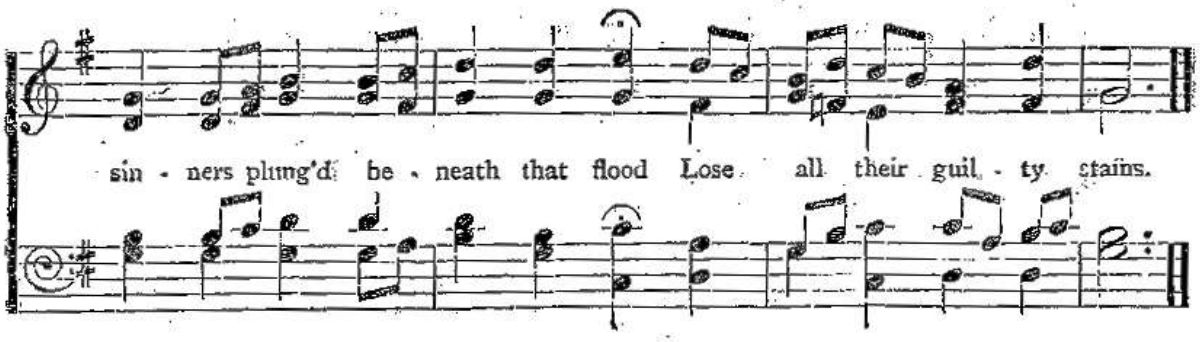
3 'Twas Jesus died upon the tree,
My soul to save from sin,
That all my sorrows here might end,
And all my joys begin.
I looked to Him to save my soul,
While trembling with dismay,
And then, in love, He bid me go
On the Hallelujah Way.

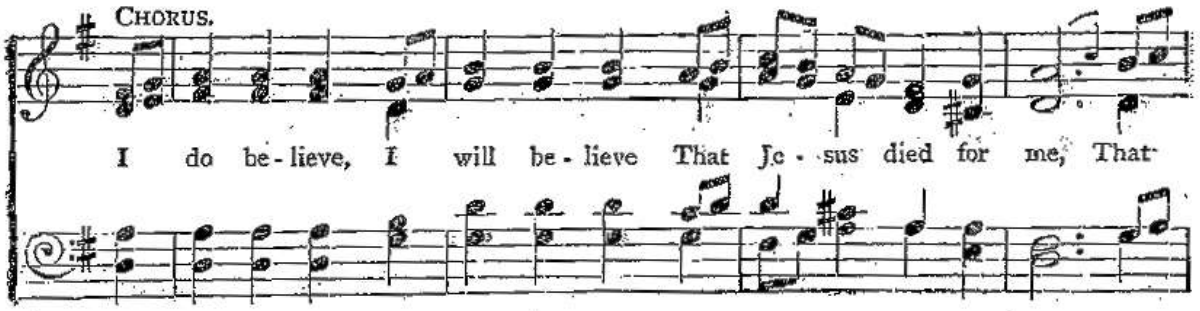
4 Oh! there's many a heart that was dark as night,
Till the Army came along,
And taught them how to pray and fight
And sing the good new song;
And now, from all their sin set free,
They're happy all the day,
And till the end they mean to be
On the Hallelujah Way.

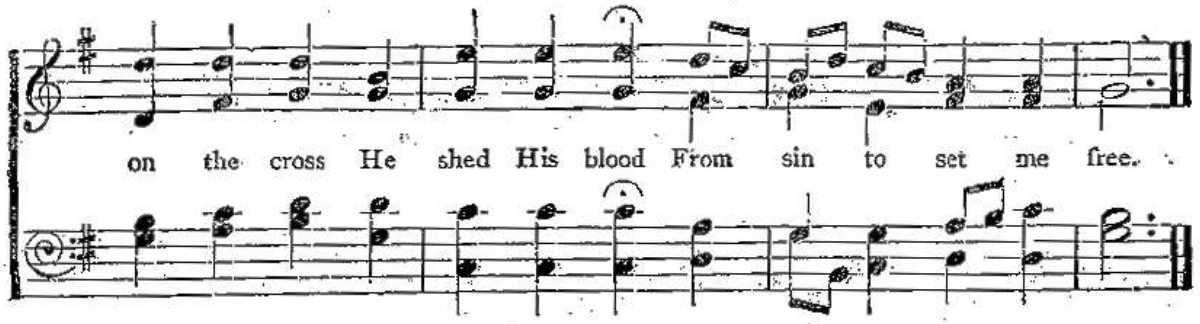
78 The Hallelujah Fountain.

MUSIC BY STAFF CAPTAIN EWENS.









2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 Ere since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
My Saviour's love has b' n my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing His power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

79 'Twas a happy day.

When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way, 'Twas a hap - py day! And

taught me how to watch and pray, 'Twas a hap - py day! I heard Him say, "I

died for thee, Oh, will you not come un - to Me?" I came and was from

And fit them with Him-

FINE. CHORUS.

sin set free, 'Twas a hap - py day! 'Twas a hap - py day! 'Twas a hap - py

self to dwell, 'Twas a hap - py day!

D.C. 𝄋.

day! When Je - sus Christ came here to dwell, To keep poor sin - ners out of hell,

2 I love Him for His love to me,
Glory to His name!
I know I shall His glory see,
Glory to His name!

I came to Him, He took me in,
He cleansed my heart from every sin,
And now He's made me pure within,
Glory to His name!

80 Jesus lives with me.

WORDS BY F. W. F.

I am hap-py all the day; Je-sus lives with me. Trav'-lling on the heav'nly way, Je-sus lives with me. In dark-ness He is nigh, God in all I see; Guid-ing with watch-ful eye, Je-sus lives with me. With a conscience clear, Sav'd from doubt and fear, I am hap-py, safe, and free, Je-sus lives with me.

CHORUS.

2 When I was condemned to die,
Jesus died for me.
God in mercy heard my cry;
Jesus died for me.
His wrath He turned away,
Set my spirit free,
Enabled me to say,
"Jesus died for me!"

3 From the stains of inbred sin,
Jesus saves me now;
From the pride that lurked within,
Jesus saves me now.
With every foe turned out,
Jesus saves me now;
Now I can sing and shout,
"Jesus saves me now!"

4 Saved myself, to free the slave
Forward I will go;
On, the lost to seek and save,
Forward I will go;
Fight till the victory's won
Over every foe;
Then, when my work is done,
I to heaven will go.

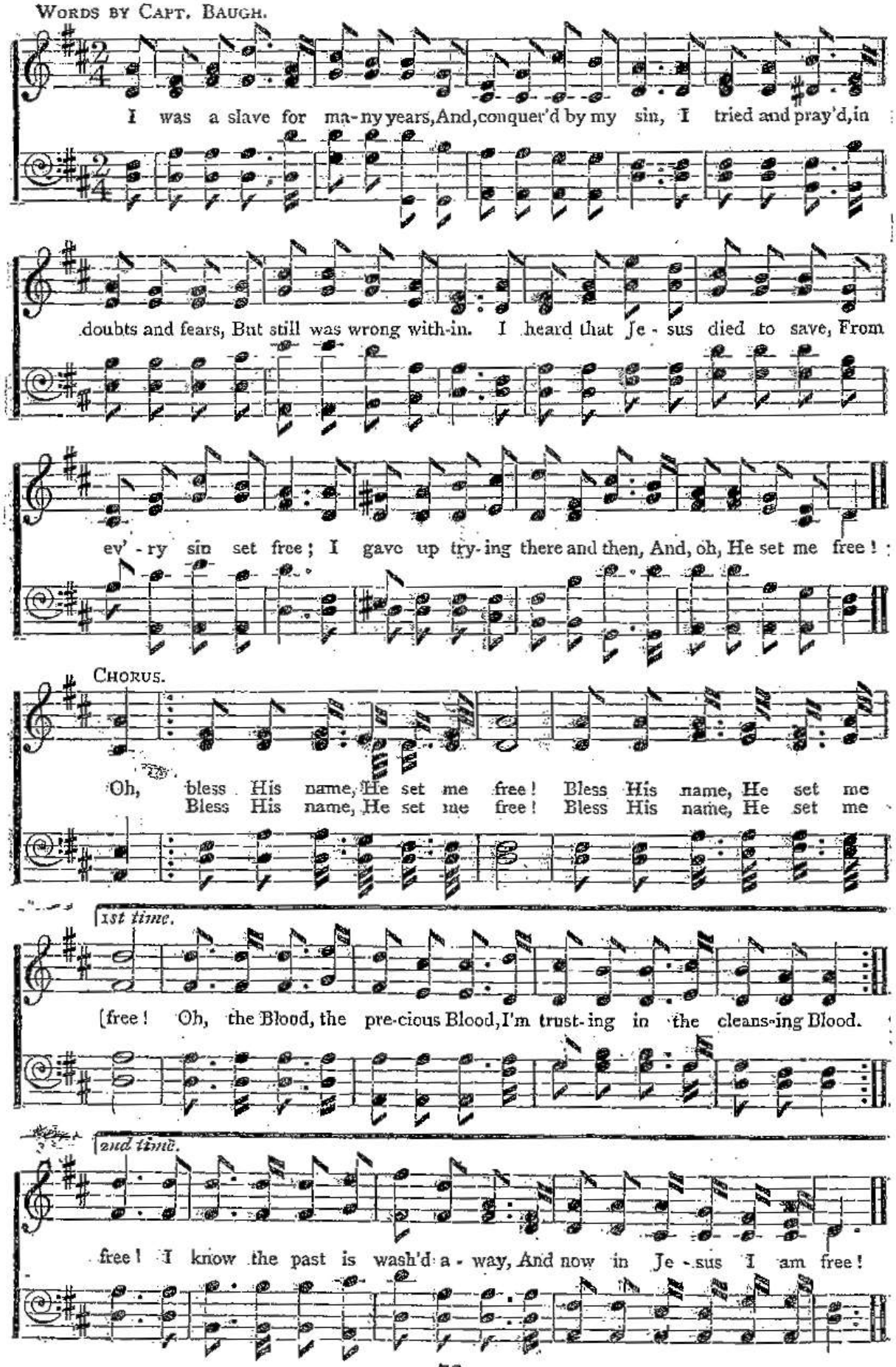
'Twas a happy day—*continued.*

3 Oh, won't you come to Jesus now?
He died that you might live!
Come, lowly at His footstool bow,
He died that you might live!
He died for you as well as me,
Now to Him for salvation flee,
And thou shalt happy with Him be,
He died that you might live.

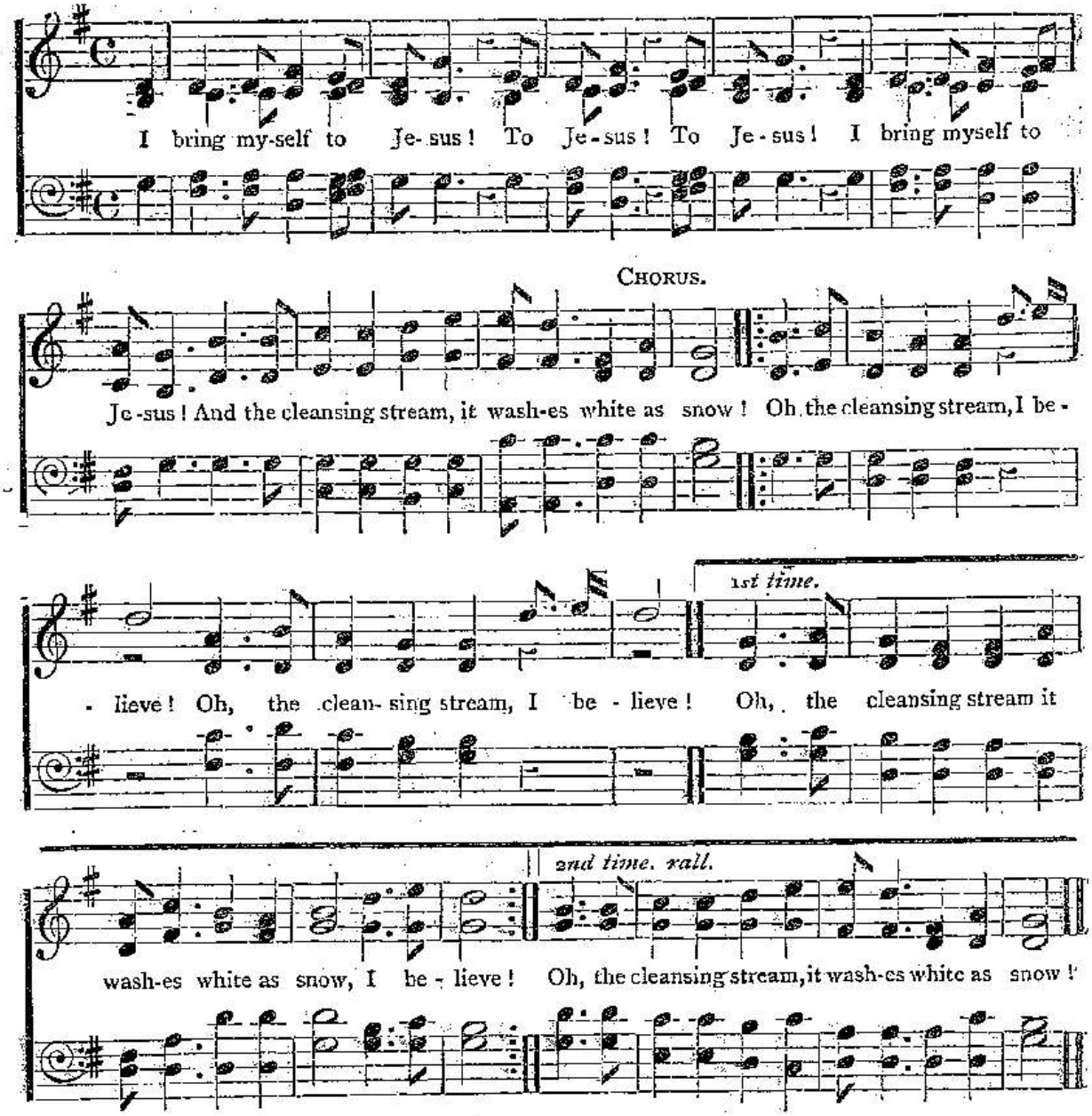
4 Remember, if you stay away
Hell will be your doom!
Oh, come to Jesus while you may,
Yet there still is room!
He is so good, so kind, and true,
He died on Calvary's cross for you,
And now you've nothing more to do
But come to Him and live!

81 Bless His Name, He set me free!

WORDS BY CAPT. BAUGH.



82 Oh, the Cleansing Stream.



2 I give my all to Jesus!
To Jesus! To Jesus!
I give my all to Jesus!
And the cleansing stream, it washes white as snow!

3 I mean to live for Jesus!
For Jesus! For Jesus!
I mean to live for Jesus!
And the cleansing stream, it washes white as snow!

4 I'll fight and die for Jesus!
For Jesus! For Jesus!
I'll fight and die for Jesus!
And the cleansing stream, it washes white as snow!

5 Oh, sinner, come to Jesus!
To Jesus! To Jesus!
Oh, sinner come to Jesus!
And the cleansing stream will wash you white as snow!

Bless His Name, He set me free—*continued.*

2 And now I live to God alone,
I live to do His will;
I give myself to God away,
That He my soul may fill.
He takes the offering as it is,
And makes it as He will,
And through the Lamb I've constant peace,
For Jesus says, "Be still!"

3 And though the world and hell unite
My peace to overthrow,
My trust is in the living God,
Who makes me white as snow.
The precious Blood now cleanses me,
And Jesus keeps me right;
My will is swallowed up in God,
I'm walking in the light.

83 I can, I will, His promise claim.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

1st time. | 2nd time.

Lord, I come to Thee for cleans-ing, From the last re-mains of sin;
To the liv - ing Fountain flow - ing, Thou hast bade me en - - - ter in.

Long in doubts and fears dis - tress - ing, To and fro have I been cast;

My un-righ-teous-ness con - fess - ing, Now I come to Thee at last.

1st time. | 2nd time.

Bid my troub-led heart of sor - row, Find in Thee its rest and peace;
Then in faith my feet shall fol - low, And my love to Thee in-crease.

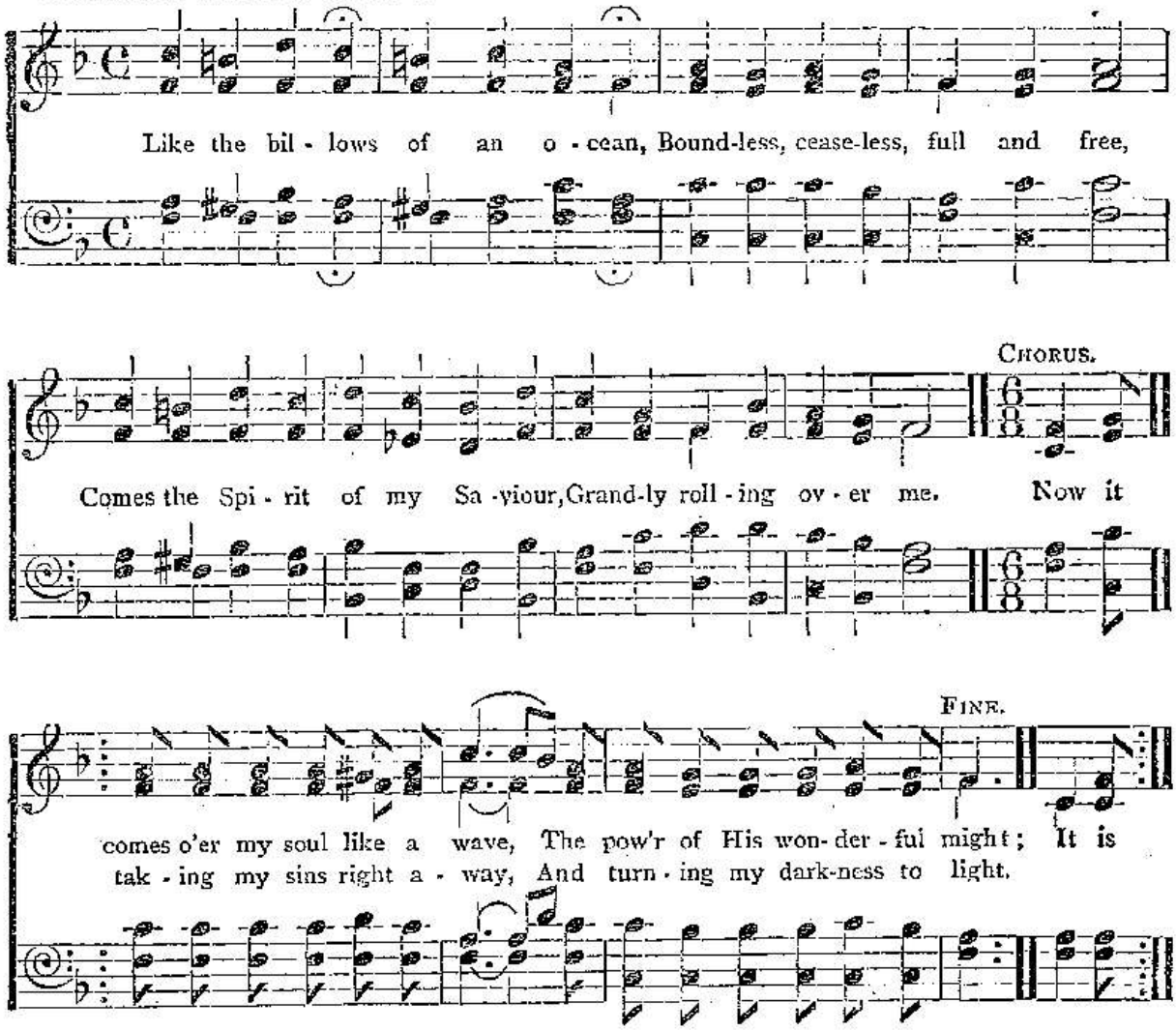
CHORUS.

I can, I will, I can, I will, His promise claim, His pro-mise claim, The cleans-ing

stream, the cleans - ing stream, Now flows for me, now flows for me, He comes with -

84 It comes o'er my soul like a wave.

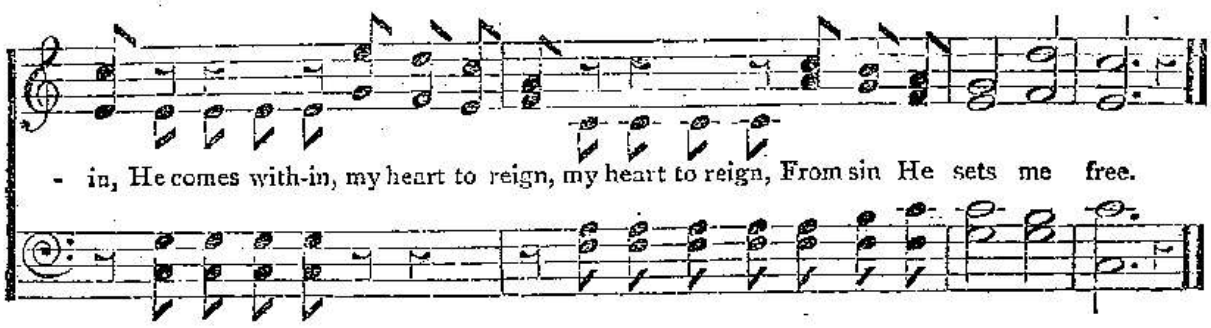
WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.



2 Ah! those barriers that had hindered
Me and Jesus being one;
When that wave came o'er me sweeping,
He was left and they were gone.

3 Grandly rolling o'er the region
Where was once but pain and woe,
Are the waves of love's pure ocean
Which in ceaseless rapture flow.

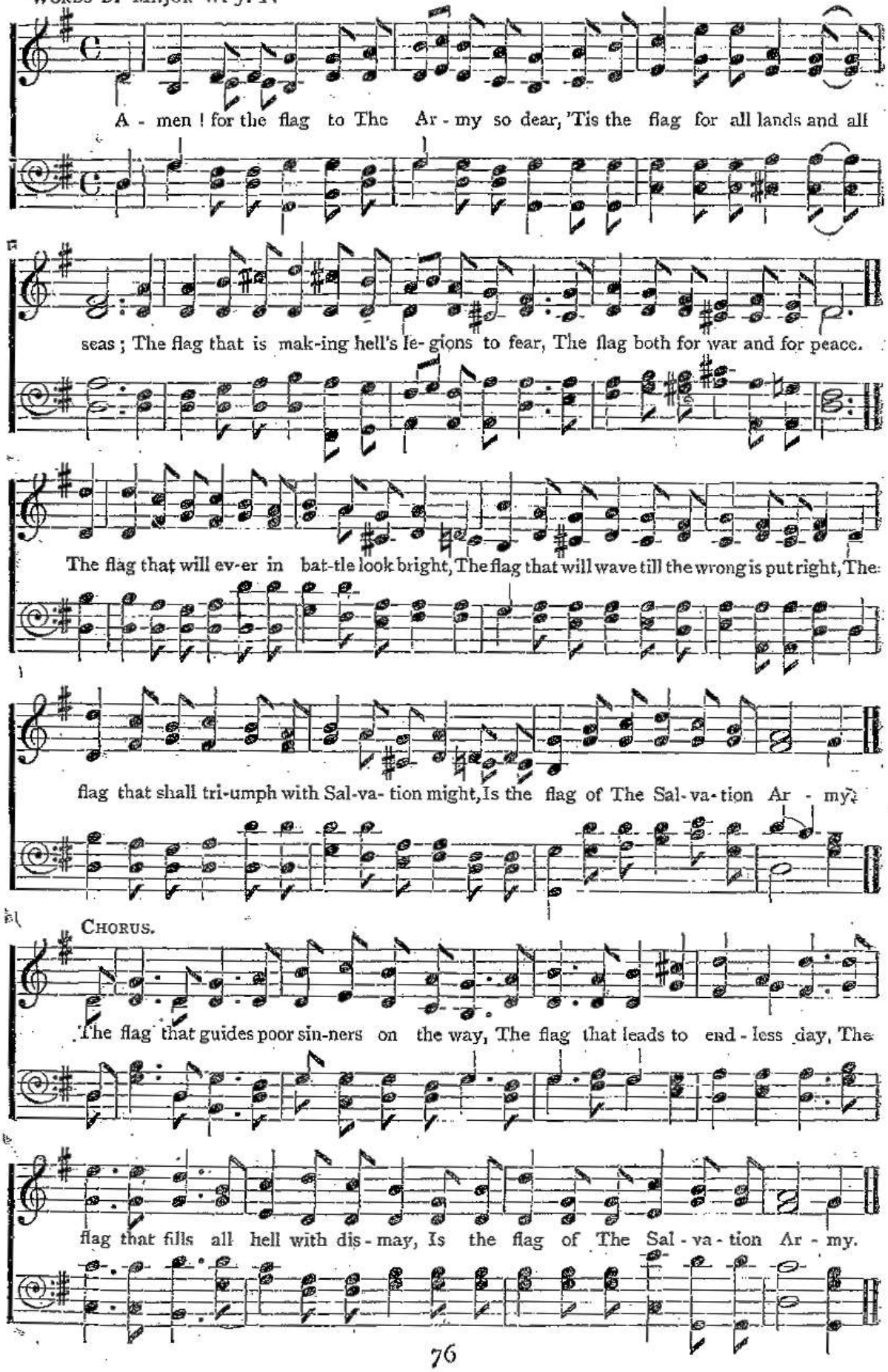
I can, I will His promise claim—*continued.*



2 Now, Thy promises believing,
On Thy grace I cast my soul;
To Thy faithfulness still cleaving,
I will trust to be made whole.
Now the past of darkness leaving,
'Neath the Blood once spilt for me;
All the light of Heaven receiving,
I go forth from sin set free.
I am happy, I am happy,
Walking 'neath my Saviour's smile;
I am happy, I am happy,
Jesus keeps me all the while.

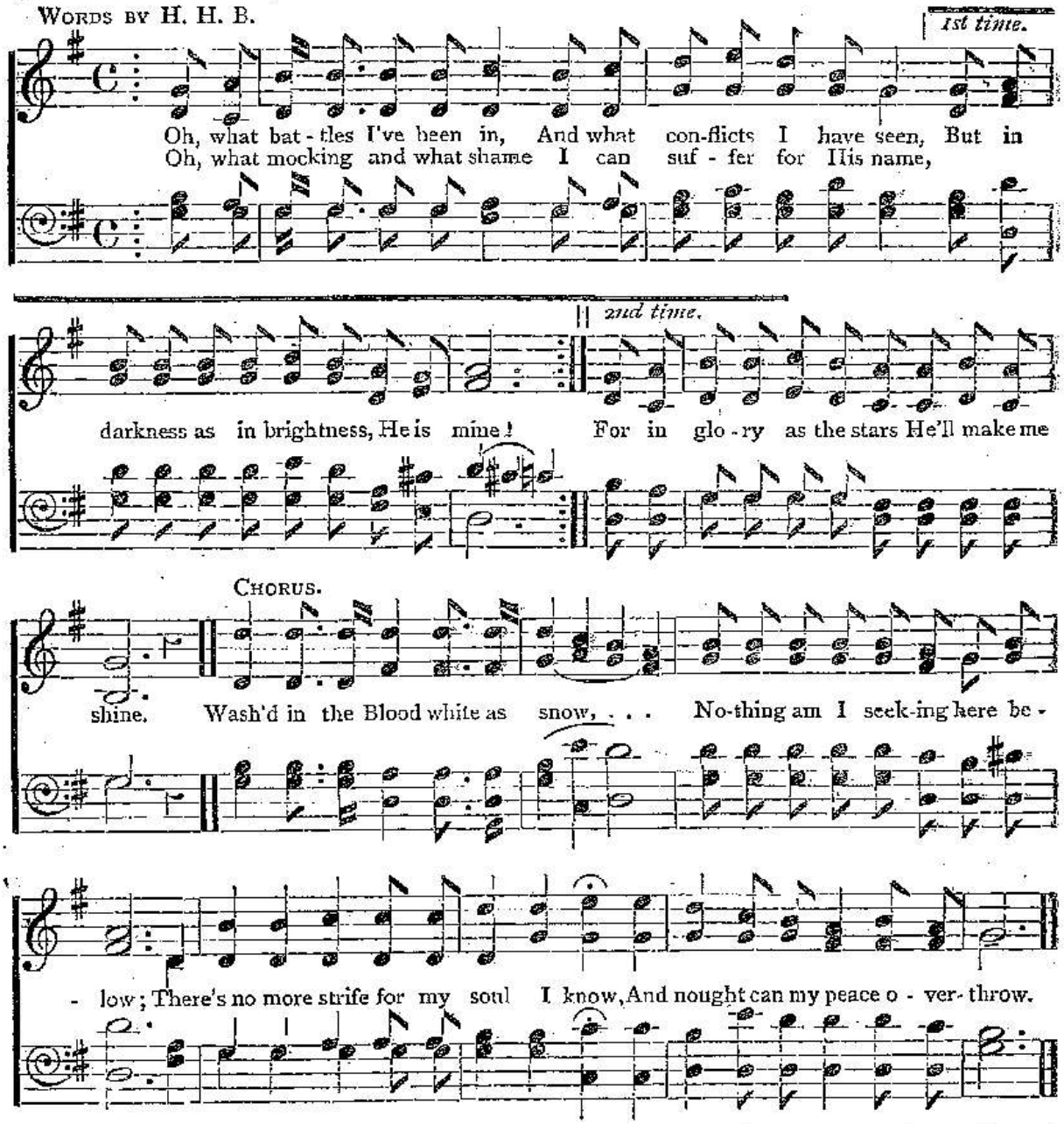
85 The Flag of the Salvation Army.

WORDS BY MAJOR W. J. P.



86 Oh, what battles I've been in.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



2 What a sinner I have been,
What a Saviour I have seen,
For He's saved me from my sorrow and woe!
And when lost to all around,
My Redeemer then I found,
And His pard'ning love and mercy now I know.

3 Oh, what mighty wondrous love
Brought my Saviour from above,
On the Cross to shed His Blood and die for me!
Oh, I'll serve Him with my might,
In His service I'll delight,
For the Blood from sin's dark bondage sets me free.

The Flag of the Salvation Army—*continued.*

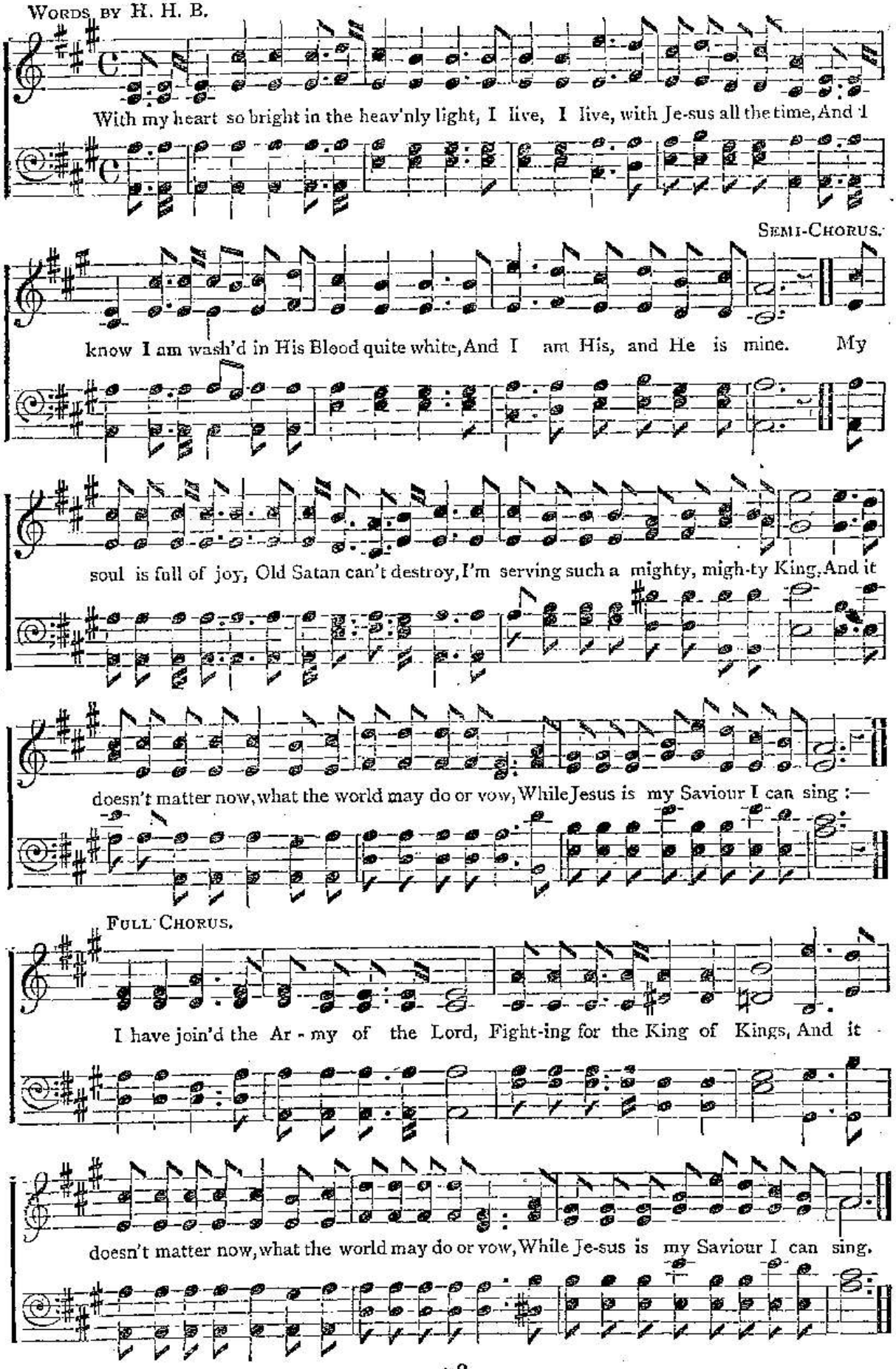
2 This flag all shall see as forward we go,
'Tis the flag that never will yield;
The flag of the Soldiers who battle the foe,
The flag for the Barracks and field.
The flag that Salvation is keeping unfurled,
The flag for all nations, the flag for the world,
All hell from this sin-blighted earth shall be hurled
By the Flag of The Salvation Army.

3 The flag for all people, for conquest and song,
The banner of Blood and of Fire;
The flag for the brave, nobly marching along,
The flag that is leading us higher.
The flag and the music that cheers up the way,
The flag that will conquer, oppose it who may,
The flag that is giving to Jesus the sway,
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

4 The flag ever bringing Salvation to view,
The flag that the holy will fly;
The crest and the yellow, the red and the blue,
The flag we will wave till we die.
The flag that will gather wherever it waves,
The flag that keeps winning the battles it braves,
The flag to be waved by the side of our graves,
Is the flag of The Salvation Army.

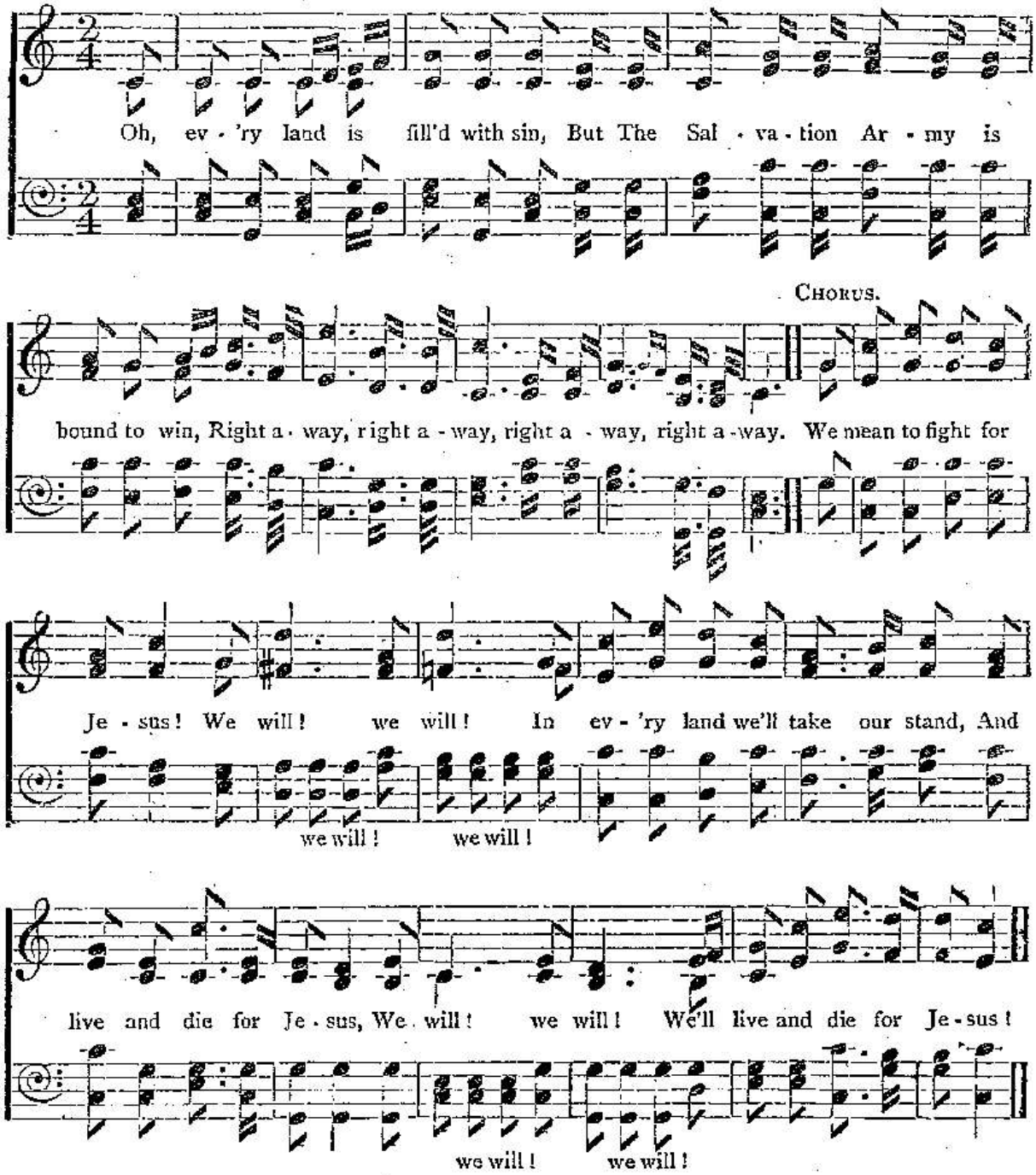
87 I have joined the Army of the Lord.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



88 Right away.

WORDS BY RAILTON.



2 So north and south, and east and west,
The courage of the devil's host we'll test.

3 We care for nothing but saving souls,
And by God's help we'll have them by shoals.

4 We'll bring the women right out to the front,
And make the cowards and the doubters shunt.

5 We'll march with song and band and flag.
And godless crowds to the Cross we'll drag.

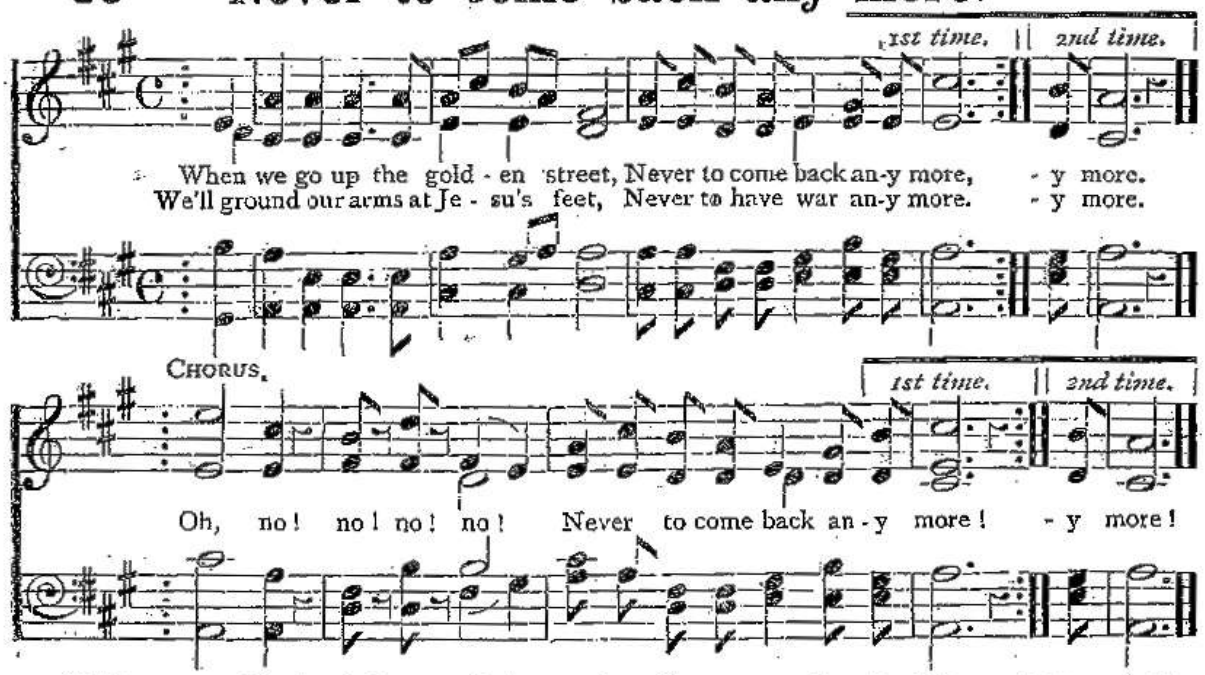
6 Our Jesus saves from sin and fear,
And He can sanctify men here.

I have joined the Army of the Lord—*continued.*

2 When my heart was dark, and my soul was lost,
My Jesus spoke a pardon full and free,
And He stilled by His power the ocean that tossed,
And bade me go and happy be.

3 By His death He bought me everlasting life,
By His stripes my wounded heart was healed;
And for my transgression He has borne the strife,
And by his sorrow joy revealed.

89 Never to come back any more.



2 We'll meet our friends who've gone before,
Never to come back any more;
We'll sing with them on Canaan's shore,
Never to leave off any more.

3 Jesus, Thy precious Blood alone,
Never to be shed any more,
Does for my many sins atone,
Never to come back any more!

4 I know my sins are all forgiven,
Never to come back any more;
And I am on my way to Heaven,
Never to come back any more!

5 Come, comrades, sing His wondrous praise!
Never to leave off any more;
For Him we'll fight through all our days,
Never to give in any more!

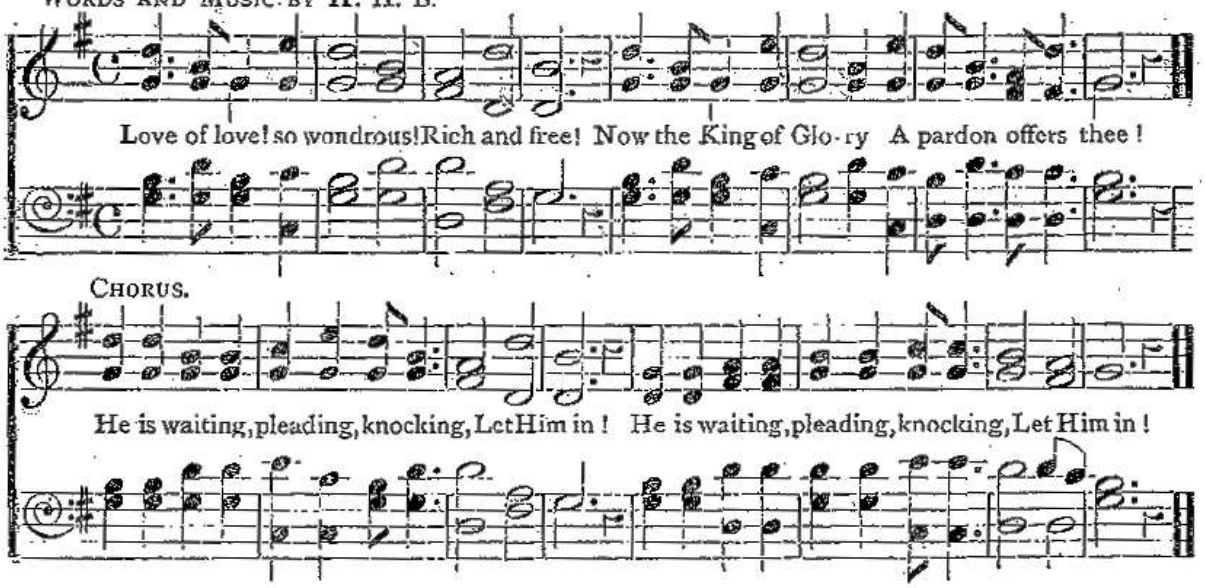
6 Oh! you who now Salvation spurn,
Never to be here any more;
Oh, dreadful thought! in hell to burn.
Never to come out any more!

2ND CHORUS.

Oh, yes! yes! yes! yes!
Jesus shall be mine evermore!

90 He is waiting, pleading, knocking.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.



2 For thy heart He's waited
Days and years;
And thy sins, long hated,
Have caused Him bitter tears.

3 Canst thou leave His pardon
Still unknown?
And forget the mercy
That towards thee He hath shown?

4 Soon the day is coming
When alone—
Trembling or rejoicing,
You must His Kingship own.

5 Ah! His love so tender,
Asks thee come;
And thy life so slender,
Bids thee for safety run.

91 Oh, the Lamb! the Bleeding Lamb!

WORDS BY F. W. F.

Oh, what a hap - py day it was, When Je - sus sav'd my soul; When,
CHORUS. Oh, the Lamb! the bleed - ing Lamb! The Lamb on Cal - va - ry; The

Repeat for Chorus.

bur - den'd sore, He gave me pow'r My sins on Him to roll
Lamb that was slain, but liv - eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me

2 He wrote His pardon on my heart,
My name in heaven above,
And sent me singing on my way,
Rejoicing in His love.

3 I'll live for Him who died to save
My soul from endless woe;
I'm trusting in the precious Blood,
That washes white as snow.

4 I'm happy now six days a week
All day on Sunday too;
And what the Lord has done for me,
He surely can for you.

5 Oh, sinner come, accept His grace,
Flee from the wrath to come;
For Jesus stands with outstretched arms,
To welcome wanderers home.

92 Prepare me!

CHORUS. *rall.* FINE.

Pre - pare me! pre - pare me, Lord! Pre - pare me to stand be - fore Thy throne.

rall.

Your gar - ments must be white as snow! Pre - pare to meet your God!
For to His Throne you'll have to go; Pre - pare to meet your God!

2 Get washed from every stain of sin!
Prepare to meet your God!
You must this greatest blessing win!
Prepare to meet your God!

3 Prepare me now! prepare me here!
To stand before Thy Throne!
That I, without a doubt or fear,
May stand before Thy Throne!

4 Lord, cleanse my heart and make me pure!
To stand before Thy Throne!
My pride, and self, and temper cure!
To stand before Thy Throne!

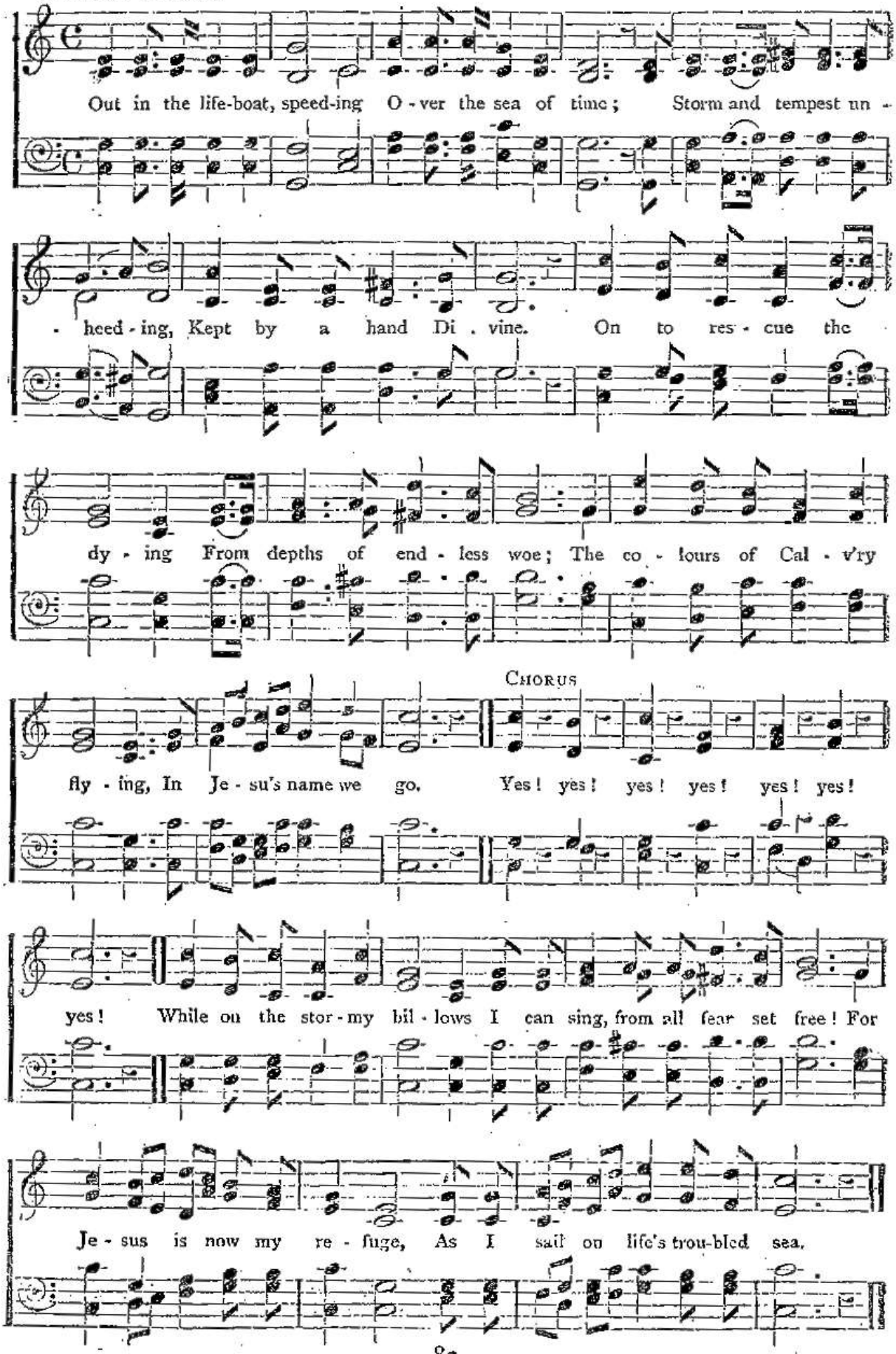
5 My all is in the hands of God
If death should shake this frame!
I'll walk the path the Saviour trod
Till death shall shake this frame!

Prepare me! prepare me, Lord!
Prepare me! When death shall shake
this frame!

6 My comrades, fight with all your might!
Soon death shall shake this frame!
We'll live for God and do what's right
Till death shall shake this frame!

93 Out in the Life-boat speeding.

WORDS BY H. H. B.



94 Only Jesus will I know.

WORDS BY H. H. B.

When the charms of earth have fled, When have gone my earth-ly aims, When be-

- reavements round me spread Darkest sha-dows, bit-ter pains, Then to Cal-v'ry's Cross I

CHORUS.

cling; And I'm hap-py while I sing— On-ly Je-sus

will I know, Je-sus, Je-sus, Je-sus cru-ci-fied!

2 When temptations try me sore,
And the hosts of hell attack,
When behind me and before
Darkness would obscure my track;
Then in faith this is my cry,
Even though I'm called to die—
"Only Jesus will I know,
Jesus crucified!"

3 When on earth my days are done,
And my name no longer known,
When the Judgment Day has come,
And I stand before the Throne;
This my answer then shall be,
As I'm called His face to see—
Only Jesus have I known,
Jesus crucified!

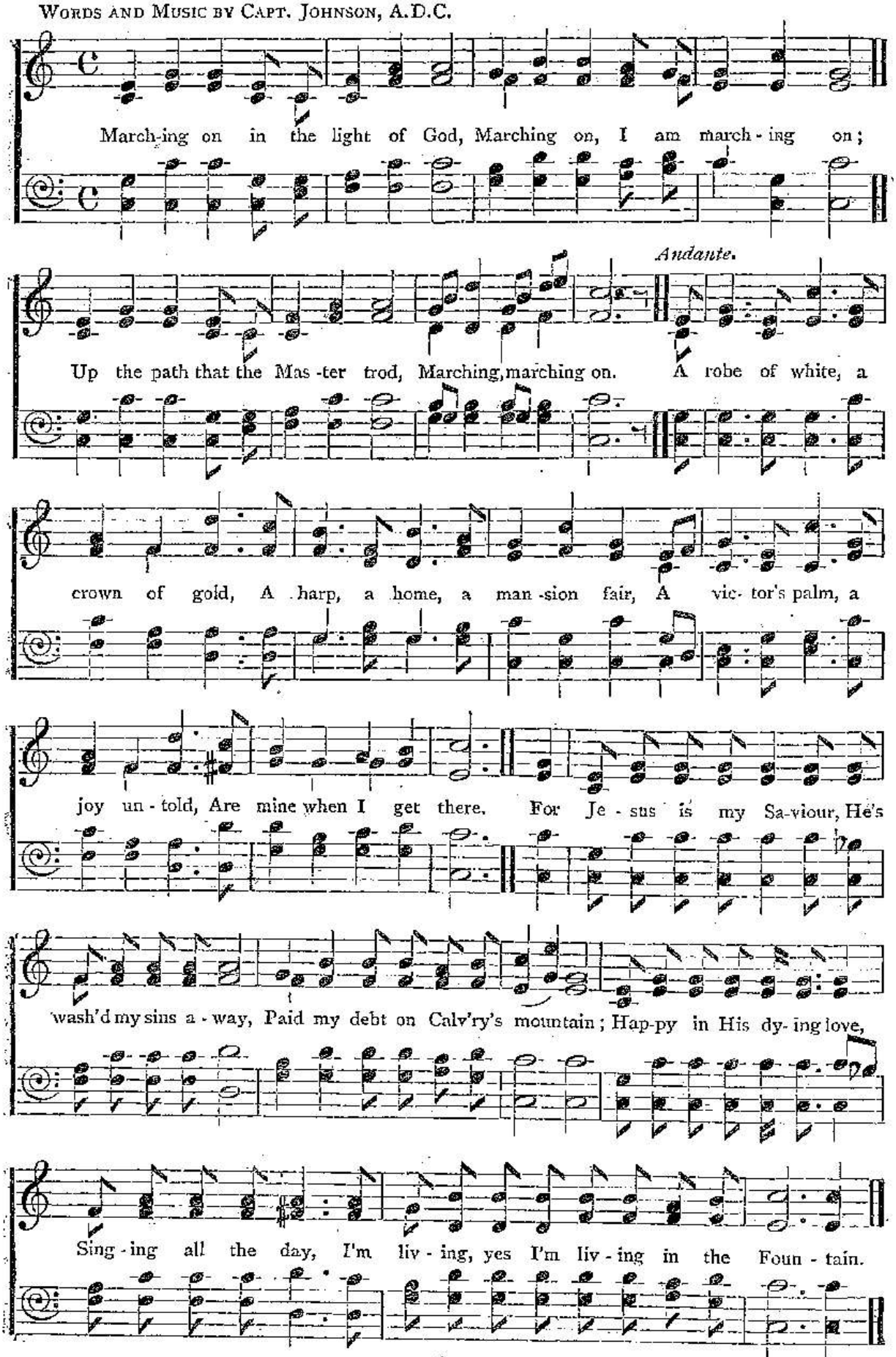
Out in the Life-boat speeding—*continued.*

2 Oft when the storm-clouds thicken,
And tempest rises high;
The waves, by wild winds driven,
To sink our life-boat try.
But o'er the billows roaring,
And 'midst the ocean's foam,
Our anchor quickly lowering,
With Jesus we're at home!

3 Dangers may gather round us,
Fiercely the wind may blow;
We fear not the angry billows
As onward to save we go.
On to the souls that have foundered
On the rocks in the gulf of despair?
To take them in our life-boat,
The joys of Heaven to share.

95 Marching on.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY CAPT. JOHNSON, A.D.C.



96 Jesus is strong to deliver.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. H. B.

When in the temp-est He'll hide us, When in the storm He'll be near;

All the way 'long He will car - ry us on, Now we have no - thing to fear.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er! Migh - ty to save! migh - ty to save!

Je - sus is strong to de - liv - er! Je - sus is migh - ty to save!

2 When in my sorrow He found me,
Found me and bade me be whole;
Turned all my night into heavenly light,
And from me my burden did roll.

3 Why are you doubting and fearing?
Why are you still under sin?
Have you not found that His grace doth abound?
He's mighty to save; let Him in.

4 You say "I am weak, I am helpless,
I've tried again and again;"
Well, this may be true, but it's not what *you* do,
'Tis *He* who's the "Mighty to Save!"

Marching on—*continued.*

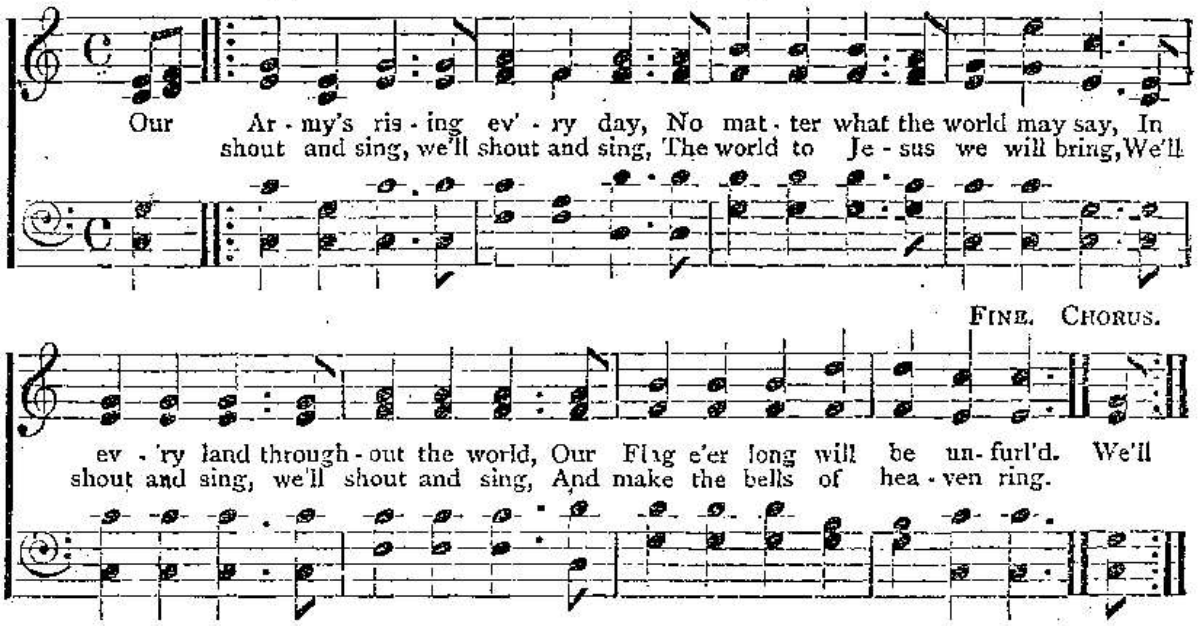
2 Marching on through the hosts of sin,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Victory's mine while I've Christ within,
Marching, marching on.

2 Marching on while the sceptics sneer,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Perfect love casteth out all fear,
Marching, marching on.

4 Marching on with the Flag unfurled,
Marching on, I am marching on;
Preaching Christ to the dying world,
Marching, marching on.

5 Marching on with the "Blood and Fire,"
Marching on, I am marching on;
On till the Lord shall say, "Come up higher,"
Marching, marching on.

97 Shout and Sing!



2 A soldier brave I mean to be,
To fight for Him who died for me;
And when He calls me from below,
Then with a shout to heaven I'll go.

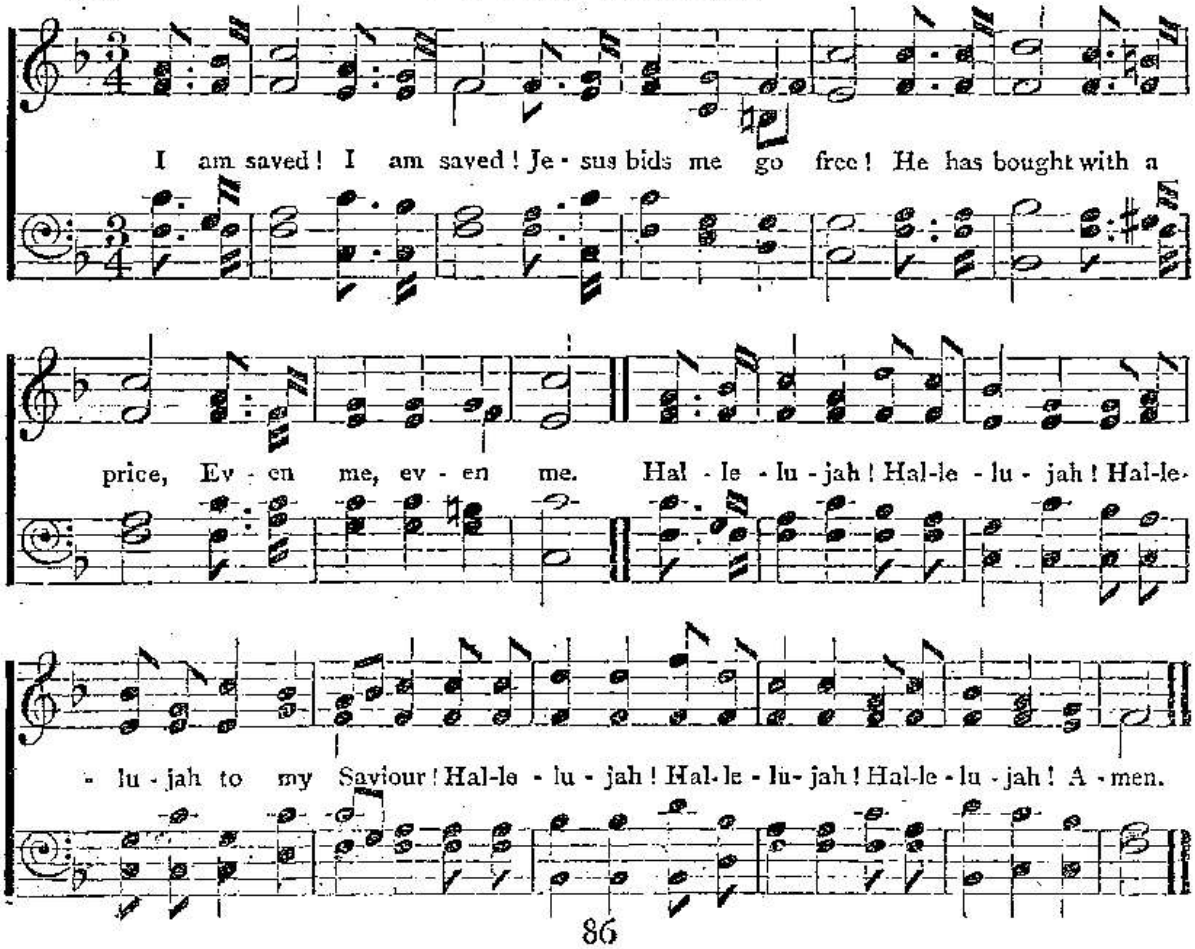
3 Oh sinner, come and join our band,
Give God your heart and us your hand;
Though rough the way, 'twill not be long,
For Jesus Christ will help us on.

4 Now's the time, no more delay,
You could not have a better day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Oh, come poor sinner, do not wait.

LAST CHORUS.

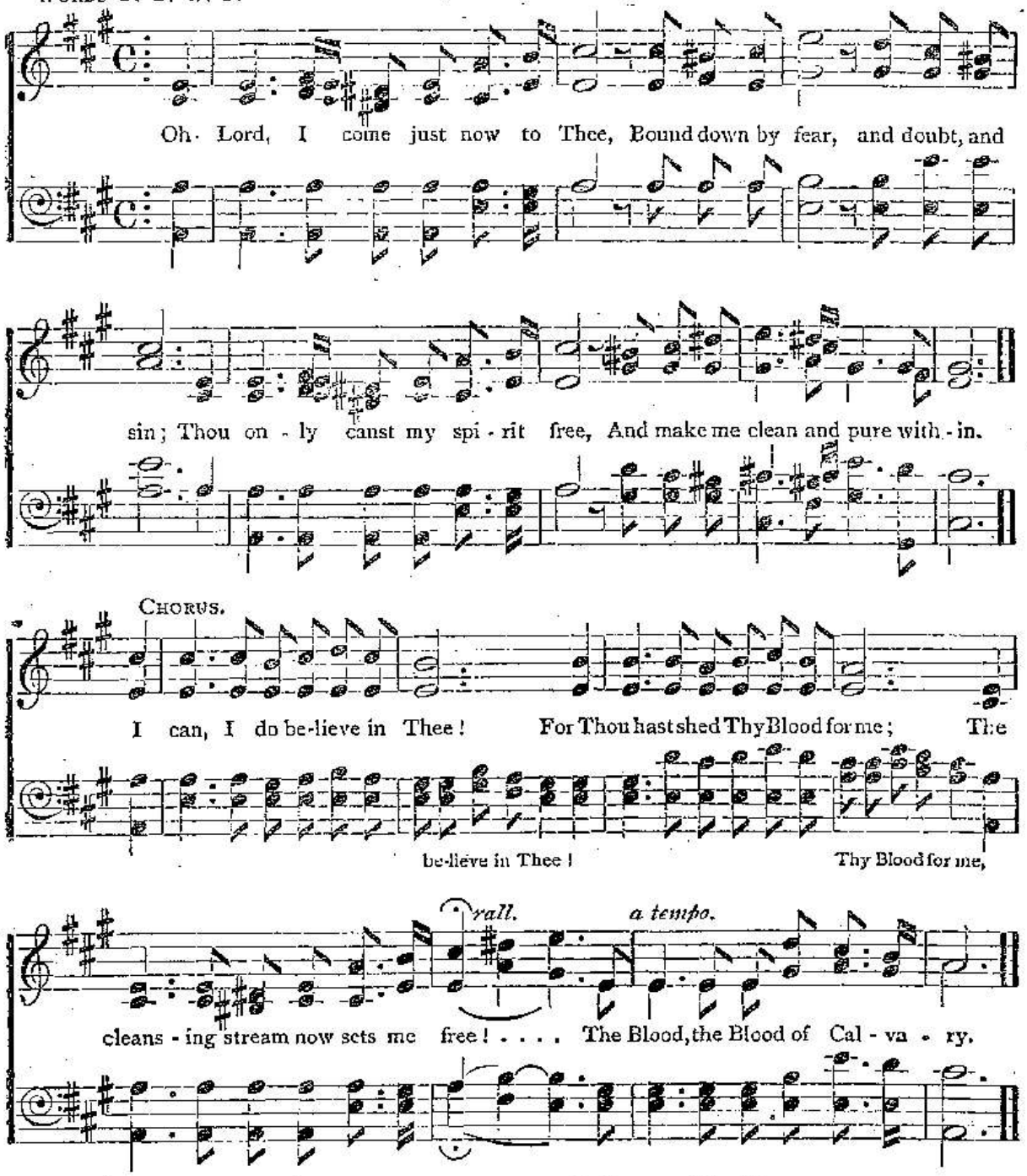
Oh, come just now, come just now,
And down before your Saviour bow;
Oh, come just now, come just now,
And He'll forgive and cleanse you now.

98 I am saved!



99 I can, I do believe in Thee.

WORDS BY F. W. F.



2 My idols now I cast aside,
All doubtful things I put away;
My life I place at Thy command,
Thy voice in all things to obey.

3 I give myself to Thee to save,
And cleanse out all that's wrong in me,
That I no other aim may have
But live to serve and honour Thee.

I am saved—*continued.*

2 Wondrous love! wondrous love!
Now the gift I receive;
I have rest in His Word;
I believe! I believe!

3 I am cleansed! I am cleansed!
I am whiter than snow!
He is mighty to save—
This I know, this I know!

4 I was weak—I am strong
In the power of His might;
And my darkness He's turned
Into light, into light.

5 Praise the Lord! praise the Lord!
All His saints everywhere!
I shall join in the throng
Over there! over there!

100 Stand to Arms!

We've en - list - ed for life, to en - gage in dead - ly strife, To

fight 'gainst sin and Sa - tan, and his king - dom o - ver - throw, Though

once he had us fast, yet we've got a - way at last, And

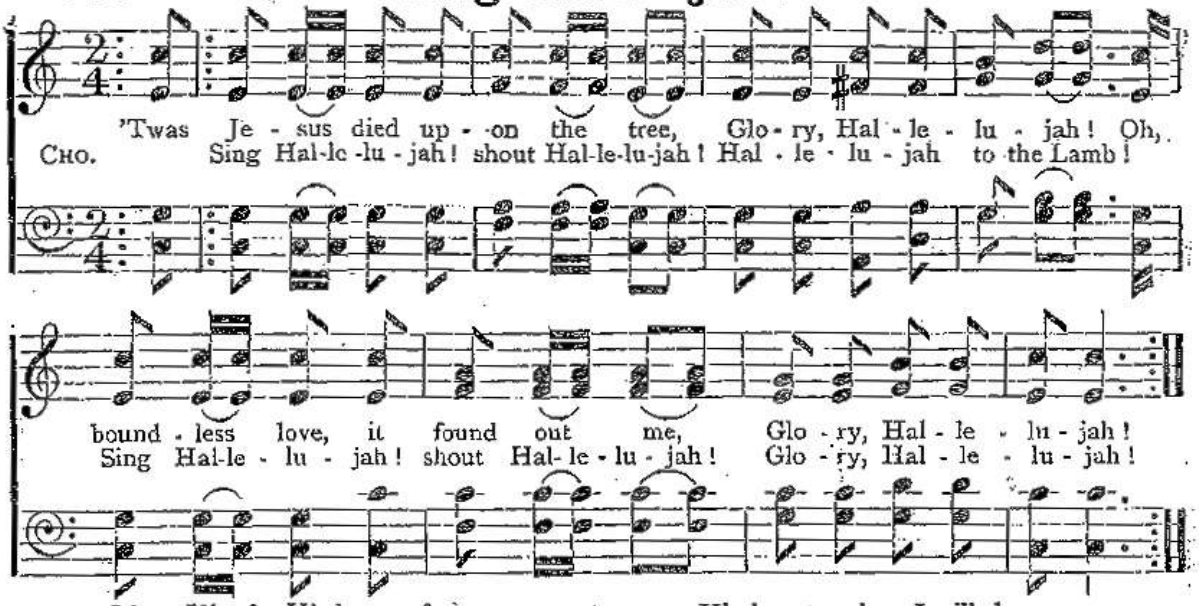
now the joys of li - ber - ty we know. Yet ma - ny thou - sands still are

cap - tive at his will; We'll fill them with the dread of hell's a - larms!

CHORUS.

Then, if a Sol - dier you would be, Come a - long and go with me! If a

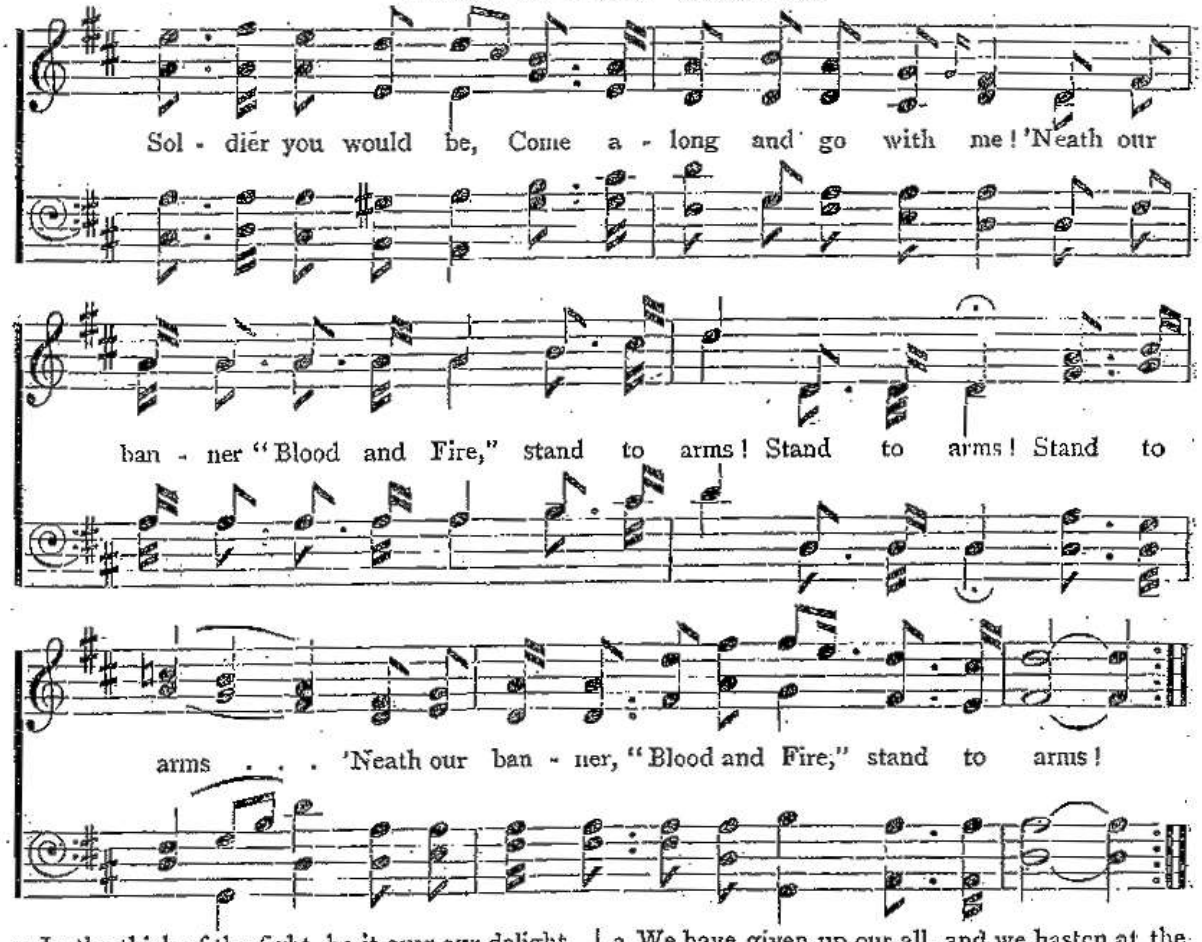
101 Sing Hallelujah!



2 I love Him for His love so free,
I'll live for Him who died for me.

3 His love to others I will show,
That they may His Salvation know.

Stand to Arms—*continued.*



2 In the thick of the fight, be it ever our delight
To follow in the footsteps of our blessed Lord and King;
Where wretchedness and woe are abounding we will go,
And the battle-cry of "Freedom" shout and sing.
We'll tell to those around how Salvation may be found,
And freedom from the world and all its charms.

3 We have given up our all, and we hasten at the call
Of those who in their bondage groan and long to be set free;
We're not afraid of scars, or of prison bolts and bars,
But we haste to set the slave at liberty.
Though the battle's raging sore, we never will give o'er,
Till we're landed in the haven free from harm.

102 Come, the Saviour is calling.

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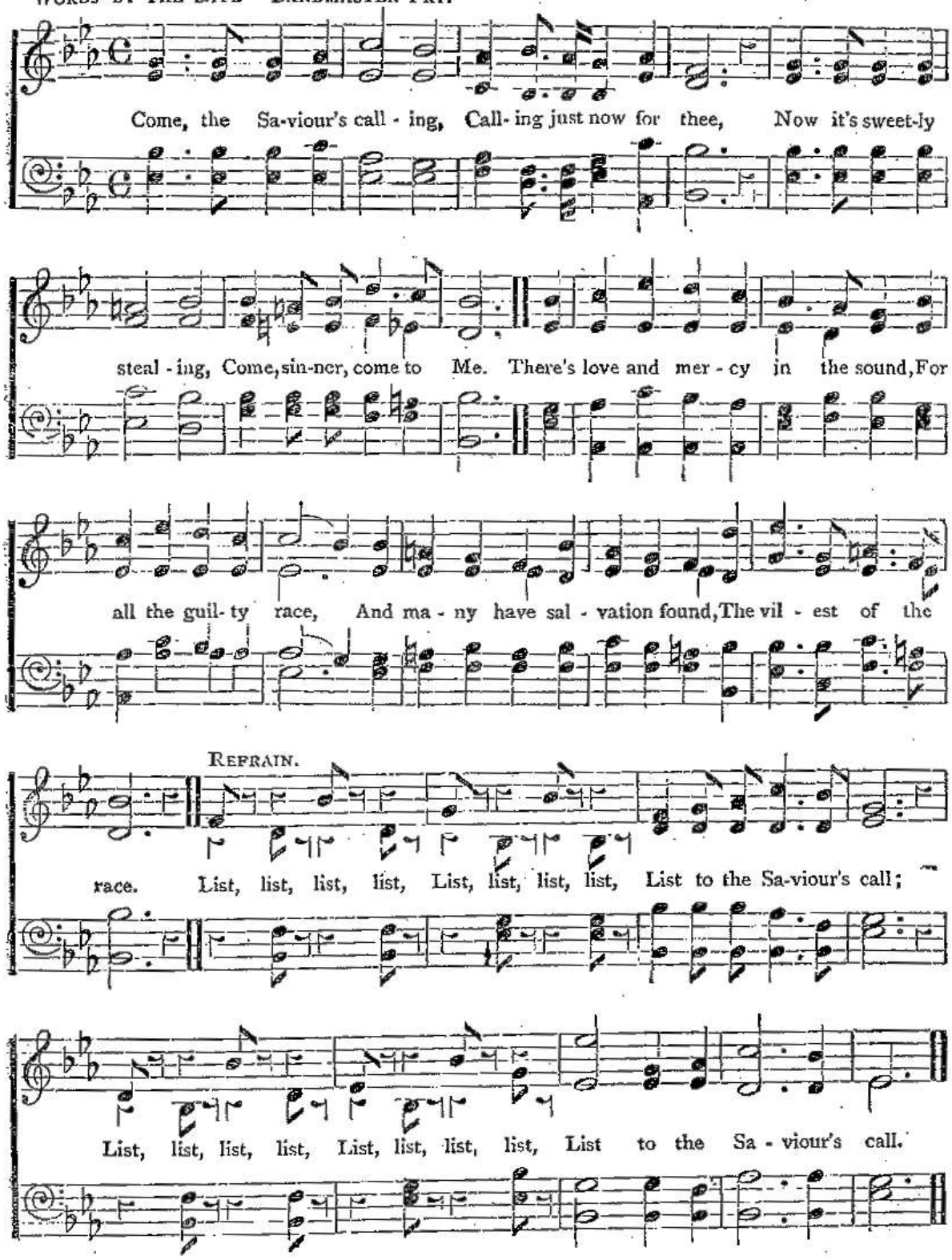
WORDS BY THE LATE "BANDMASTER FRY."



2 Come, the Spirit's knocking,
Yes, He has knocked before;
Heed the loving warning,
Throw open wide the door.
He'll spread the feast and sup with you,
And you shall sup with Him;
Behold, all things shall be made new,
Your cup filled to the brim.
List! list! list to the Spirit's call.

3 Hark! the angels singing,
Striking their harps of gold;
Blessed tidings bringing,
Lost sheep brought back to fold.
The joy-bells ring around the throne,
We mingle with the strain;
The Father says, "My poor lost son
Is gathered home again."
List! list! list to the Angel's song.

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